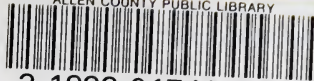


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PORT WAYNE, INDIANA

New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XLIII

SEPTEMBER, 1910---FEBRUARY, 1911

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Frederick W. Burrows, Editor

Old South Building, Boston, Massachusetts

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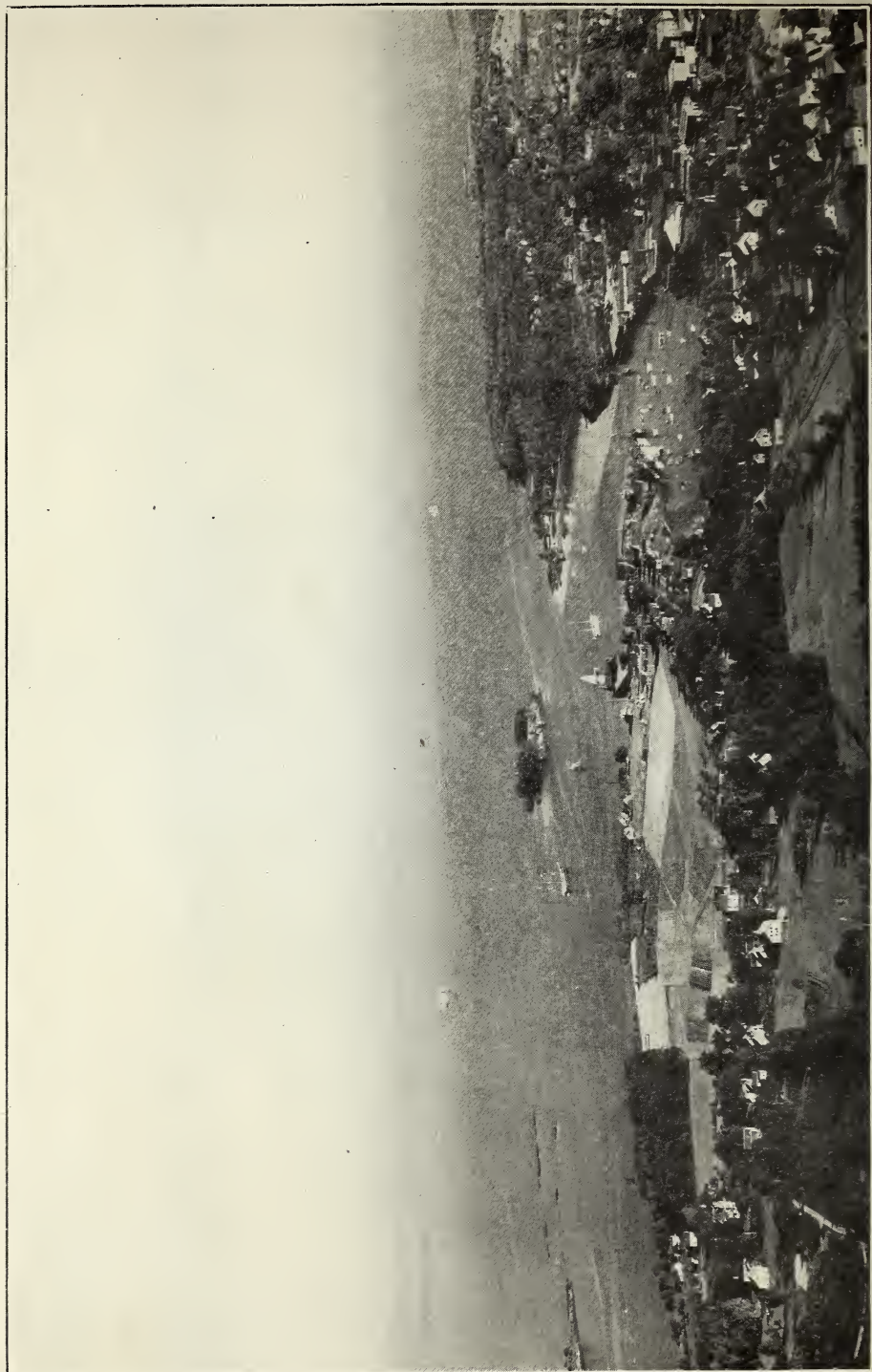
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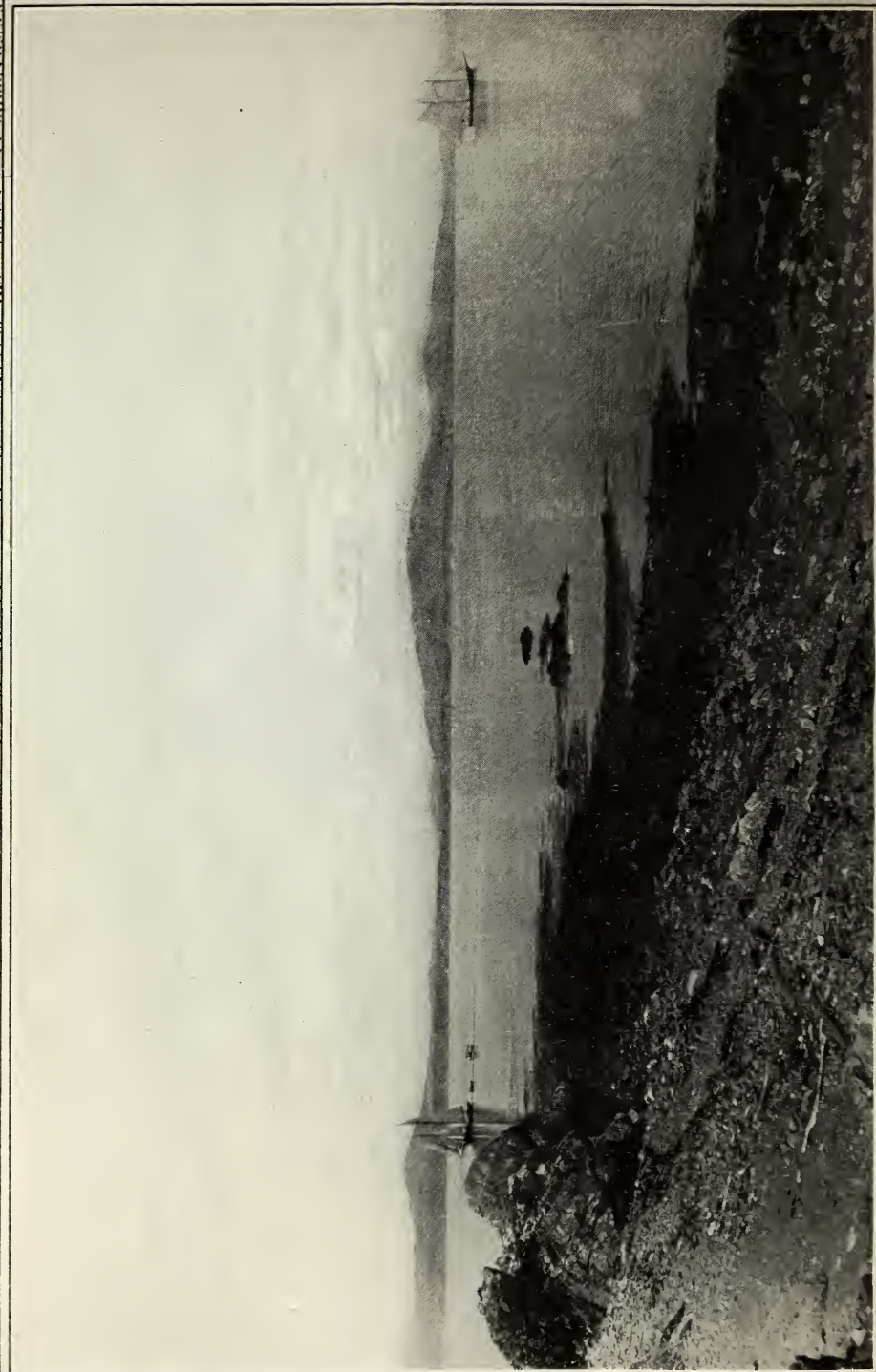
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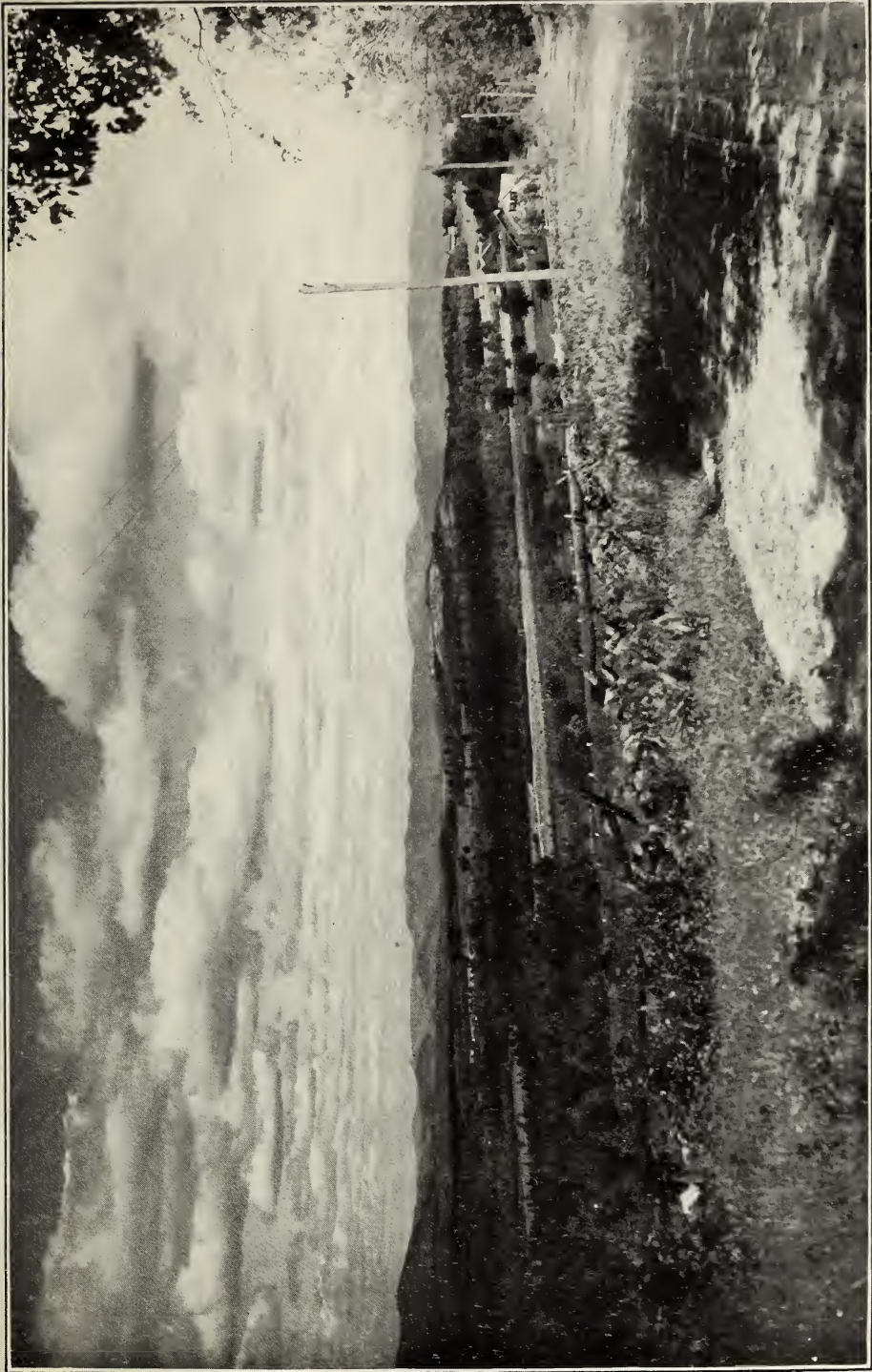




A BIT OF WHITE MOUNTAIN SCENERY

TOWARDS CAMDEN FROM OWLS HEAD





ROAD FROM BARTLETT TO FRANCONIA



PANJAMIS—BENARES, INDIA

(See page 17)

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 1

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF PEACE

By EDWIN D. MEAD

NEW England has for almost a century led the United States in the great movement for the peace and better organization of the world, which has now become the commanding cause of the age. Indeed it may be questioned whether any other part of the world, of equal size and population, has contributed an equal number of eminent workers to the cause, or exercised so large an influence. The peace movement as an organized movement did not begin in New England. It began in the city of New York, where David Low Dodge, in 1815, founded the New York Peace Society, the first peace society in the world. But the Massachusetts Peace Society was organized, in Dr. Channing's study, in Christmas week of the same year, through the initiative of Noah Worcester; and on Christmas day of the previous year, 1814, Worcester had published in Boston his "Solemn Review of the Custom of War," which had a vastly larger circulation and exerted a vastly larger influence than the two works published by Dodge in the years immediately preceding the founding of the New York Peace Society. Indeed no impeachment of the war system ever made up to that time had been so widely read or produced so profound an impression as this famous pamphlet by Noah Worcester, which today, after the century, by its clear statement of the problem and its constructive stateman-

ship, is still an up-to-date tract. Worcester's "Friend of Peace" was the first regular peace journal in the world. The Massachusetts Peace Society almost instantly became a larger, more active, and more influential organization than the New York Peace Society, numbering in its membership, which quickly passed the thousand mark, the leading men of the state; and the American Peace Society, formed in New York in 1828 through a federation of the various existing societies, may be considered more truly its lineal descendant than that of any other body, for it made the most important contribution to the new union. By this time there were peace societies in every New England state. The Connecticut Peace Society had become a very large society; and the headquarters of the American Peace Society were in 1835 moved from New York to Hartford, remaining there for two years, when they were removed to Boston, which has ever since remained the centre of the peace movement in America. The first president of the American Peace Society was Rev. John Codman of Dorchester, Mass.; its first secretary and real founder, William Ladd of Minot, Maine, a native of New Hampshire. The work done by these devoted men and their official successors, through the long decades while the cause remained unpopular and obscure, down to the time when Robert Treat Paine and Benjamin F. Trueblood.

* The friends of peace throughout America and the world unite in mourning the death of Mr. Paine occurring just as this article goes to press.

chester, one of the northern suburbs of Boston; and he is emphatically a home man. If there be an interest which in a measure rivals his interest in the peace cause, it is that in the housing problem, the movement for better homes for the poor. The good home he believes fundamental to good society; as he believes that the nations will never attain a fitting and worthy life, never really prosper, even materially, until they become a co-operative family of nations.

I speak of Mr. Ginn's provision for the International School of Peace as the most generous yet made for peace education. That is by no means saying it is the largest made for peace purposes. Mr. Carnegie has of course given amounts larger than the provision for the School of Peace for many peace purposes. The peace cause is with him the chief and most commanding cause. The great duty of our time he has well said is to put a stop to man-killing, as the duty of Lincoln's time was to put a stop to man-selling. He gave \$1,500,000 for the splendid Peace Palace at The Hague; half as much for the noble building for the Bureau of American Republics at Washington; and a large sum for the building for the international court in Central America. The fund which he provided here for rewards and pensions for Heroes of Peace was \$5,000,000; and he provided a fund of \$1,000,000 for similar purposes in France. His help for the Peace Congresses, for the Association for International Conciliation, and for almost every agency of the peace cause in America has been constant and munificent. The great generousities of others can never be forgotten. The peculiar interest of Mr. Ginn's benefaction is in its service for the distinctly educational side of the peace work, its direct provision for public enlightenment upon the waste and folly of war and the means to supplant it by institutions of international justice and order.

Precisely the aim and effort of the Peace Societies, it will be said; and that is essentially true. The difference is mainly in method. Mr. Ginn is a strong believer in the Peace Societies, is himself a vice-president, as I am, of the Ameri-

can Peace Society. He believes that many great lines of the agitation can be successfully carried out only by large popular bodies of friends of the cause leagued together. But he believes that other things can be most efficiently done by a smaller body of experts, a kind of "faculty" or "school," and that the larger popular bodies will immensely gain through the co-operation of the smaller, more closely organized institution and the material and instrumentalities which it can better supply. It is the efficiency and power of such limitation and concentration which he has learned as a successful business man.

There is perhaps no greater good which Mr. Ginn's generous founding of the School of Peace is likely to do for the Peace Societies than its prompting to larger generosity toward the treasuries of those societies by their members and patrons. Many of these are very wealthy men; yet it has to be said that the annual resources of the American Peace Society, after nearly a century, are but little more than a third of the \$50,000 which Mr. Ginn is to devote annually to the work of the School of Peace. The endowment of the Audubon Society for preserving the birds is greater than that of all the Peace Societies in America for stopping the slaughter of men in war. This is not creditable; and it is high time for the wealthy friends of the peace cause to support it in a way that is creditable. I believe that Mr. Ginn's liberal provision for the School of Peace will do a hardly greater service through that institution in particular than it will do to the peace cause in general through prompting more liberal giving all along the line. For better financing is the supreme need of the cause and its agencies at this hour. Felix Moscheles was not far out of the way when he said the other day in London: "Give me money, and I will give you peace." There is no other great cause which in this age of munificence has been so poorly supported financially as this greatest cause of the age, the education of the peoples in the principles of international justice and fraternity. A hundred books, a hundred speakers, a hundred teachers.

a hundred journals, a hundred conventions and congresses should be provided for tomorrow where there is one today. Happily it is not in America alone that the friends of peace are alive to the necessity of better organization and larger resources. In England the same feeling is finding strong expression from strong men. One of the most energetic expressions was in a recent speech by Sir William Mather at a great meeting of the Peace Society in London, which was also addressed by Mr. Carnegie.

"We have heard a great deal here tonight," said Sir William, "which is inspiring. But I am by my training as an engineer a very practical man. What are we going to do? We have something to do practically, ladies and gentlemen. Let us in England and America, in each country, collect at least a quarter of a million pounds of money—a fund so large as to meet every kind of expense to make this war against war an actual practical fact and one that within the next decade at least may come to fruition. I can remember a great league being formed in Manchester, my native city—I was only a small boy at the time—but I can remember my father being connected with a great league that collected in a very short time £250,000, and spread over the whole of this country, and removed the shackles that were binding our trade, strangling our life, and starving our people. I mean the great repeal of the Corn Laws. That was done when men were poorer than they are now, and yet in my own city many men came and dumped down a thousand pounds for this great fund, and after four or five years the Corn Laws were repealed, and a new era of prosperity dawned upon the people of England. There never has been an oppression so deep and fatal as this constant preparation for war among the nations of the world. Let us from this meeting determine to have an international league of peace. If this meeting approved, and it struck the council of this society to go to business, to get to work and collect a vast sum of money, there are plenty of us who would support it; and I believe the world would be immensely astonished if it found that we not only applauded eloquent speeches and got vast numbers together to cry for peace, but that we paid for peace."

When men like Sir William Mather talk in this way, we may be sure that the organization of the peace movement in England will quickly take on a very different character, as it is taking on so different a character here in America through the practical efforts of men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Ginn. As con-

cerns Mr. Ginn, it should be said here that he is absolutely without pride of name in connection with his foundation. So far from desiring to have it known as the Ginn School, or anything of that kind, he refuses and forbids it. I speak here authoritatively, as he has spoken upon the point with me more than once and explicitly. Simply the International School of Peace it is, and is to be; and the sooner some other makes a larger contribution to the work than he is himself able to make, to that extent making the work more another's than his own, the happier he will be. He counts upon the large and liberal co-operation of many; for he considers the \$50,000 a year which he will give during his lifetime, and for whose continuance afterwards he has provided by his will, but a beginning of the great work in peace schooling which needs to be done in America and in the world. The expenditure of his own contribution goes now to other hands. For the School has been incorporated, with a board of able trustees—scholars like President Faunce of Brown University and Professor Dutton of Columbia, statesmen and men of affairs like Hon. Samuel W. McCall and Hon. Charles S. Hamlin; and with these trustees will be an able body of directors, men specially identified with the peace cause, to conduct the actual work in its various fields.

President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, whose books upon "The Blood of the Nations" and "The Human Harvest" express so powerfully and startlingly his sense of the monstrous and intolerable ravages of war, has been profoundly interested in the plan for the School of Peace from the time he learned of its proposal. He has already rendered the School immense practical service; and, onerous as are his duties at the head of his great institution, he will give the work earnest and regular attention, it is hoped ever more and more, inspiring and controlling especially the efforts in schools and universities. Mr. John R. Mott, whose devoted and enthusiastic work the world over in organizing and guiding the World's Student Christian Federation

has so won the hearts of young men and made him a conspicuous international figure, will direct the affiliation with the School of young men's organizations of many kinds. Professor James Brown Scott will counsel and co-operate in matters touching legislation and international law. Mr. James A. Macdonald, whose vigorous and independent editorship has won for the *Toronto Globe* a place in Canada not unlike that of the *Springfield Republican* and the *Manchester Guardian* in the United States and England, will devote himself largely, and enlist others to devote themselves, to this great work through the press. One of the foremost preachers in the country will direct work in the churches. In London, Paris and Berlin, and later in Shanghai and Tokio, the school will have able representatives and correspondents; and it will have an Advisory Council of a hundred of the leading scholars, statesmen and educators of the country.

How long Mr. Ginn has been interested in the peace cause I do not know. He first called me into conference nine or ten years ago, since which time I have been honored by being made his counselor and helper in developing his plans. But his interest in the cause is of older date than that. I know that he was profoundly affected by Dr. Hale. I remember at least one impressive conference on international justice in his office, at which I was present, where Dr. Hale prophesied with power. I remember his being at the Mohonk Arbitration Conference—that inspiring nursery of so much of potency in the peace cause in America—as early as 1897; and he would not have been invited there had his interest in the cause at that time not been known. He was there again in 1899, and again in 1901; and in this latter year he made his first speech there. In that 1901 speech he emphasized the special duty of business men and the importance of more generous financial provision for the cause. "We spend hundreds of millions for war; can we not afford," he asked, "to spend one million for peace?" This seems to have been his keynote. He was presently saying—and this he long continued to say—

that he would be one of ten to give a million. That has been a popular kind of leverage to secure co-operation in giving, and so he tried it. But he grew weary in waiting for response, and at last decided, very sensibly—he announced this publicly in a letter to the *Nation* last autumn—that he would make his own contribution unconditionally and begin, letting his \$50,000 a year go as far as it would, confident that others would help in good time, confident, to echo a favorite proverb of Mr. Carnegie's, that if the web begun proved a good one, the gods—in the persons of men—would send more thread for it. And so the School of Peace is incorporated, and begins its larger work.

Its larger work, I say. The useful and varied work already done in these years, preliminary to the broader plans, must not be forgotten, for it has been well considered, significant, and very necessary work. It was about ten years ago that Mr. Ginn's contributions for peace work began. I remember that in 1904, the year of the International Peace Congress in Boston, he gave \$1,000 for that work; and from that time to this he has been giving liberally, latterly, from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year, for the cause. I think that it was at the Boston Congress that he first outlined his plans in a general way. He did it again at the International Congress at Lucerne, the next year; and he did it at the National Congresses in New York and Chicago in 1907 and 1909. It was always essentially "the same old speech," as Dr. Hale used to say of a certain speech of his which he repeated until people remembered it; because his message was a simple and an urgent one—that the peace movement must be better organized and better financed.

Two years, however, before the 1904 Congress, he had begun practical work for the cause. The beginning was with books. Mr. Ginn is a publisher, an educational publisher, and knows the value of books; and it was because he saw that our movement sadly lacked books that he started in as he did upon his first definite work. He said, "I will see to it that the peace movement is supplied with

all the books and pamphlets that it needs." He knew that it needed much,—that the Peace Societies and other workers were not half furnished with material for their work. There is a splendid lot of peace literature in the world, but comparatively little of it is accessible in cheap and tasteful form. So we started upon the publication of our International Library; and we have already published a dozen or more books in that Library. Our first volume was Bloch's "The Future of War," which has exercised a revolutionary influence upon men's ideas concerning modern war; and this was followed immediately by the famous Addresses of Channing and Sumner. Other volumes have been Bridgman's "World Organization," Warner's "Ethics of Force," Dodge's "War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ," Walsh's "Moral Damage of War," Hull's "The Two Hague Conferences," Scott's "Texts of the Peace Conferences at the Hague" and "American Addresses at the Second Hague Conference," Evans's "Life of Randall Cremer," and "The Great Design of Henry IV." This last is the first of many of the famous classics of the peace movement, books like Kant's "Eternal Peace," which will be added to the Library; and other works already in press are Bridgman's "First Book of World Law," Reinsch's "Public International Unions," and Dr. Hale's "Mohonk Addresses." We are adding to the Library constantly, and hope at no distant time to have a hundred volumes. It is not too much to say that no so important series of peace works has ever before been undertaken. We have also started a pamphlet service, circulating freely 25,000 copies of various pamphlets which we hope will help, and being careful not to duplicate the splendid work being done by President Butler and his helpers in the Conciliation Association. Our first pamphlet was Justice Brewer's noble address on "The Peace Mission of the United States;" and to this have already been added pamphlets on "The Literature of the Peace Movement," "Heroes of Peace," "Results of the Two Hague Conferences," "Educational Organizations Promoting International

Friendship" and other subjects, which are freely furnished to all who ask for them. In other forms we published earlier Tolstoi's "Bethink Yourselves," Carnegie's "A League of Peace," and Mrs. Mead's "Patriotism and the New Internationalism."

Mr. Ginn has helped various other organizations. He believes in co-operation. No more useful work for the cause has been undertaken in the last two years than that of the American School Peace League, which is already teaching the teachers in every state in the Union. When that splendid organization was in its initial stage, Mr. Ginn gave \$1,000 to help it on, because he felt it stood for the sort of work that he wanted to have done. He is now helping with similar generosity the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, the remarkable new movement in our universities which has already leagued 2,000 students in the service of international brotherhood, feeling that this, too, is in distinctly the right line, and that the Association can do better a certain work among students that he wants to see done than we could do it independently.

He has recognized the great need of work among women's organizations; and he has secured an accomplished and devoted woman, Mrs. Anna Sturges Duryea, to give her time expressly to work among women's clubs and other societies, going to various parts of the country to address clubs, sending literature, and doing work of all sorts in that field, which is so important—Ruskin's word about it and the no less memorable word of Justice Brewer will be remembered—and which for the most part has been so sadly neglected by us in our organized peace efforts.

Mr. Ginn became warmly interested in the work of Fraulein Eckstein, of Boston, known to many in connection with her famous petition to the last Hague Conference in behalf of international arbitration, for which petition she collected two million signatures. A year ago he provided for her giving all her time to similar work with reference to the next Hague Conference and, as she is a native German, for spending two

years in addressing women's clubs and other organizations in cities of Germany, to bring American women and German women, German teachers and American teachers, and German and American people generally closer together. She has held meetings during the last year in thirty or forty German cities; and in the city of Munich alone she secured 125,000 signatures to her arbitration petition. The best service of this great petition—although as a demonstration of public sentiment it is certainly most effective—is its educational service; it compels every person who signs at least to focus his mind definitely on our cause, and constantly proves a provocation to serious reading and study.

Work in the churches has not been neglected. Two years ago we secured a visit to this country from the eloquent Rev. Walter Walsh of Dundee, Scotland, the author of "The Moral Damage of War"; and his impassioned addresses created such deep interest and won for him so many friends that when he came again this year for another two months' campaign he had a yet warmer welcome and yet larger success. We shall arrange for similar visits from other leading British preachers—we hope from Clifford and Horton and Horne—and for missions of American preachers to England. Men like Charles E. Jefferson, Charles F. Dole, Charles R. Brown and Frederick Lynch surely have a message for England as for America, and would surely have warm welcome there. It is high time altogether that we had a broad and influential international exchange service for peace education, as we already have made so good a beginning at such exchange in our university world.

Mr. Ginn was greatly stirred by the early meetings of the business men in the Mohonk Conferences, which have come to be such a feature there. He believes that, if the business men of the world could be properly appealed to, they could and would put an end to war which violates every principle of good political economy; and he early determined to make the appeal to business men a distinct feature of his work. He recently secured for service in this field

our late consul at Prague, Mr. Urbain J. Ledoux, a man of untiring energy and enthusiasm, master of many languages, and unusually well informed concerning the commercial organizations of all nations. Mr. Ledoux's first important work was to stir up the Boston Chamber of Commerce to invite the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce to hold its next session in 1912, in Boston. Going over to the meeting of the Congress in London in June of the present year, he came home to report success; and the great international commercial event which we may now confidently hold its next session, 1912, in Boston, look forward to here in 1912 will be due primarily to his zeal.

Such are some of the good undertakings and achievements of the International School of Peace in its preliminary period, before indeed it was fully born as an incorporated body. They are certainly good auguries. The School already has commodious headquarters in Mr. Ginn's fine publishing building on Beacon street in Boston, with Mr. Arthur W. Allen in charge of the bureau, massing and classifying useful information for all who care to come for it and sending out books and pamphlets to every part of the country and of the world; and the pleasant quarters are already a centre for conferences and many educational activities. The School will co-operate heartily with all good existing agencies, provide them with material, and supplement their efforts as it can; and it will open new lines of work where these are clearly needed. Its distinct field is the educational field. It is a School of Peace; and by the spoken word and the printed page it will endeavor to carry our message into every place where men study and think and make public opinion and make laws. It is first an American work; but it will unite itself with those in England and Germany and elsewhere who are promoting the same great international ends. Its parish is the world; but it counts it as not the least of its inspirations and benedictions that it was cradled and is centered here in Channing's and Sumner's New England.

A NIGHTMARE OF RELIGIONS

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

YOU'LL never know India until you see Benares," said an Englishman in the service of the Crown, when I told him one afternoon at Hong Kong that I intended to go to Calcutta. Why he said this in just the way he did I could not then understand. Now I know, for I have followed his advice, and my recollection is that I have experienced a nightmare of religions.

To see Benares, as my well-versed English friend meant it, was not to see the Benares of architecture or the Benares of monuments and bazaars. Instead, he wished me to glimpse the strange rites and almost unbelievable practises, which mark this jumbled pile of temples and dwellings and blind alleys and broad promenades as the "Holy City" for millions of swarthy men, women and children, from all over the teeming human ant hill of India. And after seeing it under what might be called a well stage-managed direction, I have carried away with me a remembrance of things that the average American might expect to see only in bad dreams—of men and women bathing in sewage with their children eagerly grasping forth to wallow in the unspeakable slime; of still other families bowing low before bloody sacrifices in the presence of a horrible idol; of human beings giving deference to monkeys and filthy fakirs revered for their uncleanness. With this remembrance there comes, too, the never-to-be-forgotten odor of burning flesh—human flesh—and of the greasy black smoke which clouded the river front.

A nightmare of religion is what it all seems to me now, and by the very contrast I can never forget the manner in which I was introduced to it. Of course

I had read of the Sacred Ganges and of most of the rites, but my wise English friend planned, without my realizing it at the time, that I should see these things as they are, and not as the average tourist comes upon them. For that reason, as I now know, he advised that I take a train from Calcutta which would bring me into Benares just after dusk. He had given me a letter of introduction to a friend of his in the Anglo-Indian civil service, and that friend, a most charming companion and obliging host, at once told me that I must be prepared to leave my hotel before daylight the following morning when he was to call for me and take me out upon the river.

So it happened that at sunrise the next morning I was seated on the deck chair of a river boat gliding down the Ganges. The blue gray mists were whirling away rapidly, and as each smoky wreath dissolved under the slanting rays of light, there came into view first the minarets of hundreds of mosques, then the angular pinnacles of gilded and crimsoned pagodas, and, finally, as the lower surface veils of fog faded away, the squat buildings closer to earth and nearer to the lives of the people I had come to see.

Even before the last, lazy, dun-colored layer of fog unveiled the yellow bosom of the Ganges these people, the patient, easily-driven multitude of India, were heard chanting their Vedic hymns, a haunting noise that seemed to my western understanding to be extremely unsatisfying. Hardly was the song heard when the singers were visible. They swarmed in naked or half-naked thousands all along the ghats, or steps, that run from the embankment down into the muddy depths of the river. At first glance it seemed as if all Asia had gone



RAJA OF AMETHI'S TEMPLE

mad and that millions were vainly endeavoring to cast themselves into the water. After a few minutes the order and method of it became apparent. A mighty congregation were going through a ritual with regular chants and responses.

"Keep your eyes on this group nearest us," said my English friend, smiling at my amazement. "What they're doing, all the rest are doing; and you can't see all three rings at once, you know." This last reference seemed almost irreverent but the advice was good. As each worshipper walked down the steps into the river, he tossed a handful of water once, twice and three times into the air. Next he dipped his body into the water three times, repeating all the while the sacred Vedic hymns and reciting the names of the Gods together with the

sonorous word "Om," which applies as an expression of extreme reverence to all the Gods.

The number of persons thus engaged was bewildering and my friend, seeming to read my thoughts, leaned over to tell me that from 25,000 to 50,000 bathe thus daily, while on special days of holiness as many as 100,000 come down the slimy ghats or steps into the sacred water. But figures meant nothing; it was the spectacle. As I listened to this guide-book information I noticed that the group that had just finished the forms of obeisance were now dipping up handfuls of the holy water and were drinking it. Between sips they faced the East and murmured prayers.

After all it had been an impressive ceremony and under the fresh morning light it seemed to be the dream of some

neo-religious painter who seeks an exotic setting and a picturesque ritual. But our boat was drifting downward and we came before the outlet of a rapidly running sewer. All sorts of city filth were distinguishable in the flow that gurgled out into the Ganges, and yet within two feet of it men, women and little children were drinking the contaminated stream and nodding toward the East. "They are purifying themselves," observed my English friend and, then, after a pause, he added: "Do you wonder our health officers have plenty of work?"

Here and there on the turbid current floated nearly submerged carcasses of goats and dogs; twice a corpse, bloated and green, tumbled down stream past the worshippers. Yet, if the crowds along the ghats saw these things, they did not heed them, for the Hindus are so convinced of the purity of the Ganges that they think nothing can defile its waters. The drinking and ceremonial splashing continued among the common people, while here and there on specially re-

served steps stately Brahmins, or priests, went through their morning ceremonies, majestically, as if participating in some pageant upon a stage. There are 30,000 of these Brahmins, the elect in the caste system of India, living in Benares alone, and they are deferred to by all other natives since all others are admittedly beneath them in rank. These Brahmins, in their own ceremonial, dipped wisps of the sacred grass "Kusha" into the water, and with each sweep of the wet grass lifted up their voices in prayer. Other shampooed their heads with the rank river mud because, forsooth, they deem soap "impure."

Although the low caste women mingled with the men along the lower steps, the high caste women set forth in curtained boats before sunrise and went through their rites at a special ghat far from the common herd. There they barely uncovered their faces to the rising sun, and as soon as the morning light was strong, they hurried back into their covered craft and were taken to the water gates



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GANGES, BENARES

of their zenanas. But this minor detail of the women was soon overshadowed by an uproar that drowned out the chanting and responses of the brown skinned bathers. The clanging of cymbals and a hideous high pitched series of shrieks greeted us as our boat came opposite one of the wide stone platforms further down stream.

It needed no comment from my companion to indicate that we had come to one of the famous burning ghats. There

again. The flames shot through the well-dried wood and began to eat a bright way around and about the shrouded figures. It was not a pleasant sight, this primitive cremation, and so our boatmen were ordered to pass along. But we came to another and yet another funeral ghat. They were in all stages of progress and the heavy, stinging odorous smoke swung out and down along the river. Truly, I had seen enough of water front religious ceremonial for one morning,



GANGA MAHAL GHAT

was the great pile of fagots and at the river's edge lay several bodies covered with plain white winding sheets. The feet of the corpses were thrust out into the stream. Then, as another and even louder crash of cymbals rang out, attendants took up the bodies and immersed them entirely in the sacred water for a moment before starting with them to the pyre. On the heaped-up wood the bodies were laid, and, as the torch was applied, the shrieks of the mourners and the clang of brass rang out again and

and so we put in to the nearest landing stage that was somewhat separated from the burning ghats.

It so happened that our landing stage was at the Sitla Ghat and there we came upon another living proof of the strange forms taken by this religion, which to my mind at least, seems a perversion of things as they ought to be. In a little temple only a few feet from the Ganges, squatted an old man, entirely naked, with long, matted, ragged-looking hair and long curved nails on fingers and toes.

He looked like some ancient bird of prey, plucked of his feathers and left to starve. And yet this was a very holy man, the sight of whom is a benison to the believers. He speaks to nobody and spends his days in meditation depending for sustenance on the charity of worshippers who bring him fruit and rice. The story is that ten years or so ago he renounced his family, distributed his property among his relatives as if he were about to die, and betook himself to

Temple" and its name is well deserved, for never have I seen so many nor so repulsive monkeys, the creatures seeming to resemble human beings in that they have become impertinent from too much kindness and unhealthy from too much food. But before we came to the monkeys, we passed through the main entrance before which is situated what might be called the "band stand," where the priests beat on a large drum three times a day to announce the services.



MANIKARNIKA GHAT

THIS IS THE MOST SACRED PLACE IN THE WHOLE CITY, THERE IS MORE BATHING HERE THAN AT ANY OTHER GHAT

this temple. Since then he has done no work of any sort and he is but one of thousands of such so-called holy men in India.

After seeing this miserable, unclean old man with his glassy eyes and clawed hands, it was not such a shock to come, after a few minutes walk through the noisy, multi-colored crowds of the crooked streets, to the Temple of Durga. This is commonly known as the "Monkey

Durga, for whom the temple is named, was one of the wives of Siva, the Destroyer, and since the Hindus fear him mightily they seek to win his favor by doing obeisance to his wife—a method of procedure which is not unknown in human affairs.

Within the temple, the center of attention, however, is the shrine of Kali, another of Siva's wives, for Kali is depicted as a blood-lustful she-demon



SUN WORSHIPPERS—THE SUN IS MUCH WORSHIPPED



MOSQUE OF AURANGZIB, ERECTED IN 1669



THE BRASS BAZAR. BENARES IS NOTED FOR BRASS WORK

whose thirst must be quenched daily. Seen through the brass plated doors and rendered more hideous by the semi-gloom of the interior, she loomed up as a hideous black figure with distorted face and open mouth, her tongue hanging to her waist line. About her body huge serpents writhed and at her throat was a necklace of human skulls. Idols of this engaging creature are to be found in every village of India, but the center of the cult may be said to be in Benares.

There in the court yard occur the daily sacrifices which, thanks to the British rule, no longer consist in decapitating

young children. Kali must in these days be satisfied by the blood of a goat that is killed just as the children were in former times. The goat is stretched forward and a priest severs the animal's head with one sweep of a sharp knife. Then the hot blood is smeared by the priests upon their own faces before they go into the presence of the dread goddess to pour over her the blood which she is supposed to desire so fervently that unless she gets it she will bring famine and pestilence upon the land.

Usually the head of the goat alone is taken to the goddess and the priests



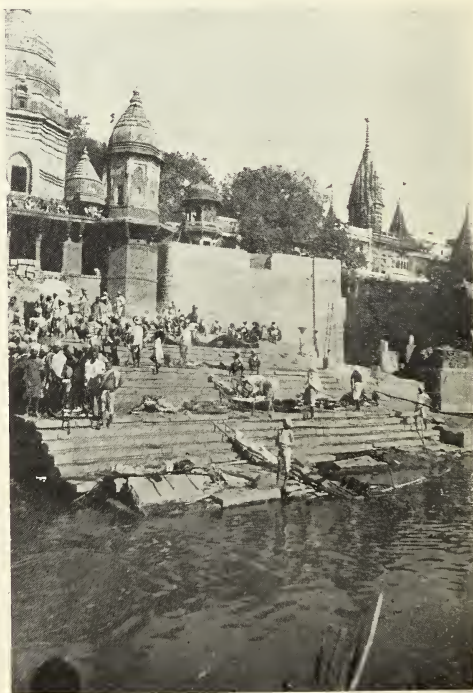
TEMPLE OF DURGA, WHERE DAILY SACRIFICES ARE MADE. IN FORMER TIMES CHILDREN, AT PRESENT GOATS AND BULLOCKS

dance about the body chanting their hymns, while the hundreds of gray, mangy monkeys chatter at them from their perches or porticoes, window ledges and palm trees. In times of famine a goat is not enough for Kali and one of the great water buffaloes is brought in and decapitated, a task, by the way, which must require a wonderfully strong man since the rite calls for a single stroke of the knife and a buffalo's neck is about as thick as a man's waist.

The sacred monkeys interested me, as they do all visitors, for they seem to take it for granted that they own the temple and all that pertains to it. Nor is this to be wondered at since they are fed regularly and revered by the priests and worshippers, because of the legend that the king of all the monkeys was Hanuman, son of the Wind, who performed prodigious deeds in helping Ram in his fight against Ravan, the demon king of Ceylon. Yet the worship of these monkeys with their resemblance to human beings is not so strange when one visits the Annapura Temple, where cows

are worshipped. There we watched the worshippers feed the sacred cows and bullocks, while the priests looked on jealously to see that no sacrilege was committed. Also we learned that these cattle, once they are taken into the temple and anointed, never leave it until they die and are cremated. Still, of all the sights among the temples, the pleasantest was that of the sleek, mild eyed cattle, for it seemed that as if people must worship animals these at least were inoffensive and were beautiful to look upon.

Such are some of the sights of Benares, the city whose history reaches back more than 2,000 years and to whose gates there come a million worshippers every year. These worshippers are of all castes and of all degrees of wealth and poverty, since in India caste and wealth are by no means the same, and a Brahman may be a beggar. I had an opportunity to see something of this panorama under most favorable guidance, and I now agree with the Anglo-Indian who said that to understand even a little of that mysterious country one must see Benares.



THE BURNING GHAT

The Bird of Love

By SUI SIN FAR

THEY were two young people with heads hot enough and hearts true enough to believe that the world was well lost for love, and they were Chinese.

They sat beneath the shade of a cluster of tall young pines forming a perfect bower of greenness and coolness on the slope of Strawberry hill. Their eyes were looking oceanwards, following a ship nearing the misty horizon. Very loving yet very serious were their faces and voices. That ship, sailing from west to east, carried from each a message to his and her kin—a message which humbly but firmly set forth that they were resolved to act upon their belief and to establish a home in the new country, where they would ever pray for blessings upon the heads of those who could not see as they could see nor hear as they could hear.

"My mother will weep when she reads," sighed the girl.

"Pau Tsu," the young man asked, "Do you repent?"

"No," she replied, "But —"

She drew from her sleeve a letter written on silk paper.

The young man ran his eye over the closely penciled characters.

"'Tis very much in its tenor like what my father wrote to me," he commented.

"Not that."

Pau Tsu indicated with the tip of her pink forefinger a paragraph which read:

"Are you not ashamed to confess that you love a youth who is not yet your husband? Such disgraceful boldness will surely bring upon your head the punishment you deserve. Before twelve moons go by, you will be an Autumn Fan."

The young man folded the missive and returned it to the girl whose face was

averted from his.

"Our parents," said he, "knew not love in its springing and growing, its bud and blossom. Let us, therefore, respectfully read their angry letters, but heed them not. Shall I not love you dearer and more faithfully because you became mine at my own request and not at my father's? And Pau Tsu, be not ashamed."

The girl lifted radiant eyes.

"Listen," said she, "When you, during your vacation went on that long journey to New York, to beguile the time I wrote a play. My heroine is very sad, for the one she loves is far away and she is much tormented by enemies. They would make her ashamed of her love. But this is what she replies to one cruel taunt.

When Memory sees his face and hears his voice,

The Bird of Love within my heart sings sweetly

So sweetly, and so clear and jubilant,
That my little Home Bird, Sorrow,
Hides its head under its wing,
And appeareth as if dead.

Shame! Ah, speak not that word to one who loves,

For loving, all my noblest, tenderest feelings are awakened,

And I become too great to be ashamed.

"You do love me then, eh Pau Tsu?" queried the young man.

"If it is not love, what is it?" softly answered the girl.

Happily chatting they descended the green hill. Their holiday was over. A little later Liu Venti was on the ferry boat which leaves ever half hour for the western shore, bound for the Berkley Hills, opposite the Golden Gate, and Pau

Tsu was in her room at the San Francisco Seminary, where her father's ambition to make her the equal in learning of the son of Liu Jusong, had pleased her.

II

"I was a little fellow of just about their age when my mother first taught me to ko-tow to my father and run to greet him when he came into the house," said Liu Venti, speaking of the twins who were playing on the lawn.

"Dear husband!" replied Pau Tsu, "You are thinking of home—even as I. This morning I thought I heard my mother's voice, calling to me as I have so often heard her on sunny mornings in the Province of the Happy River. She would flutter her fan at me in a way which was all her own. And my father. Oh, my kind old father!"

"Aye," responded Liu Venti, "Our parents loved us!"

"Let us go home," said Pau Tsu after a while.

Liu Venti started. Pau Tsu's words echoed the wish of his own heart. But he was not as bold as she.

"How can we?" he asked, "Have not our parents sworn that they will never forgive us?"

"The light within me today," replied Pau Tsu, "reveals that our parents sorrow because they have thus sworn. Liu Venti, ought we not to make our parents happy, even if we have to do so against their will?"

"I would that we could," replied Liu Venti, "but there is to be overcome your father's hatred for my father and my father's hatred for yours."

A shadow crossed Pau Tsu's face; but only for a moment. It lifted as she softly said: "Love is stronger than hate."

Little Waking Eyes ran up and clambered upon his father's knee.

"Me too," cried Little Sleeping Eyes, following him. "With chubby fists he pushed his brother aside and mounted his father also."

Pau Tsu looked across at her husband and sons.

"The homes of our parents," said she, "are empty of the voices of little ones."

Three moons later, Liu Venti and Pau Tsu, with mingled sorrow and hope in their hearts, bade good bye to their little sons and sent them across the sea, offerings of love to parents of whom both son and daughter remembered nothing but love and kindness, yet from whom that son and daughter were estranged by a poisonous thing called Hate.

III

Two little boys were playing together on a beach. One gazed across the sea with wondering eyes. A thought had come—a memory. "Where is father and mother?" he asked, turning to his brother. The other little boy gazed bewildered back at him and echoed: "Where is father and mother?"

Then the two little fellows sat down in the sand and began to talk to one another in a queer little old fashioned way of their own. Their little mouths drooped pathetically; they propped their chubby little faces in their hands and heaved queer little sighs.

There was father and mother one time—always, always; father and mother and Sung Sung. Then there was the big ship and Sung Sung only, and the big water. After the big water, grandfathers and grandmothers, and Little Waking Eyes had gone to live with one grandfather and grandmother and Little Sleeping Eyes had gone to live with another grandfather and grandmother. And Little Waking Eyes and Little Sleeping Eyes had been good and had not cried at all. Had not father and mother said that grandfathers and grandmothers were just the same as fathers and mothers?

"Just the same as fathers and mothers," repeated Little Waking Eyes to Little Sleeping Eyes, and Little Sleeping Eyes nodded his head and solemnly repeated: "Just the same as fathers and mothers."

Then all of a sudden Little Waking Eyes stood up, rubbed his fists into his eyes and shouted: "I want my father and mother, I want my father and mother!" And Little Sleeping Eyes stood up and cried out strong and bold: "Let us go seek them. Let us go seek

IV

So it happened that when the two new Sung Sung who had been having their fortunes told by an itinerant fortune teller some distance down the beach, returned to where they had left their young charges, they found them not, and cries. Where could the children have much perturbed, rent the air with their gone? The beach was a lonely one, several miles from the seaport city where lived the grandparents of the children. Behind the beach, the bare land rose for a little way back up the sides and across hills to meet a forest dark and dense.

Said one Sung Sung to another, looking towards this forest: "One might as well search for a pin at the bottom of the ocean as search for the children there. Besides, it is haunted with evil spirits."

"A-ya, A-ya, A-ya!" cried the other, "Oh, what will my master and mistress say if I return home without Little Sleeping Eyes who is the golden plum of their hearts."

"And what will my master and mistress do to me if I enter their presence without Little Waking Eyes. I verily believe that the sun shines for them only when he is around."

For over an hour the two distracted servants walked up and down the beach, calling the names of their little charges; but there was no response.

V

Under the quiet stars they met—the two old men who had quarrelled in student days, and who ever since had cultivated hate for each other. The cause of their quarrel had long since been forgotten; but in the fertile soil of minds irrigated with the belief that the superior man hates long and well, the seed of hate had germinated and flourished. Was it not because of that hate that their children were exiles from the homes of their fathers—those children who had met in a foreign land, and in spite of their fathers' hatred, had linked themselves in love.

They spread their fans before their faces, each pretending not to see the

other, while their servants enquired, "What news of the honorable little ones?"

"No news," came the answer from either side.

The old men pondered sadly and silently. Finally Liu Jusong said to his servants: "I will search in the forest."

"So also will I," announced Li Wang.

Liu Jusong lowered his fan. For the first time in many years, he allowed his eyes to rest on the countenance of his old college friend, and that one time friend returned his glance. But the servant men shuddered:

"It is the haunted forest," they cried, "Oh, honorable masters, venture not amongst evil spirits!"

But old Li Wang laughed them to scorn as also did Liu Jusong.

"Give me a lantern," bade Li Wang, "I will search alone. Thy grandson is my grandson and mine is thine."

"Aye," responded Li Wang.

And love being stronger than hate, the two old men entered the forest together, searched for their children together and found them together.

VI

"How many moons, Liu Venti, since our little ones went from us?" sighed Pau Tsu.

She was pale and sad and in her eyes was a yearning expression that had not been always there.

"Nearly five," returned Liu Venti.

"Sometimes," said Pau Tsu, "I feel I cannot any longer bear their absence."

She took from her bosom two little shoes, one red, one blue.

"Their first," said she, "O my sons, my little sons!"

"Now, dear wife," said Liu Venti, "You must not grieve like that. The little ones are happy and all will some day be well."

A messenger boy approached, handed Liu Venti a message and slipped away.

Liu Venti read:

"May the bamboo ever wave. Son and daughter, return to your parents and your children."

Liu Jusong,
Li Wang.

The Harvard Aviation Meet

By JOHN LUCE

THE Russian army had vanished from Dalny. Like a thread of low lying mist wafted by an east wind over the marshes its gray columns of beared infantry had wound their way over the mountain plains to lose themselves in the horizon. The Japanese had come, a countless horde sweeps on to their destined victory. "The City of far Away" impassively sped the parting and greeted the coming guest. Months pass, the war is done. The little brown men of science and business with their American College educations and lean brown hands took off their uniforms and began cleaning up the city, building factories and banks and railroads while the mountaineer peasants crept back to their fields, leveled the breastworks and bomb proofs which traversed them in every direction, and patiently began plowing their fields again and bringing the varied produce of the country to market.

A little more than a year ago Hung Chu sat in his shop near the corner of what in the old days before the island men came back used to be the red dragon street of Dalney, quietly smoking his long reed pipe in peace and comfort, impassively ruminating on the diverse ways of the nervous little invaders who, having changed everything else, had now informed Hung Chu and his fellow citizens that they no longer lived in Dalny, "The Far Away," but in the brand new city of Tairen. When the complicity of problems that he was turning over in his mind became wearisome, Hung Chu turned his thoughts in the more profitable direction of a well filled warehouse in the rear of the shop and particularly to certain bales of wild silk or pongee which for some unaccountable reason seemed to be advancing in price, when by all the laws of precedent a de-

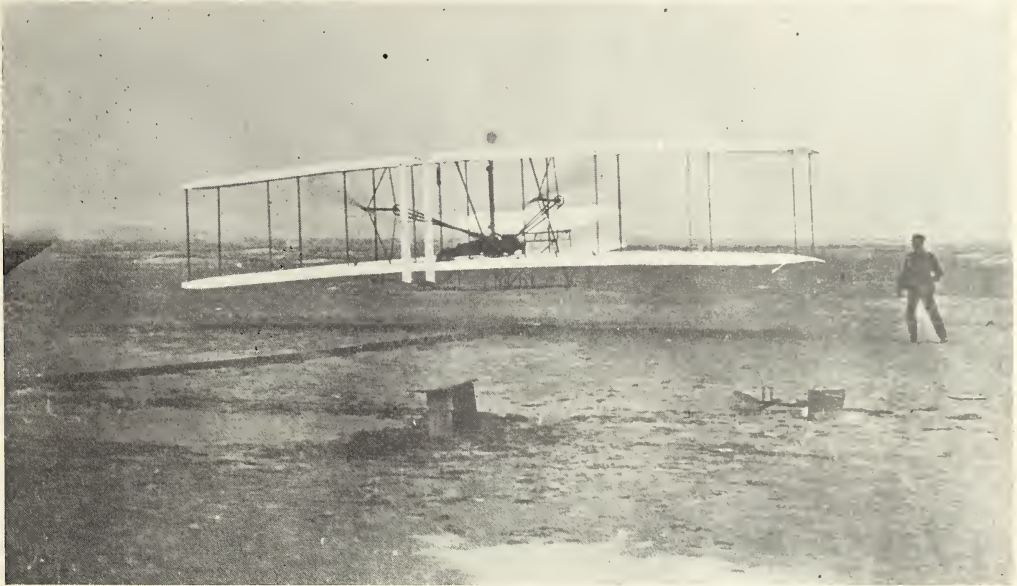
cline was due. Twice had the agent of the big Japanese trades company at Chefoo made an offer for the silk; twice had Hung Chu meditated and declined. Early that morning before his second pipeful had been finished the insistant agent had made his third visit, his third advance in his bid, and Hung Chu had nodded and the silk was waiting now for the porters to carry it away, while he wondered and wondered what had come over the merchants of Chefoo to offer such monstrous prices at this time of year for pongee in the brand new city of Tairen which he thought after all might be a better place to live in than Dalny. Far afield indeed would the merchant's thoughts have had to stray to hit on the right explanation of the rise in pongee, and yet it was simple. An aeroplane had flown across the English channel from France. The conquest of the air had begun in earnest. Men of science, sportsmen, governments, armies and navies were rushing the construction of monoplanes and biplanes and triplanes and dirigibles and wanted the strong light web of the plebeian Manteurean silkworm that feeds on the oak leaves, to make the wings of the aircraft from, and the silk market of Chefoo was already stripped bare by the demand.

The convincing and spectacular demonstrations of controllable aerial navigation whose echoes even stirred the placid currents of far away Manturian trade gave an impetus to this most modern of sciences which in the last two years has placed to its credit a more rapid development in efficiency of apparatus and a more sensational record of constant advance in the scope of its practical demonstrations than has ever marked the infancy of any new class of invention.

From a flight sustained for eight seconds and covering 189 feet made by Santos Dumont in 1907, the records have increased remarkably until recently distance flights of hundreds of miles have been made, and heights of over a mile attained.

The kite, for centuries fluttering in the shifty air currents as a toy for children, had evolved into a man carrying craft of untold possibilities, firing the imaginations of the civilized world and

The Harvard Aero Meet presents a number of features quite distinct from those which have characterized previous contests of the same kind either in Europe or America. It is the first to be held under the auspices of a great university and while from the nature of the demonstrations to be made the spectacular and sensational events will follow each other in rapid succession on the program, there is behind it all the serious purpose of accademic investigation in-

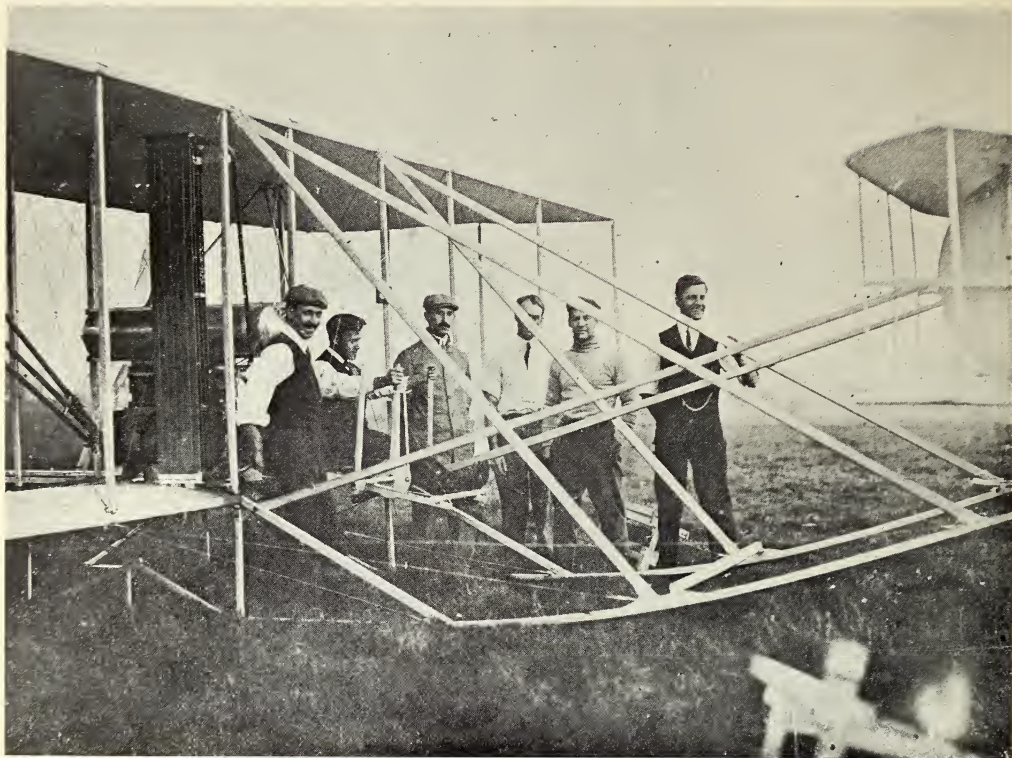


LEAVING THE STARTING RAIL ON THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE WRIGHT POWER MACHINE AT KITTY HAWK, DEC. 17

drawing to its service the enthusiastic aid of men of science as they patiently settled down to the task of investigation and invention. Quick to respond to the call for careful and trained investigators of the scientific problems confronting the process of aviation was a group of professors and students of Harvard University which from a very modest association working out the theoretical problems of aeronautics has developed into the famous Harvard Aeronautical Society which is about to hold the most important Aviation Meet ever attempted in America if not in the world.

tent on showing the American public the wonderful strides recently made in aviation and at the same time to add to the constantly growing mass of scientific data on which future developments of construction and manipulation may be based.

Then again the contests previously held in this country almost without exception have been limited to the exploitation of machines of a single type controlled by individual inventors and manufacturers. No such limitations will restrict the present Meet which is open to all comers and every type of aerial craft.



GROUP OF WRIGHT AVIATORS, ORVILLE WRIGHT THIRD FROM LEFT

Here at last will be brought in direct competition and comparison every famous type of machine operated by the sky men. French, German, English and American aviators have girded themselves for the fray and with the very best appliances these various types of machines are capable of developing have entered these truly Olympian games.

The date of the Meet is set for Sept. 3rd to 13th after a careful examination of the recorded prevailing air currents observed by the meteorological stations in the vicinity of Boston, that time of the year offering statistically at least the highest promise of furnishing conditions favorable to the establishment of new world's records by the aviators. With equal care the field itself has been selected. An entirely unobstructed level plain bordering on Dorchester Bay near the mouth of the Neponset river in the Boston suburb of Atlantic. Here the Harvard Aeronautical Society will con-

duct its field experiments and hold its Meets for years to come, having secured the property by lease for a long term of years. By the erection of suitable observation stands for spectators, accommodations of the most approved type for air ships and aviators, and a special plant for the manufacture of hydrogen gas for balloons and the dirigible type of aircraft, it will be by far the best and most completely equipped aerial park in America.

The programme of the Meet which has been arranged by a contest committee consists of Charles J. Glidden, Chairman; T. E. Byrnes, Hugh Bancroft, Cortlandt F. Bishop of New York, President Aero Club of America; A. B. Lambert, St. Louis, Mo., Prof. R. W. Wilson and A. A. Merrill, includes a series of distance races and ascensions for altitude records, by hydrogen gas balloons; also a long list of competitions by amateur and novice aviators for valuable prizes of

plate and special awards of merit. That this division of the programme is likely to furnish not only the most sensational competition in flight but to bring forward novelties in the principle of certain construction details both in the motive force employed and general style of the aeroplanes used is predicted confidently by those most familiar with the wide range of experiment being carried on by the large number of amateurs throughout the country. That the amateurs are a force to be reckoned with even by the most learned professionals is obvious, when it is recalled that they number in their ranks, DeLesseps, Harkness, and Harmon who have made notable records, and Drexel who at Lanark, Scotland, on August 13 of this year driving his monoplane up beyond the vision of the anxious spectators until lost above the clouds, shattered the records for altitude by attaining a height of 6,750 feet, surpassing the performance of the daring Brookins made at Atlantic City on July 8, who went 6,175 feet.

Coming to the open competitions the committee offers a list of events completely covering the range of demonstratable aviation skill and a list of cash

prizes, exceeding by more than \$20,000 the highest total ever offered on similar occasions. While additional contests are to be arranged during the Meet, the list officially announced and for which entries have been made is as follows:

	First	Second	Third
Speed	\$3,000	\$2,000	\$1,000
Altitude	3,000	2,000	1,000
Duration	2,000	1,000	
Distance	2,000	1,000	
Slowest lap	1,000	500	
	First	Second	Third
Getaway	\$100	\$50	
Accuracy	500	250	

The Boston Globe prize for the fastest time between the Aviation Field, Soldier's Field and Boston Light and return \$10,000.

Harvard Cup for the best record dropping bombs on battleship outline during Meet \$5,000.

In case of world's records being broken in any one of these events, \$1,000 will be added to the first prizes as above.

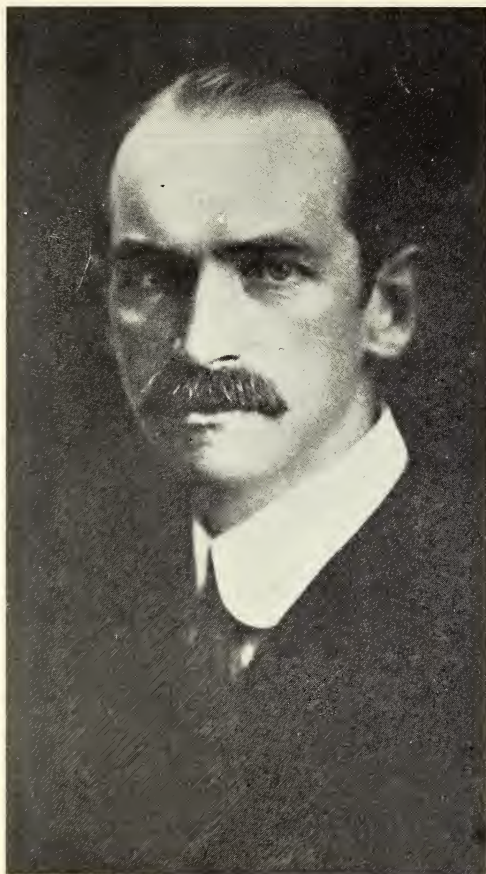
As will be seen the premier events and prizes of the Meet is for the best record against time made over the triangular course from the Harvard Aviation Field at Atlantic to the Stadium on Soldier's



"THE AEROPLANE NECK" OF CROWD OF 250,000 PEOPLE WATCHING GLENN H. CURTIS FLY OVER THE OCEAN AT ATLANTIC CITY, JULY 4, 1910.

Field thence to Boston Light, situated well down Boston harbor, and back to the starting place, a distance of 28 miles.

Nothing more spectacular than this contest for which the Boston Globe



GLENN H. CURTISS

through General Charles H. Taylor has offered a prize of \$10,000 could well be conceived. The first leg of the course will bring the aviators in flight across the heart of the city of Boston, on the second they will pass down and over the Charles river basin and the harbor and having rounded the historic old light which has welcomed the world's incoming commerce to Massachusetts Bay for generations, the bird men will spread their wings for the return to Atlantic. As this is a time record contest the aviators are allowed to traverse the course as often as they see fit during the Meet between

stated hours when the observation officials will be at their posts, and each day will doubtless see a number of flights made for this valuable prize.

Second only in its spectacular features to the Globe prize contest is that for the Harvard Cup to which is added \$5,000 in a bomb dropping contest from air craft with a view to the demonstration of the availability of this form of defence against naval attack. While the last two general sessions at the Hague have stipulated that this form of defensive or offensive warfare is outlawed and although the United States in common with most of the principle nations with the exception of Germany and Switzerland, has signed a convention to that effect, yet military and naval circles are confident that in the event of active hostilities the exigencies of natural preservation will cause the agreement to be entirely disregarded and that air ships of war will play a most important part in the operations of the contending nations, whoever they may be.

Through the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. George Von L. Meyer, Mr. Adams D. Claflin, the manager of the Meet and by the way the son of a distinguished Governor of Massachusetts, has been informed that a detail of naval officers will be sent to Boston to observe during the Meet the progress of this contest particularly. That the army will also be officially represented there is no doubt and as is well known military observers from most of the continental powers have a habit of unexpectedly, and quite accidentally in fact, turning up at all aviation meets of importance. While the exact conditions of this contest are held in abeyance, pending the arrival on the ground of the naval experts, it will doubtless take the form of dropping dummy bombs on a full sized battleship outlines from rapidly moving aeroplanes, the points counting for the aviators being a combination of hits, speed of passage over the target and altitude from which the projectile is discharged. So far in practice no very satisfactory results have been obtained as the elevation from which accurate target practice has been tried is so low as to have exposed the aviators to theoretical de-

struction from the discharge of small arms long before they had reached a point from which their own fire would become effective. However, it is to develop the possibilities of such attack and to gain the utmost experience in the conditions necessary for its successful execution that the Harvard Aeronautical Society is making so prominent a feature of that event.

The improved atmospheric conditions usually found in the latter part of the afternoon and early evening have led to the scheduling of most of the competitions for that part of the day, although admission to the park may be obtained at any time, and the morning hours will be full of interest to the more serious observers as that time will be devoted by the aviators to tuning up their craft, and to trial flights in preparation for the actual competitions, affording an excellent opportunity for the visitor to examine the mechanism of the machines and methods of operation.

Attracted by the scientific importance of the Meet and the generous prizes by the Harvard Society and its associates the list of entries is by far the largest both in point of foreign and American aviators of prominence that has ever been secured in America. For these ten days of early September, New England will be the Mecca toward which everyone interested in aviation will expectantly turn in the hope of seeing surpassed the already astonishing records of progress made in the recent foreign competitions. With such men at Harvard Aviation Field as C. Grahame-White,

Glenn H. Curtiss, Charles F. Willard, Arthur Johnstone, Walter Brookins, A. V. Roe, Clifford B. Harmon, Didier Masson and William M. Hilliard and with such fine equipment as that with which they have provided themselves for this Meet, it would be most unexpected should a number of new and even sensational records not be made.

That the widespread interest in the Meet will find expression in the attendance of an unprecedented number of spectators is to be expected and notwithstanding the very great commitments by the society in the matter of prizes and for the expense of laying out the field the net return, it is thought, will be considerable. This surplus is to be devoted to the establishment on a permanent or scientific basis of a department of aeronautics at Harvard University, assuring to New England a position of importance in the future of the development of the newest of arts which is well in keeping with her long record of activity in the affairs of social advancement.

That the Meet has the endorsement of Boston's leading business men is shown by the following who are heartily co-operating with Manager Adams D. Claffin for its success:—Pres. A. Lawrence Lowell, Prof. A. L. Rotch, Robert Winsor, Lieut.-Gov. L. A. Frothingham, Hon. W. A. Gaston, J. E. Thayer, F. P. Fish, S. E. Winslow, P. D. Haughton, B. J. Rothwell, J. L. Richards, J. J. Storrow, C. J. Glidden, Ex-Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., C. F. Adams, 2d, Hon. J. F. Fitzgerald, Gen. W. A. Bancroft and A. Shuman.





IS ROOSEVELT INSURGENT OR REGULAR

By JOHN F. BENYON

NEXT to the tariff, the question of Colonel Roosevelt's position in the Republican party is the topic of greatest interest. The writer can positively state that Colonel Roosevelt is neither a "regular" nor an "insurgent" — Roosevelt is what can be properly termed a Roosevelt Republican — which means that he stands for all that is best in political economy, and for an honest, forceful and harmonious Republican organization. At present his greatest ambition is to solidly unify the "regular" and "insurgent" elements of the party; and to this end, he is devoting nearly all his time, energy and tremendous influence.

As a private citizen, Colonel Roosevelt has today as much influence and power as he had when President. His opinions and statements are daily heralded throughout the country, and his personal following is greater now than ever before. At his home in Oyster Bay, or at the "Outlook office," Colonel Roosevelt is constantly surrounded by the reporters of the press associations and of the metropolitan dailies. Leading politicians, — regulars, insurgents and Democrats — are in daily consultation with him. It is safe to say that his intimate knowledge of the national and state political situations of the country is not equalled by that of any other man.



Such men as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Governor Hughes, as well as the most radical leading insurgents are in close friendly touch with Roosevelt, and it is through and by his friendly relationship with the leaders of both factions of the party that Colonel Roosevelt hopes to reunite the warring elements to the end that the Republican party may once more become the great political power of the country. This, today, is the work that Roosevelt is doing with all his great heart, tremendous energy and marvelous executive ability — that he will accomplish the task there is no doubt, and, in doing so, he will re-establish business confidence and sound, sane Republican doctrine.

It is not too much for us to expect Roosevelt to reunite the Republican party. The following quotation from Emerson might well have been especially written about our great leader: "The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days work their strength into this. What makes the majesty of our heroes? It is the consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. That it is which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, dignity into Washington's port and America into Adam's eye." Behind Roosevelt's popularity and power is a long record of extraordinary service — service for the people and fearless honesty.

Theodore Roosevelt during his Presidency was systematically and aggressively progressive. Tirelessly active, absolutely honest, and intensely in earnest in his determination that "equality before the law" and "equality of opportunity" should be translated from rhetorical phrases into realized facts. His work in uncovering, and thereby checking the great political evils of the time, and educating the people in politics and economics has never been equalled by any other President. No other President so comprehensively combined investigation, instruction and specific demand for vital remedies. He insisted that the people should know the whole truth in regard to men and conditions, and he constantly advocated the sound fundamental principles of economics. The result is that the people now demand better government, higher business standards, cleaner morals — and a united Roosevelt Republican party.

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MAETERLINCK'S "BLUE BIRD"

By ETHEL SYFORD

SYMBOLISM is the oldest art-process. It is older than art itself. When man uttered the first laugh, made the first gestures, spoke the first word or danced the first steps, symbolism was born. At the very first, these were artistic inasmuch as they were natural, sincere, though partially repressed expression of some revelation of the infinite.. Society is dependent upon commonly recognizable signs and much that was symbolic in its primal essence and much that was artistic has become so definitized that it is a mere convention. And it is because Symbolism suffered this death that we now distinguish between the rhetoric and facts of the realist and the repression and subtler suggestion of the symbolist. Carlyle has referred to symbols as a concealment and yet a revelation and says that by Silence and Speech acting together comes a double significance.

Symbolism is the inevitable manner,—either occasionally or dominantly,—of every great imagination. It is a telling fact that America has made but little use of this art-process.

Some one has concluded that Symbolism is merely another name for mysticism. In the realm of literature and art it is true that mystics are symbolists, as a rule, and impressionists often. But it is not true that all symbolists are mystics. Mysticism is a conception, an interpretation. Symbolism and impressionism are methods of expression. Maeterlinck is a mystic, a symbolist and impressionist. Ibsen was a symbolist but in no sense a mystic or impressionist. Beethoven was a symbolist. Richard Wagner, in his later dramas, is mystic and symbolist and one of the greatest of all art. Richard Strauss is a symbolist but not a mystic. Rodin is a mystic and

symbolist. Debussy is a mystic, symbolist and impressionist. Cesar Franck was mystic and symbolist. Fritz Erler in his triptych, "The Plague," was symbolist but not mystic or impressionist. Rostand's Chantecler is symbolism but not mysticism. The whole trend of modern German literature is toward symbolism but this does not in any way imply mysticism.

It is impossible to unroll the tapestry of the past and not find the threads of mysticism woven throughout. It will always be so. It is inevitable that science and materialism and creed have not, cannot and never will solve the problem of the seen and the unseen cosmos. The strength of mysticism is born of this very helplessness. It is against the stone wall of mysticism that materialism and science continually bump their heads. When we realize that the accidents and cacophony of events of the seen and tangible world are not the reality of life, that occasional intuitive convictions and inferences are more powerful conclusions than scientific gropings, that the hymn of the woods and the sea is nearer to a singing of the synthesis of things than the decisions of the civil court or the facts of geology, or where we experience the revelation of a kiss, or a sunset, or while drinking in silent solitude the silence of the night and the heavens we have for a brief instant felt the joy of an intimate closeness to the great mystery of the universe,—at each and all of these times we are to some small extent, the mystic. A mystic realizes that the soul does not judge nor conclude as our worldly consciousness forms conclusions. A mystic realizes that the perceptions and conceptions of the soul are as real and unmistakable as the perceptions recorded by the senses. Professor Hoffding of Copenhagen, at a



MAURICE MAETERLINCK

congress of psychologists about a year ago said that since the most important problems are beyond the reach of man's reasoning powers, the search for ultimate reality leads inevitably to mysticism. Occasionally nature has given us, in the form of a seeming abnormality, a partially non-sensed person (Helen Keller, for example), a literal evidence of the unfailing power of the unseeing and the unseen world. All down the ages we have had those who have listened attentively to every realization of the intangible world and the silent expressiveness of the mystery of the universe, and distanced themselves as far as possible from the cacophonous arguments of the senses in regard to the material world. Jesus was a mystic, and St. Paul likewise,

St. Francis of Assisi, St. Theresa: Thomas à Kempis said, "Blessed the ears which receive the instillings of the divine whisper and take no note of the whisperings of the world."

This is a most opportune moment to say that a fallacy occurs when Ibsen and Maeterlinck and symbolism and mysticism are all spoken of in one sentence as though there were an identity present. Ibsen lived and died without being a witness to the unseen world. Ibsen saw that there was a satire present in the ethics and actions of human life,—especially in its civic and domestic relations as they are lived. He used symbolism to create the illusion of the bald facts of four walls which enclosed a tragedy. He is so stubborn in laying a tragedy bare that he

does not even change the scene. But Ibsen got no farther than merely seeing that there is satire present in this daily life. Maeterlinck does not aim to accentuate this human society. He aims to suggest, and only to suggest, not to explain, the wonder and mystery and the awe of all this great vibrating universe. There is the same difference between Ibsen and Maeterlinck that there is between the naked as portrayed in art and the nude in art.

There have been two Maeterlincks. The writer of "*La Princesse Maleine*" and "*Les Aveugles*," was as much a mystic as the writer of "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*" and "*The Blue Bird*." The writer of "*Les Aveugles*" symbolized the silence of the unseen world as much then as now, but the intuitions were of terror and awe and unsolvable fear. Since then a great and artistic soul in the person of Madame Georgette LeBlanc came into his life and became his wife and her influence has in a large part, wrought the change. In "*Le Trésor des Humbles*," "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*," "*Le Double Jardin*," "*Le Temple Enseveli*" and "*The Blue Bird*," he is an apostle of the beauty and mystery of life, of a wonderful synthesis of all creation. His art is subtly impressionistic, suggestive, calm, almost sotto voce. He never becomes the dictator of a theory. He voices no theory. He raises no problem and solves none. He has avoided all chance for controversy. The illusion which he creates is akin to the illusion of nature itself. He re-creates the wonder of the cosmos. It would be impossible for us to solve it and he does not try. It is in this recreation that he is the master. He accomplishes it so skillfully that there is room in it for your most intimately exalted moments. There is no limit to the spaciousness of his concepts. Unseeing and warped and prosaic minds no doubt see none of it and call him a dreamer and they think that Maeterlinck, the mystic means merely Maeterlinck, the mystifying and vague. Those who have no emotional appreciation of the vast or the mystery of an all-correlated synthesis decide that this mystery is vagueness because their consciousness can not record

it otherwise. The two most evident qualities of Maeterlinck's genius are simplicity and sincerity,—absolute sincerity. In "*The Treasure of the Humble*," "*Wisdom and Destiny*" and in "*The Blue Bird*" he seems to be utterly devoid of any trace of a phantom of personal prejudice. I do not believe any one could read far into his genius and not feel that he has an intimate as well as a comprehensive understanding of all nature. He is not at all concerned with the dissonances of everyday life. Maeterlinck is concerned with cosmic harmony,—an all-relation of all things and what he has apprehended he is the subtle artist in presenting to us emotionally and harmoniously. Some one has referred to "*The Blue Bird*" as a dream play, another conceives it a fairy play, another speaks of it as Pantheism. I doubt whether Maeterlinck is especially concerned with being a Pantheist and I am sure that "*The Blue Bird*" is neither fairy play nor dreaming to him. He has poetically summoned the cosmic mystery itself. That is the drama. It is no more fairy play or dream play than nature's drama is a dream or fairy play because it is fused with mystery.

It would be endless to try to define and locate the analogies,—as endless as to try to definitize analogies in all nature. These are symbols of a great mystery which does not invite arbitration. Does it need to be solved? To appreciate and be, to even some extent, intimate with the wonder of the mystery, to be able to hear and to partially understand the voices of the silences, to commune with the mystery, the symphony, to feel the flutter of the wings of myriads of blue birds close, close to us,—illusion beautiful and real, even though they die in the light of day, to hear the intervening of the harmonies, now awful, mysterious, now ineffable and a flood of tone and azure light—a chaos of harmony, a whirr of azure wings,—but listen, the sea of tone is resolving, floods of daylight surge about and in our ecstasy we have clung to the blue birds. But ah, the mysteries of silence and of night are not vibrant in the light of day. It is the mystery that is blue, to solve it is to change the blue,

to kill the mystery. The birds are dead. The sea of harmony becomes purely technical. The chords resolve.

A forest nocturne, a murmuring in the leaves,—it is the poplar,—no one has ever fully comprehended the mystery of the forest. A murmuring in the leaves,—it is the oak, old moss covered majesty,—the murmuring becomes more mystery-

ly forward. He is fabulously old, crowned with mistletoe and clad in a long green gown edged with moss and lichen. He is blind; his white beard streams in the wind. He leans on a knotty stick and with the other on a young oakling, who serves as his guide. The blue bird is perched on his shoulder. At his approach the other trees draw themselves



MARGUERITE CLARK WHO PLAYS TYLTÿL

full, the blue bird, the secret, hovers near, surely—a murmuring in the leaves,—the fir tree! A murmuring in the leaves,—the beech!—mystery, silence; but the silence is full of voices. They seem to tell of secrets which we do not know. The silence becomes so eloquent that there seem to be voices everywhere. They seem no longer to be trees but souls coming nearer to, communing with our own. Ah, here is a vision (Maeterlinck is a wondrous painter here). Here comes the oak! He has been with man since all time of earth. "The oak comes slow-

up in a row and bow respectfully." It is this great, stately, patriarchal figure which comes nearest to suggesting the secret which this forest holds. But the wonder increases. Here all around us are the only living things which have known the secret since the origin of life. There is no longer merely murmurings in the leaves. Here stand about us and tower above us these voices of the silence. We know the blue bird is here but they do not choose to speak of that. They seem to become more awe-full. They overwhelm us. We can not begin to in-

terpret this mystery. We are before living forces that know more of this mystery than we. We are vanquished. The silence of the forest at night is awful. Ah, here comes the light of day to bring us back to day-life. "What was the matter with them? Were they mad?" "No, they are always like that; but we do not know it because we do not see it."

It is night again, night in a graveyard. The moon is shining. Here rest the dead. We shiver, the instinctive dread of all life is death. Why don't the dead talk? Because they have nothing to say. Why have they nothing to say? We don't know, we don't know. We are not so afraid and we have nothing to say. A terrifying minute of silence and motionlessness elapses and out of the silence the mystery seems to take shape. We seem to hear a far-away phantom of Rhythm, mystic and undefined. It seems to rise and become a part of the air but it is the sound of far away muted strings, pulsant, a monotonal wave, pale and efflorescent; and now the wave becomes more vibrant, it pulsates more freely, the strings wave over each other, the monotone is a mere background and the alto violins and violas seem to flow and soar. On and on the tonal wave spreads and rises until a flood of light seems to spread over all, a flood of rhythm, tone quivering on tone, the flutes and piccolos melt into the flood of tone, the wave of tone,—never a single voice defined, harmonies unresolved, ever a sea of mystery, a flooding sea,—now shimmering like the dew, now the entoning of bursting flowers, and now the pulsant murmuring of the leaves and now a flood of sunshine and all life. The harmony floods on, ever unresolved. We step forward, are fused into it. We have communed with the voice of another silence. Where are the dead? There are no dead.

This is Maeterlinck, the artist of tone. This passage is music absolutely. Note how pulsatingly rhythmic. "Then from all the gaping tombs there rises gradually an efflorescence at first frail and timid like steam; then white and virginal and more and more tufty, more and more tall and plentiful and marvellous. Little by little, irresistibly, invading all things, it

transforms the graveyard into a sort of fairy-like and nuptial garden, over which rise the first rays of the dawn. The dew glitters, the flowers open their bloom, the wind murmurs in the leaves, the bees hum, the birds wake and flood the air with the first raptures of their hymns to the sun and to life."

The kingdom of the future,—the immense halls of the azure palace where the children wait that are yet to be born. Sapphire columns support turquoise vaults,—everything, from the flagstones to the shimmering background, everything down to the smallest objects, is of an unreal, intense, fairy-like blue. Between the columns are great opalescent doors which time will throw back, opening upon actual life and the quays of the dawn. Everywhere are crowds of children robed in long azure garments. Some are playing, many asleep, others are working away at the inventions and ideas which they are to bear with them to earth, for none go forth into dawn empty handed. All is a supernatural and luminous blue. The mystery of the un-born. The land from which none go forth until prepared. Here comes Time to open the doors. "The great opalescent doors turn slowly on their hinges. The sounds of the earth are heard like a distant music. A red and green light penetrates into the hall; Time, a tall old man with a streaming beard, armed with his scythe and hour glass, appears upon the threshold; and we perceive the extremity of the white and gold sails of a galley moored to a sort of quay, formed by the rosy mists of the dawn. Time asks, "Are they ready whose hour has struck?" Blue children elbow their way and run up from all sides. One by one old Time picks out the ones whose turn it is. One child is missing. "Come on you little fellow whom they call the lover, say goodbye to your sweetheart." The two children called the Lovers, fondly entwined, their faces livid with despair, go up to Time and kneel at his feet with despair.

THE FIRST CHILD. Let me stay behind with her!

THE SECOND CHILD. Let me go with him!

TIME. Impossible!

FIRST CHILD. I would rather not be born!

TIME. You cannot choose.

SECOND CHILD (beseechingly). Mr. Time, I shall come too late!

FIRST CHILD. I shall be gone before she comes down!

SECOND CHILD. I shall never see him again!

FIRST CHILD. We shall be alone in the world!

.

THE SECOND CHILD stretches out her arms frantically to the child that is being carried off. A sign! A sign! Tell me how to find you!

FIRST CHILD. I shall always love you!

SECOND CHILD. I shall be the saddest thing on earth! You will know me by that!

(*She falls and remains stretched on the ground.*)

TIME. You would do much better to hope.

.

Time shakes his keys and his scythe. The anchor is raised. The sails of the galley pass and disappear. The voices of the children in the galley are heard in the distance:

"The Earth! The Earth! . . . I can see it! How beautiful it is! How bright it is! How big it is!" Then, as though issuing from the depths of the abyss, an extremely distant song of gladness and expectation. Ah, what is it we hear. It is voices singing, singing. It sounds like other voices. Ah, it is the song of the mothers coming out to meet them; and Time closes the opalescent doors. Surely this mystery can not be solved. Everything was blue here,—everything; and we are filled with wonder. The voice of another silence has been eloquent. What an experience, a revelation, the mystery—eloquence, of each voice has been and how many birds and how blue they all seemed! But the mystery is too great, too complex, too rhythmic to be completely sensed. It is the fusing, the harmony, the all-mystery that is the mysterious secret. The voices of the un-

seen silences are expressive and eloquent but they come from diaphonous throats which can not be throttled. But for once we have listened attentively to the wondrousness, surely that in itself is quite near to capturing the blue bird, for it is a unique experience. So what matters it that the bird which was blue with the mystery of memory turned black when we took it away and into the light of day, and those of the night died for the wonders of the night are so different rhythmically than those of day and the future in the light of day will ever be quite pink and its bird blue with mystery is no longer blue in the Daylight and the forest was so full of mystery that we were overwhelmed completely.

But we will sit down, perhaps, some evening beside the springs of the forest and once more feel out their mystery. And here we are back into the day life! Why, it does not seem as prosaic after all, everything is fresher and happier; but we can not quite become a part of it yet, we still feel the mystery of the voices of the silences. But it is of no use to speak of this ecstatic intimacy which we have experienced,—not even to our closest relations. They would not understand. They would think we were ill or that we were still half asleep and were dreaming. But this everyday world seems so much brighter! What if there should be a blue bird here! Perhaps here are unseen silent voices after all. Here comes a neighbour whose little girl longs most of all for a bird out of this very day light, she longs for it most of all things. Perhaps the day light of life is all rhythmic with wonder, another mystery of the great silence. This turtle dove of mine seems quite blue. There is a mystery full of secrets here and to think that the little girl *knew* he was blue all along. She came out of the land of the unborn children with more of its blue halo around her than I; but I have listened since and heard the voices and now day's bird seems quite blue. Perhaps I shall hear more and he will become bluer. But there will always be some people who think I am only *playing* at being happy. To think that the little girl knew all about my bird. He seems bluer to her than he

does to me, even yet; but then she has always been fuller of the blue than I, I have only recently learned of the mystery of the unseen voices and the mystic blue. But see, he has flown away from us, and the little girl of the intuitive voice wanted him so much. Yes, day light and day life has a great secret too. It is full of the mystery and we can not stop its blue bird's flight. All, all is rhythmic motion, a symphonic ocean, and everywhere, everywhere blue birds. Never mind if this day-blue-bird did fly away. It is the knowing that day has a blue bird that matters. To have caught it was no greater joy than to know that it was there. Are you sorry that you may listen to the silences? On and on moves the great harmony; on and on mystery after mystery; here and there blue birds, blue birds. Listen to the unseen voices of the silences and the vital, the expressive instances of existence are eloquent, the blue birds of the mysteries and of day hover close to you. But as you feel the ecstasy of these vital moments and you feel the bird close in your hand, let him fly, fly, soar. Mystery is eternal, happiness is rhythmic. There are no dropped beats in the rhythm. Let the blue bird go. Happiness needs him in motion and a part of the rhythm. All, all is well,—forever, well.

The Blue Bird is to be presented at the New Theatre, beginning September 17. Miss Marguerite Clark is to appear as Tyltyl. Much pains has been taken with the production.

This drama is so great that the wonder of it unfolds like the crescence of dawning light. Its concept is consummate and big; like a very spacious space it will hold every one. You will draw out of its depths as much as there is in yourself, and no more. It will be most wondrous

to children because it is a wonder-tale, to them. And little folk will mayhap, come nearer to its genuineness than some prosaic and un-seeing older folk, or the New Yorker who is steeped in problem plays of his own or of the stage,—these latter will see in the Blue Bird a fascinating spectacular display and they will undoubtedly remark that the plot does not amount to much. Then there is the moralist who will go around with a most benign "one ought" for her neighbour and will whale-bone her assertion with,

"Don't you remember how in the Blue Bird, etc.;" and the New Thoughtist and the Christian Scientist will forget it all but a certain several spots which speak of the enfeebled sicknesses and they will want Maeterlinck for their cult. The fatalist will be able to prove his theories of predestination by certain passages and the "Blue Bird" will reduce itself to that for him, and the Socialist notes how Tyltyl gives away his bird and remarks that the parting with one's property is the real happiness.

Cosmic philosophy and cosmic truth are greater than any "ism" or any science, and these latter are only sparse gleanings from the richness. Then there is the half-philosopher who sees in it one motive only—the search for happiness and because the blue bird gets away, he decides that the work wanes at the end; and the literature professor who will try to dissect it into much method with some madness and who will have much to say about the work being motivated with rather a trite theme. Then there will be the few who will realize that it is very much a drama of existence done in subtlest symbolism by a great mystic whose soul sees very keenly the realities of existence.



REMINISCENCES OF DENMAN THOMPSON

By WILLIAM H. WALSH

"Why the robins in the maples an' the blackbird 'roun' the pond,
The crickets an' the locusts in the leaves,
The brook that chased the trout adown the hillside jest beyond
An' the swallows in their nests beneath the eaves
They all come troopin' back with you, dear Josh today,
An' they seem to sing with all the joyous zest
Of the days when we were Yankee boys and girls at play,
With nary thought of livin' way out West
God bless you, Denman Thompson, for the good y' do our hearts
With this music an' these memories o' youth,
God bless ye for the faculty that tops all human arts
The good ol' Yankee faculty of Truth."

EUGENE FIELD.

IF I were asked for a bright and shining example of a green old age, of faculties unimpaired in mind and body till one has approached the grand climacteric, I would name Denman Thompson, the patriarch of the American stage, and the grand old man of the theatrical profession. He has lived more than the allotted span of life. He will on the 15th day of October next arrive at his 77th mile stone, continuing hale and hearty, happy and contented in the enjoyment of what Dr. Johnson aptly calls "the sunshine of life."

Few 20th century names in the dramatic profession of the United States are crowned with so many fairly won honors as that of Denman Thompson. An actor by profession and inclination, philanthropic in his nature, generous to extreme, his integrity is as immovable as a mountain of adamant. In growing old Denman Thompson has acquired what might be called the look of goodness. Looking into his ruddy, wrinkled face contrasting with the snowy whiteness of his hair, one gets the impression of a very young old man who seems now all tenderness and affection, at peace with the world, following carefully the precepts of the Golden

Rule. And yet he is eminently practical withal, particularly in business matters relating to his profession, in fact, in everything except family affairs. When Mr. Thompson speaks about his family, his son, the girls, and his grandchildren, his whole face lights up, his beautiful paternal pride and affection for even more than he is "Joshua Whitcomb," and a fine old actor, Denman Thompson is a fine old father. He is simply wrapped up in his home and family. He has three children, Vene, now Mrs. MacFarland, Annie, now Mrs. Kilpatrick, and Francis, his son, who manages "The Old Homestead." He has several grandchildren, the youngest being a four months' old baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thompson.

Up at West Swanzey, six miles below Keene, New Hampshire, is the original "Old Homestead," but since made over and modernized into an ideal country home. The village itself is a cluster of old-fashioned houses with two or three stores, a couple of churches, a school-house, a blacksmith shop and a grist mill, the latter turned by the waters of a brook. The Thompson family all live but a stone's throw from Denman, Mrs. Kilpatrick and Mrs. MacFarland having



DENMAN THOMPSON'S LATEST PORTRAIT

each handsome places in the grove near the lake, while Franklin, his son and business manager, lives in a very attractive house on the borders of the lake. Millions of people have seen Swanzeey, the village portrayed on the stage, for it is the scene of "The Old Homestead" which has been played almost as many times as Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Rip Van Winkle. They know Joshua Whitcomb and are personally acquainted with the other characters, some of which are taken bodily from the streets and farms of old Swanzeey, yet to the general mind

Swanzeey is a place having no existence save behind the footlights, though the characters that have tread its mimic streets are reminiscent, the average theatre-goer is certain that they survive in actual life no more. Joshua Whitcomb, however, is an actual reproduction of two personages in Swanzeey known as Captain Otis Whitcomb and Joshua Holbrook. Captain Otis furnished the comedy and Joshua the more serious elements of the combination. The original of Aunt Matilda was a sister of Joshua Holbrook and known to all the people of

Swanzy as "Aunt Rhody"—a tender, honest, faithful, respectable old lady who transmuted the joys and sorrows of her life and home into pure gold. "Cy" Prime was a fellow townsman who had the reputation of being the biggest liar in Cheshire County, and Seth Perkins was a composite of several characters, such as can be found in every New England village. Henry Hopkins, the city man, was an old New Hampshire playfellow of Denman Thompson, who used to sit on the same bench with him in the little red schoolhouse. He went to New York and got rich. The other characters in the play were more or less taken from life.

I found Denman Thompson sitting on the porch of his son's cottage on the shore of Swanzy Lake, a couple of miles from his own home. Denman Thompson is Joshua Whitcomb and Joshua Whitcomb is Denman Thompson. An old man you would say to look at him, but he is not old in spirit. His heart is young; he is simple, frank and honest. His speech is deliberate, plain, to the point, and invariably unadorned. He shook hands with a warmth and geniality that is characteristic of the man, and invited me to a seat beside him. He said "I'm glad to see you," and then Denman Thompson talked slowly, deliberately, his shrewd kindly face lighted up from time to time as he dwelt on some person or topic of particular interest.

"I guess I must have played Uncle Josh nearly 15,000 times," said Mr. Thompson in answer to my question. I have taken that part on an average of ten times a week, for forty weeks in the year for thirty-five years, and some of my people have been with me for twenty years. Yes, I can play it in my sleep.

"When am I going to retire?" At that question his eye kindled and he took on a determined look, while he replied, "You are like all the rest, that question exasperates me. Every once in a while the report arises that I am about to retire and it goes broadcast over the country. Then the papers all get to work and publish long articles illustrated, about my life, flattering to be sure, but none

the less exasperating. I want to say emphatically once and for all that I am not going to retire, that I have not retired and have no intention of retiring. I am nearly 77 years old and I intend to play just as long as I am able. I have set the limit at 94 and perhaps by that time I will set the limit at a hundred. I am going on the stage again this year and will open in New York City playing Joshua Whitcomb as usual. I shall play at the Boston Theatre Easter week. Set that down, so that you won't forget it, and remember that this is not my farewell appearance.

"The Old Homestead is a play that never seems to grow old. I don't know but some people think I have stuck to Joshua Whitcomb too long. I don't think so. At first it was a sketch, not more than 25 minutes long, and presented the street scene in Boston in which Uncle Joshua had a number of excitable and laughable adventures, and the birthday party in which he made the liveliest sort of merriment and homely talk. I did my



DENMAN THOMPSON AND HIS GRANDCHILD

best to give an accurate imitation of two actual personages in Swanzev, whom I had known and seen every day in my childhood; they are both dead now. In the summer of 1875," continued Mr. Thompson, "when I was giving my sketches at the coliseum in Chicago, I met J. M. Hill, who was a New Hampshire man and a very shrewd one, and by his advice "The Old Homestead" was developed into its present proportions. To be sure some interpolations have been made, but it has always remained a homely but true picture of farm life to illustrate the best there is in human nature, to awaken the memories and to stir the emotions of men and women who have come from a farm, and to teach a wholesome lesson to the young. "The Old Homestead" in its entirety was presented to the public for the first time at the Boston Theatre in April 1886, but for years previous the public was familiar with Uncle Joshua which had its first presentment at Harry Martin's Varieties, Pittsburg, in February, 1875. In September, 1878, Joshua Whitcomb was introduced to the New York public at the Lyceum Theatre and it proved a tremendous success. Uncle Joshua was always a welcome guest in Boston and the receipts of the first week in "The Old Homestead" at the Boston Theatre were \$11,279.25. Several minor characters like Ed Ganzey, "Whistling Ed," and the Hoboken Tough, which has since fitted so excellently with the spirit and scheme of the play were not in the original production.

"No, I don't have to put on any make-up or dress the part, except for the Joshua Whitcomb suit and the historic Whitcomb boots. Those Whitcomb boots by the way were made for me in 1876, being finished on July 4, about a year after the first production of the original Joshua Whitcomb. I have those boots now and I wear them at every performance of the "Old Homestead." The boots are not ready to retire any more than their owner."

The talk meanwhile had turned on honesty.

"I will give you a way to tell an honest man," said Denman Thompson. "Find

out if he stands well in his own community. You go into a small town where every one knows everybody else. Say, 'I've some valuables I want to have some honest man take care of.' If people say, 'there's Jack Smith. He's poor, but he is as honest as daylight,' you can figure that Jack Smith's word is good. If the man has the confidence of his home people you can trust him. It isn't a question," he said slowly, "of faith or creed or politics or all that. Simply do right because it is right." This wasn't any sermon but simply Mr. Thompson was serious and the theme was serious. From honesty the conversation drifted to his personal recollections of the stage and stage people and he recalled a visit which he made in October, 1908, to the Actors' Fund Home, where he met many of the old folks whom he had known and played with long ago, Jenney Fisher, William Gilbert, Harry Clifton, Harry Langdon, Harry Hapgood, Walter Wentworth, Sam Berney, Miss Forrestier, John Vincent and George Washington Pike. "I was profoundly affected, affected more than I can say," said Denman Thompson softly as he wiped his eyes, and the good old gray actor remained silent, reminiscent of the years long past.

Asked if he was born in Swanzev, he replied, "No, I was not. My father, Capt. Rufus Thompson, in 1831, after having lived here and his father and grandfather before him, and several generations besides, decided to go West. He immigrated to a little settlement in the far corner of Pennsylvania, facing Lake Erie. It was called Beachwood, what is now Girard. I was born there in 1833, in a log cabin. The Thompsons were descended from one of the original coloinsts, to whom the township of Swanzev was granted by the Colonial authorities of Massachusetts in 1735. Lot No. 43 was awarded to John Thompson and from that date to this our family has lived here. My father did not succeed very well it seems in Beachwood. At any rate he returned to Swanzev when I was 14 years old. He was a sort of Jack-of-all-trades—a mechanical genius—and, in addition to farming, did odd jobs about the town-



DENMAN THOMPSON, HIS SON AND GRANDSON

ship of every imaginable character, from mending a watch or a leaky teakettle to making the plans for a house. My father lived to be 90 year old and saw me in 'The Old Homestead' many times.

"It was intended that I should be a carpenter. But I got restless and when I was 17 years old, in the spring of 1850, I persuaded my folks to let me go to Boston to seek my fortune. The adventure was the subject of discussion, contemplation and prayer, public and private all that winter. The minister, the school-teacher and the relatives and neighbors all took a hand in deciding my destiny. Finally my father gave in and, saying,

'Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done,' consented to my departure.

"With a new suit of clothes and several pairs of mittens and stockings I started for Boston. The first job I got there was with a circus, where I had charge of the banners and poles, rode in the opening pageant, and, after some practice and instruction, took my place among thirty or more acrobats and tumblers.

"After the circus had finished its season, I got a job as supernumerary on the stage at the Howard Atheneum, and assisted to shove the scenery about when Charlotte Cushman played Lady Macbeth. After that I got a job as door-

keeper and lecturer for a collection of portraits of Indian Chiefs and finally landed in the dry goods store of my uncle, D. D. Baxter of Lowell. Tiring of that business, for it seemed too tame for me, I returned to the stage the following year, where I had a speaking part and did a number of dances, in the French Spy. That was in the fall of 1852, and I have been behind the foot-lights ever since."

Denman Thompson talked on slowly. "I have seen many changes in the drama since 1886, when 'The Old Homestead' was first presented. This is a day of drama without its story. The idea seems to be to furnish something pleasant to the eye. Still, as I have said, I attribute a large measure of the hold 'The Old Homestead' had kept on the public to the fact that there is a simple life story running throughout the play. It is not likely that a manager would pin his faith in a new play of this type and perhaps he would be acting with reason, for a play of that kind, to be successful, must be played by a man who will make it his ambition to make the chief character live year after year; the type must be a universal one. It must be genuine, and not imaginary, so that it will appeal to all, not to one class alone."

Denman Thompson played in Chicago at Rice's Theatre in 1855. He is the only surviving member of that famous coterie which included Frank Page, Harry Lyndon, Thomas Duncan, William McFarland, Charlie Beach, Mrs. Altemus, the Radcliffes, the Marble family, Frank Chanfrau, Miss Albertine, the blind actress; James Murdock, Harry McCarthy and his sister, Marion, and Maggie Mitchell. Recalling those days he smiled reminiscently and said, "I used to live at Doty's Hotel and at the Sherman House then. I recall a famous dancing match that was held there during the winter. In the 50's there was a rage for what was called straight jig dancing. The two celebrated jig dancers at that time were Richard Sliter and Joe Brown. The match was held in a big hall opposite the Brigg's House, and it attracted more attention than a big horse race does today.

"What sort of a play do I consider will live the longest? The play which portrays life in its simplest, most natural condition. It doesn't make a great deal of difference whether a man has ever lived in the country; he will understand a character like Joshua Whitcomb anyway. It seems to me there are few people in this land who are not country people. The vast majority of the men and women of the cities were either born in the country or their elder brothers and sisters were. 'The Old Homestead' plays upon the threads of human sympathy. Such a play is built for the heart and head rather than for the eye. It is the kind of a play that will never wear out. It is different from the present idea of dramatists, which seems to be for a play that is full of complication, filled with hysterics and rapid-fire series of dramatic climaxes; simplicity is the last thing apparently that the present day dramatist aims at. But after all it is the simple play that lives, like 'The Gilded Age,' which made a fortune for John T. Raymond. The reason characters like Joshua Whitcomb appeal to people, too, is because they are typically American, they are native products." An instance which shows really the sterling good qualities of Denman Thompson occurred way back in the early days of his career when he made his first big success in Toronto. It was after he had been there and had remained fourteen years learning the rudiments of acting at the Royal Lyceum, and contracted innumerable debts. Although the debts had long been outlawed—they amounted to over three thousand dollars—he paid them dollar for dollar in amounts ranging from two to twenty dollars.

The aged actor was now pretty well warmed up and gave his views on men and events in that New England manner which is one of the particular charms of his acting on the stage. "I remember playing in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" said he, "at the Royal Lyceum in Toronto as far back as 1857, and I have here the program which shows that I was cast for Uncle Tom and Mr. Petrie was the Simon Legree while Miss C. Nickinson was Eliza. It is a common thing for

some one to ask me if I don't get tired of repeating the old lines of my play night after night, and I always tell them that I don't. Why should I? That reminds me of a story of Charlie Baxter, the minstrel. Charlie was playing once in New York and an old friend of his, a groceryman from Rochester went to see him.

'How are you, Charlie,' asked the friend.

'So, so,' said Charles.

'I went to see you last night, Charles, and I wonder how you can stand it. Don't you get tired of blacking your face every night, telling the same old jokes, and shaking your tambourine?'

'No,' said Charles, 'I don't know that I do; but don't you get tired taking down your shutters every morning, putting them up again at night, and cutting the same old cheese year after year?'

'I know that some people think that because I choose to produce 'The Old Homestead' for so long, although I am playing to capacity, I lack ambition. Ambition is all right for these young fellows who are growing up on the stage, but business is business. And that reminds me of a story that Jefferson once told me. In the old days he had played with a stock company in Baltimore. He returned to Baltimore a year or two before his death, playing Rip Van Winkle. A few of the old boys asked him to play one of the old pieces. Rip Van Winkle was playing to standing room only, but to please them he put on 'The Heir-at-Law' as they had promised to come.

'And they did, too,' said Jefferson, 'all thirty of them came and there was no one else in the house.'

Mr. Thompson sat musing and his eyes had a far away look. "I have been on the stage a precious while," he went on, "since 1852. I think I must be the oldest actor living, but I feel spry and I am not ready to say farewell yet. I don't believe in those farewell tours," he said with an emphasis of disgust, "and I never expect to give one. I don't believe in superstition either, though I know that they are considered almost second nature to an actor. I start out on a Friday if I want to, sit down with thirteen at a

table, carry thirteen trunks, and I would walk under a ladder too if there was not a drunken brick layer with a hod of bricks on the top. I don't believe in looking at the moon over your left shoulder. Everything is the result of cause and effect and you can't dodge them. This country is all right but it is like an old trotting horse. You speed it up faster and faster without thinking that there is a limit to its speed. Then some day you try to urge him a little faster and you run him off his feet. That is my idea of what they call a panic, but I may be wrong."

It is hard to think of Denman Thompson ever playing any part other than that of Uncle Joshua, and yet he has played a great many parts from minstrelsy to Shakesperian roles, comedy, tragedy and drama so much so that they quite make up for all the long years that he has just been plain Joshua Whitcomb, which has raked in dollars by the millions since its first presentation at the Boston Theatre, Boston, twenty-five years ago. The stage from both sides of the footlights owes a tremendous aesthetic debt to Denman Thompson and his Joshua Whitcomb. It was Mr. Thompson who quite as much if not more than any one else taught producers and playgoers that a homely every-day type could sit back of the footlights and talk quietly, easily and in just the way a human being might talk at home, and still effect a tremendous success. P. T. Barnum, Robert Collier and Col. Ingersoll, were the cronies of Uncle Joshua in the days of his early big successes. One night at McVickar's Theatre in Chicago he had for box occupants General Grant, Allen Pinkerton, Potter Palmer, and Gen. Phil Sheridan, and he has had many box parties just as notable since then.

I have said that Denman Thompson is generous. He is generous in the same way that Joshua Whitcomb is generous. How many men would give a doubtful looking tramp five dollars on the chance that he will go home and lead a better life. Denman Thompson would do just that. He dislikes to talk about his charities himself. The scrub women at the Boston Theatre know them; they will

tell you how they look forward to the annual advent of Denman Thompson for it means a new five dollar bill for every one of them, accompanied by kind words of remembrance. To every one who knows Mr. Thompson he is "The Governor." He says "a man never has a cent until he is forty years old, and I went twenty years over the limit."

Among the countless admirers of Denman Thompson there is probably not one who has for him a kinder regard, a deeper interest and healthier appreciation than Mr. R. H. White, Boston's merchant prince. It is Mr. White's fondest boast that he "discovered" Denman Thompson years ago when he himself was near the lower round of the ladder of commercial success. Mr. Thompson, then a young and struggling player, was eking out a moderate salary on the stage of Tony Pastor's Theatre on Lower Broadway. He was impersonating the Yankee farmer, and doing a very clever and original sketch. The moment Mr. White saw him he was struck with his perfect naturalness of make-up, gestures and speech. To him it seemed that Denman Thompson was on the same plane as Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle and Dion Bouccicault as Con, the Shaughraun. Mr. White on returning to Boston went at once to J. C. Wentworth at the old Gaiety Theatre and told him of Denman Thompson and his sketch, with the result that Mr. Wentworth saw him, became equally enthusiastic, and engaged him for a long season in Boston. Mr. White was also one of the most enthusiastic first nighters on the occasion of the initial performance of "The Old Homestead" at the Boston Theatre twenty-five years ago. He occupied a box with Dr. Orlando Tompkins, father of the late Eugene Tompkins, and he says that he enjoyed the performance immensely; that the audience was so large that it not only filled all the seats but thronged the

lobby as well.

"I don't suppose," said Mr. White, "that there is an actor living today who has made anywhere near so much money out of his profession as Denman Thompson. There is no purer, sweeter or more wholesome play in existence. It almost seems to me as if I had known Denman Thompson all my life, and yet his Joshua Whitcomb never changes one iota. It is precisely the same now as it was twenty-five years ago, or as it seemed to me in that little sketch which he did so cleverly in Tony Pastor's Theatre on Lower Broadway some forty years ago.

Uncle Joshua, or the Governor, a sort of affectionate term that is applied to him, declares that he is feeling well and perfectly fit and capable to star this season. He is one of those who would rather wear out than rush out. He plays his part in "The Old Homestead" for the fun that he gets out of it. He is willing to admit that he is well along in years,—that he is no longer a colt,—but he makes a strong distinction between being old and being "a dead one." As Joshua Whitcomb he has played a single role longer than any other actor on the American stage. Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle made almost a record, but he varied that part with others, while Denman Thompson has stuck to Joshua Whitcomb for an uninterrupted period of thirty-six years.

As Eugene Field says of Joshua Whitcomb, "We recognize an old friend; we knew him in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts—yes, and in York State too—his name was not Joshua Whitcomb in the old days, but he was then the same lovable character as he is today, his heart as tender, his charity as universal, his humor as quaint, his pathos as sincere. He is an old friend come from among the hills, and we seem to breathe once more the atmosphere of those hills, and we seem to hear the humming of bees and to scent the fragrance of lilacs and wintergreen.



VERMONT'S GRACEFUL AND DIGNIFIED CAPITOL

MONTPELIER, VERMONT

By CHAS. M. ROCKWOOD

THERE are three claimants to the very considerable honor of the title of "Founder of Montpelier," Timothy Biglow, Jacob Davis and Joel Frizzell. This latter gentleman appears to have been a French Canadian hunter about whom little is known save the bare fact of his residence. He was undoubtedly the first actual settler, but his occupancy was brief and without special significance. Mr. Biglow, on the other hand, was a man of consequence to whom certain important landed rights were granted, but he never actually settled within the boundary of his claims.

Jacob Davis was both a man of consequence and an actual settler, and even if the facts were against him, we would still be strongly inclined in his favor, for

every record and tradition points to him as the very ideal of a New England pioneer. He was six feet tall, broad-shouldered and of commanding presence. Many stories are handed down of his great muscular strength as well as of his wisdom, generosity and justice. He was something of a humorist and a man of marked individuality. His wife was an earnest Christian and is said to have possessed great personal beauty. They reared a large family of sons and daughters whom they christened with the quaint old fashioned names, and kept open house with a huge, roaring fire-place and unstinted hospitality.

In short Jacob Davis is just the kind of figure that is woven into the romance of early New England life.

All this was about the year 1781,



MONTPELIER'S NEW CITY HALL

although the first grant was in 1770 and surveyors had been driven off by Ira Allen in 1772. The town was finally organized in 1791 with a total population of one hundred and thirteen, twenty-seven of whom were voters.

To those familiar with New England history these few facts are quite sufficient to indicate the character of the settlement and its early vicissitudes.

The district was one possessed of many natural advantages, and I am not sure but that we should give the very first rank among these to that climate which was considered so cruel a hardship by those early settlers. For the greatest asset of the city has ever been the quality of manhood that, argue the matter as we may, the softer climes so seldom produce.

Clinging to the slopes of the hills



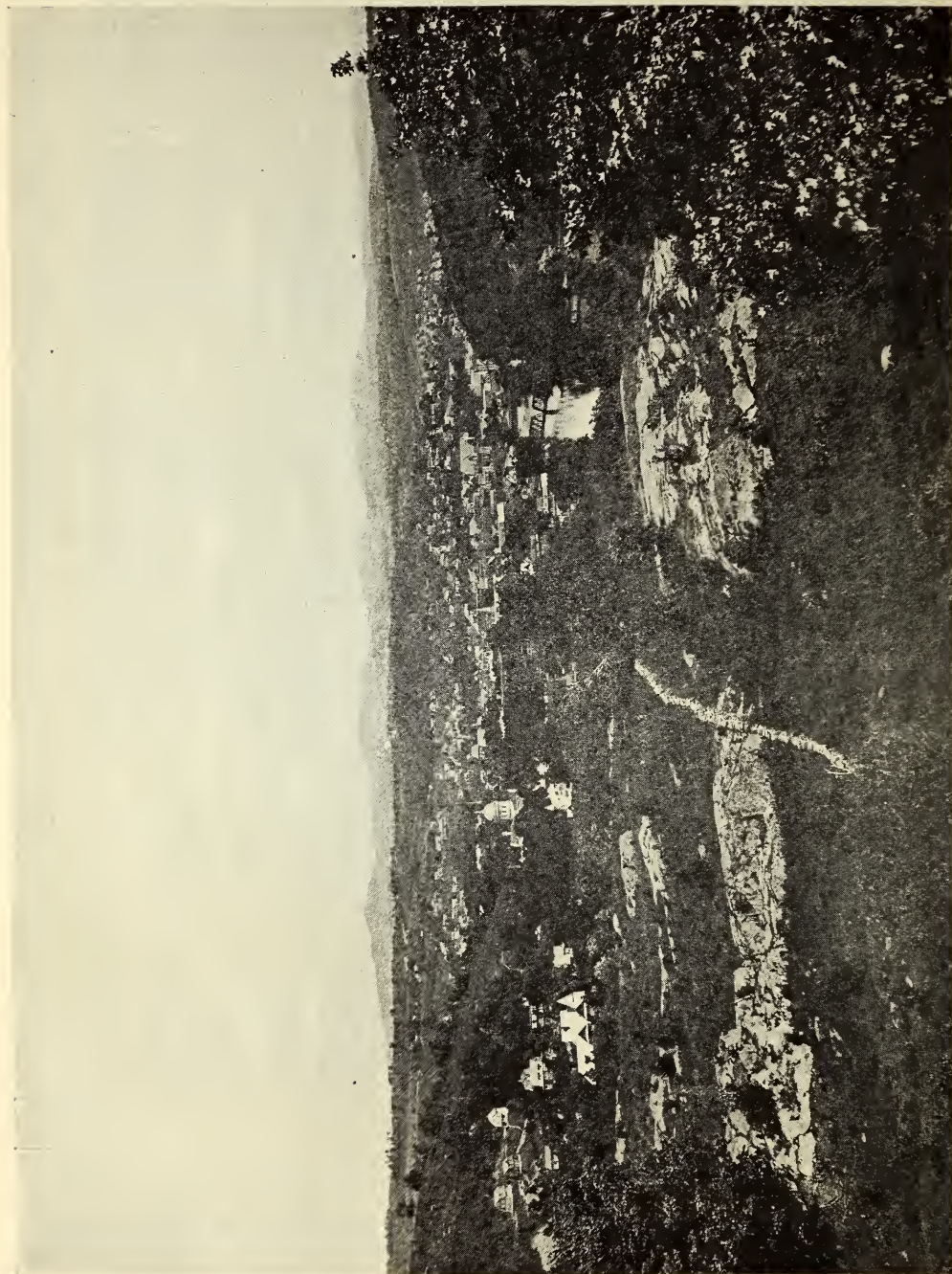
AN INVITATION TO SNOWSHOEING

where the snows of winter and the billows of summer green would seem alternately to threaten it with extinction, a city has been built whose leading institutions are of national reach and rank among the most important of the great financial interests of our country.

And in these latter days when the improvements of civilization have lifted our personal comforts above the contingencies of climate, that which seemed to our

forefathers a hardship is now an eagerly sought source of health and recreation. In increasing thousands, the American people are learning to make a playfellow of the ice and snow that are the glory of our New England winters.

Another of the natural advantages enjoyed by the beautiful capital city of Vermont, is that of its location on the Winooski River, ten miles above the geographical center of the state in a val-



OVERLOOKING THE BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL CITY OF VERMONT

ley entered by five streams, each of which affords a natural highway through the hills, prophetic of future railroad and commercial development. Montpelier is already a distributing center of some importance with a mercantile life far more metropolitan than would be warranted by its actual population of eighty-five hundred.

The soil of the neighboring farms in the valleys between the hills is fertile, and with the growth of scientific farming

in value. Granite is found in the vicinity of Montpelier and Barre in all shades of gray from almost white to nearly black. In quality it is not only unsurpassed for building purposes, but is suitable for the finest monumental work. The sheets are of great thickness and remarkably free from seams or faults. The size of pieces which may be quarried is limited only by the mechanical means for raising and transporting them. It is matter of record that one block sixty-four feet



IN THE HEART OF ONE OF MONTPELIER'S BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE DISTRICTS

the mercantile importance of Montpelier will be largely increased.

An advantage far more palpable and immediate to the average observer is that of the inexhaustible supply of granite which underlies the soil. The granite industry of Vermont is nevertheless of quite recent growth. So late as 1880 the total output for the state amounted to but Sixty Thousand Dollars in value. The average annual production at present is between Four and Five Million Dollars

long, thirty feet wide and eighteen feet thick was once quarried by the Boutwell, Milne and Varnum Company. The weight of this block was three thousand tons. From the quarry of A. E. Bruce a block of four thousand tons was once quarried and lifted.

More than Two and a Quarter Millions of Dollars in capital are invested in this industry and between three and four thousand men employed.

These workmen are drawn from all



A TYPICAL GROUP OF MONTEPELIER GRANITE CUTTERS

parts of the world and include many of the most skillful stone cutters to be found anywhere. The most advanced methods are employed in cutting and handling the stone and ample facilities exist for caring for the very largest contracts. Between fifty and one hundred carloads, mostly of finished work, are shipped from the district daily.

The stone is very hard, strong and durable and takes a beautiful polish. The possession by Montpelier, not only of this abundant supply of the finest building and monumental material in the world, and of the skilled labor and organization to produce from it the most artistic results, may well rank as one of the prime sources of wealth of our New England States. With the enormous development of our country in wealth and population the possible development of this industry would seem to be almost limitless.

Not only is our climate such that granite is far preferable to marble for all

exterior construction, but granite of such fine grain as that of the Montpelier district, when cut in delicate patterns has a beauty of its own derived partly, no doubt, from the consciousness of the observer of the hardness of the material and the difficulties that have been surmounted in its working.

There are at present thirty-nine firms engaged in granite cutting in Montpelier.

Closely allied, industrially, to the granite business is that of supplying power to the quarry-men and stone cutters. For this also, Montpelier is fortunately situated, the Winooski River furnishing convenient water power which is economically supplemented by steam plants. There are two corporations engaged in this business, The Consolidated Lighting Company and The Vermont Power and Lighting Company. The two corporations are very closely allied and their rates and methods are practically the same. The Consolidated has already developed three thousand horse power

from their water power plant at Bolton Falls and two thousand horse power from their steam plant at the Pioneer. The Vermont Power and Lighting Company has developed twenty-one hundred horse power at their Middlesex water power plant, where they also have an auxiliary steam plant of five hundred horse power capacity. The two companies thus furnish a total of seventy-six hundred horse power which is available at any part of Montpelier or Barre. The Vermont Power Company also extend their service to the neighboring communities. The charges are very reasonable, those for domestic lighting being ten cents and for commercial lighting six and one-third cents per kilowatt and for power, on a sliding scale according to amount used. The Corry, Deavitt & Frost plant are engaged in important power-development operations, and sell power at a "flat rate."

But, important as the granite industry is to Montpelier, the city is not so dependent upon it as to suffer seriously with its fluctuations. Other important industries



POST-OFFICE BUILDING

are strongly established and contribute their share to the city's wealth.

But the course of our account will be more logical if we consider first, another and very striking feature of the present marked prosperity of the city. Nothing in this little giant of the Green Mountains strikes the visitor with more astonishment than the development there, in a district utterly remote from the great financial centers of the country, of the strong insurance companies whose home offices dignify and strengthen the commercial life of Montpelier.

These are The National Life Insurance Company, The Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company, The American Fidelity Company and The Union Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

The National Life Insurance Company was born November 13, 1848. The original corporation included such prominent names as those of Henry Clay of Kentucky, Amos Abbot of Massachusetts, Robert Dunlap of Maine, William Maclay of New York, William Treadway of Virginia, Alexander Ramsay of Pennsylvania, Henry Cranston of Rhode Island, William Kittredge, Robert Pier-



THE MONTPELIER GUN CLUB

pont, Julius Converse and Albert G. Whittemore of Vermont, and Benjamin Balch of Massachusetts, who was the one that furnished the primary ideas, although the business ability of Julius Y. Dewey laid the real foundations on which its future prosperity was built.

The first death loss occurred May 17, 1850. The policy was on the seven year term plan with a premium of five dollars and fifteen cents and the management had to pledge their individual means to

for Vermont and adjacent sections of Canada, but as confidence in the company increased, its field of operations extended, and now covers the entire country. In 1908 the present forms of policy with graded surrender charge for years three to seven inclusive, were adopted, meeting the statutory requirements of every state in the Union. During the past year the Company enjoyed the gross income of \$8,418,275.40, an issue of new insurance on a paid-for basis of \$16,861,778.00, and



STATE STREET, SHOWING BUILDINGS OF THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
THE NATIONAL LIFE AND THE PAVILLION HOTEL

pay the claim promptly. Stock to the amount of \$100,000 was at first issued to insure solvency and inspire confidence. It was soon possible to retire this stock, however, and the amount was reduced to \$25,000. In 1876 there was a movement to profit by the prosperity of the company and another issue of stock was ordered. But this also was soon retired and the business has since been conducted on a purely mutual basis. The bulk of the first policies issued were written

at the close of the year the gross assets equalled \$47,490,998.98 and paid-for outstanding insurance \$159,187,877.00.

American readers of today are accustomed to large figures, but they usually refer to the inflated valuations of speculative enterprises. Such figures as these when they refer to the cautious and conservative business of one of the most soundly conducted insurance companies in the country, speak worlds for the wisdom and enterprise of those who are



THE HOSPITAL

responsible for its growth.

During no period of its existence has this development been more marked than under the present administration. Joseph Arend DeBoer, President of the National Life Insurance Company, was born in Warffum, Province of Groningen, Holland, June 17, 1861. He was brought to this country at an early age and educated in the public and high schools at Albany, New York, and at Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1884. Mr. DeBoer at first followed the vocation of a teacher. He was master in the Holderness School for boys at Plymouth, New Hampshire, 1884-85, and principal of The Montpelier Union and Washington County Grammar Schools, 1885-89. At

that time he accepted an appointment as actuary of The National Life. He was elected a director and secretary of the Company in 1897, second vice-president in 1900, first vice-president in 1901, and president in 1902. He is one of the charter members of the Actuarial Society of America and has held and holds many honorary and public offices. He has represented Montpelier in the State Legislature and has served as State Senator for Washington County. He is a trustee of the Permanent School Fund of Vermont and of various educational institutions and has received from Dartmouth College since his graduation the degree of A. M. in 1887 and of D. Sc. in 1909. Mr. DeBoer is also president of



THE MONTPELIER COUNTRY CLUB



PLANT OF THE COLTON MANUFACTURING CO.

the Montpelier Board of Trade and is an active force in all that pertains to the welfare of the city.

The Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company presents, in its history, the story so familiar to American ears, but none the less wonderful, of far-sighted and devoted men grappling with great issues in the face of unforeseeable obstacles and with the most primitive appliances and limited means. The father and promoter of the company was Daniel Baldwin and the method which he devised has remained substantially unchanged since its outline in the charter of 1827. On March 30, 1828, the office of the company was opened for business, and its first annual meeting reported 186 policies issued, covering \$204,908 risks with premium notes taken to the amount of \$9,606.88. The business was expanded with caution and conservatism, and at the minimum of expense. Its home for the first four years was in the law office of Joshua V. Vail, and the first office building erected for its own use was a small brick structure costing but \$1,177.33. This was allowed to suffice until 1869 when a fine and substantial building was erected and equipped with every facility for the transaction of its growing business. In 1893 the present management determined upon the policy, then untried, of gradually accumulating a cash surplus available for years of special disaster.

The effect of this has been seen in an extraordinarily uniform rate of assessment and the surplus has now attained such proportions as to render it a practical assurance that the assessment rate shall not be increased, under any humanly probable conditions. The average rate of assessment on the premium notes deposited with the company has been about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and four per cent. is regarded as the maximum that will never be exceeded. The amount at risk, August 1st, 1910, was \$87,601,903.00, being a gain of \$3,923,302.00 during the year. The Company's assets are \$8,266,413.01, including a treasury balance of \$262,534.01. The Mutual is a representative Vermont institution, democratic in spirit and conservative in management. The present officers of the company are Mr. George O. Stratton, President; Thomas C. Cheney, Vice-President; James T. Savin, Secretary, and William T. Dewey, Treasurer.

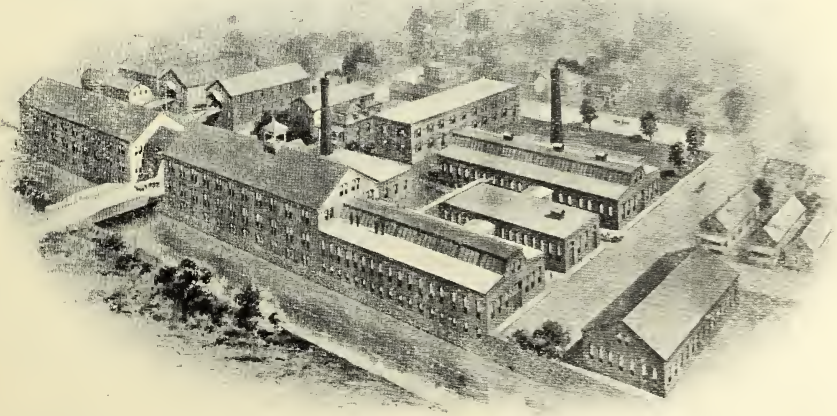
The American Fidelity Company, with a capital July 1st, 1910, of \$500,000.00, supplies surety bonds for executors, trustees, government and corporation employees, etc.; liability insurance covering employer's and owner's risks, and accident and health insurance. Burglary insurance is also included in the risks covered by the Fidelity. The policy holders are well protected, the company having a handsome surplus over all

liabilities, and assets of \$1,417,877.89, of which \$985,055.00 is invested in high class municipal bonds. Mr. James W. Brock, one of Montpelier's strongest business men, is President of the Company, Mr. Harlan W. Kemp Secretary, and Mr. Ralph B. Denny Treasurer.

The Union Mutual Fire Insurance Company was chartered in 1874. Mr. James W. Brock is President of this company also, and Mr. Harlan W. Kemp its secretary. The business of the company is conducted with that soundness which characterizes Montpelier's big financial institutions, and adds a very considerable item to the strength of Montpelier's position as an insurance center. There are few more interesting economic studies than that of the development of insurance and of insurance centers, and Montpelier is an example that is as instructive as it is unique. The development of these companies is a fine example of the solidarity of Vermont, although in at least one instance they have extended their field far beyond its borders.

Yet another source of wealth to Montpelier, and one that the people of the city almost class as a natural resource is the Lane Manufacturing Company. I think that many of the people of Montpelier would be less astonished to learn that the granite had disappeared from the hills

or the Winooski dried up, than that the Lane Manufacturing Company had ceased to do business. Back in 1860, Dennis Lane began the manufacture of saw mills on the site of the present factory. His inventions were so valuable that efforts were made by large combinations of capital to infringe upon them. The courts, however, secured the company's rights, and its growth has been even and rapid, ever since. The manufacture of derricks and travelling cranes has been added to that of saw mills in recent years, the vicinity of the great quarries furnishing an active market for such goods. Transmission machinery, such as shafting, pulleys, hangers, etc., are also produced and a very complete line of wood-working machinery. The machines are built on the interchangeable plan, insuring the accurate duplication of repair parts. The shops are large, clean, airy and well-lighted, and the comfort and welfare of the employees, a large percentage of whom own their own homes, is a conspicuous feature of the organization. The very isolation of Montpelier has worked favourably in the matter of skilled labour supply, a population being built up around the plant especially adapted to its various requirements. The number of hands employed is practically uniform year in and year out, and short-time



PLANT OF THE LANE MANUFACTURING CO.

operation rarely resorted to. The market for the product of the factory is world-wide, and the success of the establishment is the strongest argument which Montpelier can offer to industries seeking a favourable location. The officers of the company are: George Lester Lane, President, and Marshall L. Wood, Vice-President, General Manager and Treasurer.

For more than half a century the Colton Manufacturing Company, also a Montpelier institution, has held the forefront among manufacturing concerns of its kind in the United States, and it is today the largest harness furnishing and saddlery hardware manufactory in the country producing exclusively high-grade goods. It is now the property of four brothers, the sons of H. C. Colton, one of its early founders, and prominent proprietors. At his death his sons bought out the remaining interests and now own the property in equal shares. The business is in a very prosperous condition, and side lines of ornamental hardware have been added to meet possible fluctuations in the demand for saddlery and harness fittings. About one hundred men are employed and the company is widely known for its fair dealing and the excellence of its product. The proprietors are all young men of energy and enterprise, and the extension of the business may be confidently looked to as a source of added prosperity for Montpelier.

The Capital City Press, a large publishing house of recent origin, but of much enterprise and the C. H. Cross and Tar Cracker Company are also employers on a large scale and contributors to the total of wealth-producing industrial activity in the city.

Four strong banks, closely located, handle the financial interests of Montpelier, and look after the loan of the savings of the people. These are the Montpelier Savings Bank and Trust Company, the First National Bank, the Capital Savings Bank and Trust Company and the Merchants' National Bank.

The business interests of the city are united for mutual helpfulness and to work together for the good of the city in a Board of Trade, of which Mr. Joseph

DeBoer is President, Mr. James Boutwell, Vice-President, and Mr. Fred Gleason, the active and capable Secretary.

The Montpelier Board of Trade is the result of the re-organization on March 30, 1909, of a Board which had lain practically dormant for twenty years, with a Merchants' Association.

Starting with a membership of about two hundred, the list has now reached approximately two hundred and fifty active, interested members, embracing the leading citizens of the city.

The work of the Board has been distributed among committees each of which, has its duties assigned by the directors, of whom there are seven, and to whom the committees report. These committees are: Finance, Power, Transportation, New Industries, Real Estate, Publicity, Municipality, Receptions and Entertainment, Conventions, Granite, Agriculture, Membership, General and Merchants.

This method is adopted to secure the better execution of any plans of the Board and to interest a larger number of citizens in its work, and has proven very successful.

The Board seeks to stimulate interest among the business men of the city in its prosperity and progress, having regard first to the betterment of conditions already existing, and second, to the introduction of such new enterprises as may seem to deserve support and add to the substantial basis of the city's trade.

Already there have been added several granite works and other enterprises are considering locating in Montpelier as the result of the work of the Committee on New Industries; the Committee on Conventions has secured a large number of important conventions which have been held in the city, and it is probable that with the central location of Montpelier, and its possession, in the new City Hall and the Armory, of two of the finest convention halls in New England, that Montpelier will become in reality the convention city of Vermont.

The Board has in contemplation, and practically ready for active use, a fund subscribed by individual members, of



JOSEPH A. DEBOER

about \$20,000, to be used for the inducement of the proper sort of new industries, not more than twenty-five per cent. of the fund being available in any one year, and the loans to be made by a committee chosen from the subscribers who shall properly investigate all applications for assistance and report the full findings before advances are made from the fund.

In dealing with the Telephone and Railroad Companies in their advances in rates, and curtailment of service, the public has already found a very effective medium in the Board of Trade, and all

matters thus far considered by it with these public service corporations have been settled most satisfactorily to both parties; but important matters are still being considered by the transportation committee looking toward the establishment of more satisfactory freight and passenger tolls on the railroads. The Board also acts as an information bureau during the sessions of the General Assembly, and assisting the representatives in the location of quarters for the session without charge, and in every way seeking to be of help in all the details of

the life of the community, and while it has not yet been thoroughly established on a sound basis, it is expected that in a short time everything will be so systematized and regulated that its effectiveness will be greatly increased and its value to the community correspondingly enhanced.

These varied commercial and financial interests supply the means for the support of a life rich in the amenities of modern civilization. As the location of the State Capital, the city enjoys many peculiar advantages, not the least of which is the beautiful capitol building itself and the park which surrounds it. Located as it is in the heart of the city, it forms a practical civic center for the public life of the people. Montpelier can boast of an unusually excellent band and the stand at the corner of the Capitol Park is utilized on summer evenings for concerts that are enjoyed by the entire community. The State Government also brings to the city many men of high attainments who are a large factor in its social life, while the State Library and the natural history collections, all open to the public, are of distinct local advantage.

The Montpelier Public Library, known as the Kellogg-Hubbard Library, is housed in a beautiful building on Main street and provides a large and growing collection of books and periodicals under modern management. Near by is the beautiful stone building of the Bethany Congregational Church and a few blocks away the new City Hall, now nearing completion, ornaments the city with a fine example of civic architecture.

Another public institution which ministers to the higher life is the Wood Art Gallery, a collection of the paintings of Thomas M. Wood, a native of Montpelier, who won national fame as an artist. His work is characterized by great refinement and beauty and his chosen subjects were such as told some dramatic story of human interest. As a portrait artist also, he won deserved recognition and Montpelier owns many of the best examples of his work in this department.

The one word, New England, has a connotation so large, in the field of natural scenery, that it is difficult to

supply a more satisfactory description of the country around Montpelier than simply to say that it is typically New England landscape of the Green Mountain type.

The city occupies a somewhat narrow and irregular valley surrounded by hills that overtop one another and roll away to the far horizon in huge, billowy masses. Well-kept roadways climb the sides of these hills and farm buildings nestle in protected corners and fertile valleys. Prosperous villages are interspersed in sufficient proximity to give a neighborly feeling to it all, but not so closely set as to take away from the prevailing charm of unspoiled nature.

Showers throughout the summer season are frequent, preserving until autumn the freshness of the foliage and fields. The name, Green Mountains, is well applied to these beautiful hills.

No part of New England affords a more delightful retreat from the noise and heat of the city, and this is increasingly utilized by those so fortunate as to be able either to acquire summer homes or to spend a portion of their time in its many delightful hostelries.

Perhaps the most beautiful summer home in the neighbourhood of Montpelier is that of Professor J. W. Burgess, Dean of the Law School of Columbia University. This estate, known as "Redstone," is one of the most beautiful examples of American home building. Sites equally advantageous meet the homelover at every turn, and the traveller is drawn to become a home-builder by the subtle lure of their waiting beauty.

Expansion may not always be the measure of success. Montpelier will be a beautiful and delightfully livable city, affording all that the most cultured can demand of the life of our day, even though large growth should not be its immediate destiny. At the same time its natural advantages are so many and so substantial, that their full utilization cannot but mean a growth in population and wealth that will give to the capital of the Green Mountain State as high a rank among our New England cities, for commercial importance as it now holds for beauty and interest.

WITH BANNERS OF FIRE

A Tale of the Outbreak of the American Revolution.

By PROF. INGRAHAM

A SHORT time before the battle of Bunker Hill, Colonel Prescott and Major Putnam held an important conference. When this was over, Colonel Prescott said:

"It is important to send a dispatch to Concord, N. H. at once, it is even more important to communicate quickly with Col. Ethan Allen in the New Hampshire grants. Can you suggest a cool, brave, reliable man who will volunteer to carry dispatches to these points at the risk of his life?"

"I have the best man for the mission," replied Major Putnam without hesitation. "He is Gideon Webster Taylor of Franconia, N. H. He is 19 years old. He may seem young for so important a service, but Gideon is no ordinary youth. He's a sure shot, an expert rider and the swiftest runner I ever saw."

"He may answer you with a quotation from the Bible or, when somewhat excited, talk like the people in the old Testament. Like the old Puritans, he believes in the direct interposition of the Lord in the every day affairs of men. Like them he believes that the Lord frequently communicates His will to His followers by dreams or visions. But he doesn't carry this belief to the extreme point of neglecting his own efforts. You must know this to understand the singular youth."

"In my opinion, if any man in this Colony can get these important dispatches through the British lines, Gideon Taylor will do it."

"You interest me deeply in this peculiar youth," said Colonel Prescott. "Will you send for him?"

"I can call him," replied Major Putnam. "He accompanied me to this con-

ference and stayed outside to watch for British spies."

Major Putnam took a silver whistle from his pocket and blew three short, loud calls.

Presently Gideon Taylor entered the room. After the preliminary introduction and a few pleasant remarks, Colonel Prescott observed the youth keenly.

Belknap, in his admirable history of New Hampshire, states: "Gideon Taylor was six feet and four inches in height and his slender, lithe figure made him look still taller. His head seemed somewhat too large for the slender body and was highly developed in the upper front, especially around the organ of Veneration."

"Mr. Taylor" said Colonel Prescott, "we want to send important dispatches to Concord, N. H. and to New Haven at the lower falls of Otter creek, in the Grants. Do you know the roads?"

"As the ox knoweth his master and the ass his master's crib" replied the tall young mountain giant in respectful tones. "My father, David Taylor, is a drover who buys cattle for the Boston market. I've accompanied him so much that I know the roads of New Hampshire as David of old knew the hills about Jerusalem. If you please, sir, call me Gideon. 'Tis a goodly Bible name."

The officers exchanged glances at this reply and Colonel Prescott continued:

"Would you like to carry these dispatches, Gideon? The mission will be so dangerous that we don't want any man to undertake it unless he is willing to do his best and, if need be, give up his life for the good of his country."

"I'll take the dispatches, sir, and do all I can to get them through. I came

here to give my life for my country. It's been revealed to us, as to the prophets of old, that I would not lose my life on this mission, but in a battle upon a hill."

"What do you mean by such strange words, Gideon?" asked Colonel Prescott in great surprise.

"A short time ago my mother had a vision from the Lord in the night. In this vision, she saw a hill beside a great city by the sea. Many men were at work upon this hill in the night, building mounds of earth, wood and grass. When it was day, soldiers in red coats marched up the hill. There was a great fight with shouting and tumult.

"When the smoke cleared, my mother marked the body of her first born son upon the field of the slain. The back was toward her so she saw not the face, but the mother knoweth her son."

Colonel Prescott and Major Putnam looked at each other in amazement. At this time the plan to occupy Bunker hill in the night was known to only a very few of the Colonial leaders. How had this Puritan mother, in her distant home in the mountain solitudes, foreseen this event and the death of her son?

"Do you mean to tell us, Gideon, that you came here with the belief that you wouldn't return to your home?" inquired Colonel Prescott.

"I do believe so, sir. My mother wept over me as Rachel for her children. But she bade me go and tarry not by the way, for such was the will of Heaven."

As this matter was beyond the comprehension of the officers, they wisely dropped it.

"You may carry the dispatches, Gideon," said Colonel Prescott, pleasantly. "We'll make you the young dispatch-bearer of the Colony and I feel that you will act in such a way as to justify our confidence in you. To avoid British spies, I think you'd better not start until two hours after dark.

"Return here at that time. We'll have everything ready for you and furnish all you'll need for the journey. We'll also pay you well for your willing and faithful service."

"I'll do my best sir, to deliver the dispatches and the event is with the

Lord. But I don't want any pay. I didn't come here to serve my country for money."

After Gideon departed, Colonel Prescott said: "I believe that boy will be true as steel and faithful unto death."

Colonel Prescott wrote the dispatches upon very thin paper which he rolled into two balls and then covered with lead, so that in size and appearance they closely resembled the bullets which Gideon would carry in his pouch.

At the appointed time, Gideon appeared.

"I'm glad to find you so prompt," said Colonel Prescott, pleasantly. It will be best for you to start at once.

"The dispatches are in these bullets. You can easily tell them from the others by their light weight. This one on which I have scratched a faint X is to be given to the Committee of Public Safety at Concord. The other is for Col. Ethan Allen.

"Here is another, and an unexpected dispatch, of equal, perhaps greater, importance. It was written by General Gage, commander of the British army in Boston, to Captain La Place, the commander at Ft. Ticonderoga. We have just captured the messenger who started from Boston with it.

"I've opened and read General Gage's dispatch and found it of great importance. It has been closed so carefully that it does not appear to have been opened. Put it in your breast pocket where you can get at it quickly. If you are halted by any of the British, show this genuine dispatch from General Gage and say you are the King's messenger. I think this will pass you through their lines quickly and without suspicion.

"When you find Col. Ethan Allen give him the other bullet and this dispatch from the British commander. I hope that the suggestion in my letter to him and the information in this dispatch will lead to the capture of the British forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

"Your mission is very important. It may change the flags above these great forts and have an important effect upon the history of a new nation.

"Above all other things, do not let my

dispatches in the bullets fall into British hands. If you are captured and there is no other way, conceal or destroy them.

"Now it's time to start. I'll conduct you to your horse. He's been loaned, for your use, by a wealthy patriot. You see he's a large, powerful animal, half Arabian, and he has more speed and endurance than any other horse in the Colony, that I know of.

"I leave the choice of roads and other matters to your discretion. I suggest that you ride as far as you can tonight and stop with trusty friends tomorrow; then ride night and day until your mission is accomplished. Whether you succeed or fail, return as soon as you can and report to me.

"Goodbye, Gideon, may the good Lord bless and guide you."

It was a still, balmy evening in early June, with a bright moon. The White Mountain boy started upon his mission in high spirits. Like most boys, he had great confidence in his capacity to achieve success. "In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail."

Gideon decided to go by the main highway to Manchester, thence to Concord. He had no uniform or anything else which would show to which army he belonged and he believed that with General Gage's dispatch to aid him, he could pass for a King's messenger in the night, without trouble.

The British dispatch bearer had been captured so recently and in such a manner that it was not likely to become known for some time. If the affair were discovered, the Colonial dispatch bearer hoped to travel faster than the news.

The drover's son loved a good horse. By his experience with such animals, he knew that he was riding one of the best in the region. The powerful steed bore him on with ease and swiftness.

During the night, he met and passed several parties of British cavalry. He was challenged, but when he said he was a dispatch bearer and exhibited the genuine one from General Gage, he was allowed to go on without further question and, so far as he could judge, without arousing the least suspicion.

Several times he halted at the top of

some long hill to breathe his horse and listen for lurking foes. But nothing came to his ears except the usual noises of night in the country. Still, without apparent reason, singular forebodings seemed to intensify each sound.

If the young dispatch bearer could have looked back several miles, he would have seen a sight which would have convinced him that he was in grave peril indeed. A large force of about 300 British cavalry and 50 Indians were following Gideon. They were tracking him with torches in the night.

The Indians rode in advance. Some of them had torches. At intervals several of the red warriors would lie, face down, upon their horses, with one arm around the animal's neck and the other holding down a torch so as to brightly illuminate the roadway. Very soon some of them would point, with grunts of satisfaction, to impressions of a broken horse shoe in the earth which had become slightly moistened by the dews of night.

In his admirable history of New Hampshire, Belknap states that Gideon Taylor, the young dispatch bearer of the Colonies, was tracked from the vicinity of Boston to Manchester by Indians with torches, by the marks of a broken horse-shoe.

As it happened, a British spy had obtained a general idea of the conversation between Colonel Prescott and Major Putnam. He had seen the former write the dispatches and put them in the bullets, and found out that Gideon Taylor would start with them that night.

When General Gage heard the report of his spy, he sent Major Nelson with three companies of cavalry and a party of Indians to intercept the young dispatch bearer and secure his papers. Major Nelson was considered one of the most crafty and talented officers in the British service. The fact that General Gage sent this officer with so large a force to capture Colonel Prescott's dispatches showed how important he considered them. Major Nelson had another mission to execute in New Hampshire before he returned, which might require all his men.

When Major Nelson learned that Gideon Taylor had been selected to carry the Colonial dispatches, he felt quite sure, from reasons which will develop later, that the young mountaineer would go straight to a certain home in Manchester and stay there the first day. The British officer had a very powerful motive for wishing to capture and humiliate the youth at this home. So he followed at a distance, taking every precaution to be sure he was on the right track and that his intended victim did not turn from the main road.

With no suspicion of these matters, except the gloomy forebodings which depressed him, Gideon halted about two hours after sunrise, on the summit of a hill, whence he could see the country home of Judge Enoch Webster, in what is now the city of Manchester.

Judge Webster was one of the most wealthy and influential men in the Colony. At this time the British thought he was loyal to the King and the conservative party, like the majority of men of large property. But he was a Patriot, and soon after took a decided stand, doing what he could to establish independence. This country home of Judge Webster is within the present city limits of Manchester.

Gideon rode from the top of the hill through the woods to a rich back pasture on the Webster farm. There he dismounted, removed the saddle and bridle, and turned out his horse to rest and feed during the day. Concealing the equipments of the horse under some thick bushes, the young dispatch bearer walked swiftly across the hay fields to the mansion.

Gideon opened the back door and entered without knocking, as though he were a frequent and privileged visitor. The Webster and Taylor families in New Hampshire are distantly related. For generations it has been the custom of each family of Websters to name one child Taylor, and for the Taylors to give one of their children the name of Webster in the same manner. Thus the families had become very intimate.

In the kitchen, a beautiful maiden about seventeen years old, was sitting at

a small table, engaged in some sort of feminine fancy work. She was Marion Taylor Webster, the only child of Judge Webster.

When the tall form of Gideon Taylor entered the room so unexpectedly, the maiden started to her feet with a little feminine scream.

"Oh, Gideon, how you startled me! I'm so glad to see you, just now. I thought you had gone to Massachusetts."

The charming blushes which suffused her fair face, the tender glances from her bright eyes, and the tones of her sweet voice, indicated that Marion felt a more than sisterly regard for the tall young mountaineer. The dark, stern face of the Puritan youth softened wonderfully as he conversed so pleasantly with Manchester's fairest flower. They had been playmates and friends from early childhood, and their friendship appeared to be ripening into the holier feeling of enduring love. When they had conversed for some time, Gideon inquired:

"Where are your parents, Marion?"

"They started for Concord early this morning. Father said that events of great importance would soon transpire around Boston, and he was going there to assist as he could with his presence and resources. He will leave mother who is quite nervous, with her parents in Concord. He has left me here to look after things and manage the farm. You know he calls me a capital manager."

"I think something important is going to happen very soon," replied Gideon. "Colonel Prescott has sent me with dispatches to Concord, and to Col. Ethan Allen in the Grants. He told me the dispatches were very important, and might cause great changes in the Colonies."

"Oh, Gideon," exclaimed Marion, with a warm blush of surprise and delight, "are you really the dispatch-bearer of the Colonies? How highly they must esteem you."

The youth related the incidents of the previous day and night to the girl, who was deeply interested. When he finished, she rose from her chair and exclaimed:

"Oh, Gideon, how hungry and tired you must be, after riding so hard all night! I'll get you some breakfast as

quickly as I can and do it myself. You used to say, you know, that things tasted better when I cooked them."

With a musical laugh, the maiden hastened to prepare breakfast. Presently a substantial meal of fried bacon, eggs, and hot drink was ready for her welcome guest. When the meal was over, Marion conducted the youth to a room which she had darkened and said:

"You may sleep here without worry. I will send our young Indian boy, who is sharp as a needle, to watch the road toward Boston. I will also take the big dinner-horn out to Mr. Morgan, who is hoeing corn in the other direction, and tell him to blow a long blast if any British appear on that side.

"Then I'll take my work to the attic, where I can overlook the entire clearing from the windows, and watch for your safety, while you sleep."

Gideon was somewhat amused by the maiden's elaborate plans for watching over him. At the same time it touched his heart deeply to have her show so much solicitude for his safety.

It was late in the afternoon when the young dispatch-bearer of the Colonies awoke. He was enjoying a bountiful supper with his fair hostess, when they were startled by a long, loud blast from the big dinner-horn. Before the warning blast ceased, the Indian boy ran into the room and exclaimed in great excitement:

"The whole British army is coming at a gallop. Run, run, for your life."

But before Gideon could get to the outside door, the mansion was surrounded by a large number of red-coated horsemen. It was by no means the whole British army, but it was the largest force the Indian boy had ever seen.

Major Nelson, the most crafty British officer in the Colonies, had arrived with his men, and surrounded the young dispatch bearer, just as he had planned before he left Boston.

For some time, Major Nelson had been a suitor for the hand and heart of Marion Webster, the most beautiful and wealthiest heiress in New Hampshire. He felt that Gideon Taylor was his most dangerous rival. When General Gage sent him to capture Gideon Taylor, the Col-

onial dispatch-bearer, the cunning officer was quick to perceive the great advantage of the most singular situation. He was quite sure that Gideon would ride straight to the home of Marion Webster. He would follow and capture him there in so humiliating a manner as to show the fair heiress the vast difference between a British officer of high rank and a poor Colonial country boy. He would manage the affair in such a manner as to put an end to any further love-making between what he considered "His Marion" and the despised Yankee lad.

At the same time, Major Nelson planned to insinuate himself more deeply into the favor of Marion's father and, without appearing to do so, force the most influential man in the Colony into an open declaration for the cause of the King.

When he had caught the Colonial dispatch bearer and secured the important papers, his instructions were to capture some Colonial stores between Manchester and Concord. It was for this reason that he had so large a force.

As Marion surveyed the imposing British force through the windows, she exclaimed with great agitation:

"Oh, Gideon, what can we do now? We are both lost through my carelessness. Oh, why didn't I watch from the attic windows while you were eating?"

"You've done the best you could Marion," replied Gideon. No one could have foreseen that the British would follow me with so large a force, and no one could have planned against such overwhelming odds. I now see that my strange forebodings were sent as a warning by a higher power. But I—"

He was interrupted by loud but respectful rapping upon the front door of the mansion. Marion and Gideon went to a front room, whence they could see what was going on in that direction.

"Oh, Gideon, what shall we do?" exclaimed Marion for the second time, while her delicate form trembled with excitement.

"You had better go to the door and answer the knocking, my dear Marion," replied Gideon in calmer tones. "They

may not know that I am here. They may have another reason for coming here. It's young Major Nelson who is knocking at the door. I've met him at this house before. I know that he will not hurt the daughter of Judge Webster."

"Oh dear, it isn't that," said Marion, as a crimson blush burned on her cheeks. "I am not afraid of Major Nelson. But I don't want to see him here now. Oh dear, this is awful. I do believe he's—"

Without completing her sentence, Marion went to the door. The swift intuitions of the young woman had divined the deep plot of the crafty Major, and her heart was sorely troubled. She was aware that the open-hearted Gideon had no suspicion of the cunning trap which his rival for her love had prepared. How could she warn him of his terrible danger without revealing to him the most precious secret of her heart?

As Marion, hesitating between two courses, slowly opened the front door, the handsome Major Nelson touched his cap very gracefully and said in his accustomed smooth easy tones

"Good afternoon, my fair Marion. I regret exceedingly to intrude at this time. But a soldier's duty to his King must be my excuse. We have tracked a Colonial spy with important papers, to this house.

"I think I know the youth. He's a good-hearted country lad who has been led into rebellion by older men. I would like to talk with him for a few minutes. I pledge my honor as a British officer that if he will not accept my proposal he may return to the protection of your house without any interference from us."

Before the agitated girl could reply, the tall form of Gideon Taylor appeared by her side in the doorway.

Marion stepped back into the entry, where she could see what transpired and hear what was said. She was greatly troubled for she believed the impetuous dispatch-bearer was plunging blindly into deadly danger. She thought the open-hearted mountaineer was no match in conversation for the wily, educated British officer.

After a pleasant greeting and a few preliminary remarks Major Nelson said:

"My dear Mr. Taylor, you have two silver bullets which contain dispatches of very great importance to the cause of your good King. You can see very plainly that you are surrounded by almost four hundred trained English soldiers and experienced Indians. The fortunes of war are against you. It is very clear that it is impossible for any human being to escape from such overwhelming odds.

"Colonel Prescott, the Colonial leader, sent you upon this mission with these dispatches. He is somewhat mistaken in his political ideas, but he is clear-headed and reasonable. Were he in your position, I am sure that he would surrender and give up the papers without a moment's hesitation.

"Why not follow Colonel Prescott's example, Mr. Taylor, and give up the dispatches in a pleasant, good-natured manner. There is no need of any unpleasantness over this affair. You have done all that any man could do, and you can retire with all the honors of war.

"The great King has work for bright young men like you. Here is a commission for you as captain in the English army in India. It means much to a young man to become a captain in the army of the King.

"If you prefer to retire to your farm, here is a heavy bag of gold which will make you the wealthiest man among your mountains.

"Mr. Taylor, what is your answer?"

With a face which was pale with excitement and lips parted in breathless interest, Marion waited for Gideon's answer. Her quick intuitions pierced into the dark depths of Major Nelson's evil plotting.

During Major Nelson's crafty speech, the dark aquiline face of the stern Puritan dispatch bearer had exhibited no change. In slow, measured tones he replied:

"Major Nelson, I think I understand you. Verily, I will answer and say unto thee, in the words of the Holy One, upon the high mountain, in the great desert:

"'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

With the swiftness of an arrow, Gideon leaped back through the door, shut and barred it.

"Oh, Gideon," exclaimed Marion, "that was the grandest answer in Colonial history. I shall never forgive myself for thinking that you were not sharp enough for him. That awful answer will follow Major Nelson to the grave."

Gideon's answer was so entirely unexpected that Major Nelson, for a moment, came very near to an outbreak of wrath. By a powerful effort, the man of craft suppressed his emotions. Then he said, more to himself than to his officers:

"By Jove, there's no other obstinacy on this earth like the obstinacy of a Puritan."

"Shall we smoke the sassy young rebel out of the old coop, Major," inquired the coarse voice of Lieutenant Griffin.

"No, my dear lieutenant," replied the commander, "that would not be good policy in this case. The house is the property of Judge Webster, the most influential man in this Colony. He is somewhat wavering in politics and it is very important that we do nothing to arouse his anger at this most critical time."

"Mr. Morgan, the hired man, told me that the Judge went to Concord this morning. I will prepare a dispatch immediately and send you after him, as you are one of our swiftest riders."

"He will return at once and take charge of affairs at his own house. This will put him in a position where he must declare for the King or for the Colonies. I have no doubt whatever that Judge Webster will deliver the young rebel to us and place his immense wealth and influence upon our side."

Major Nelson was anxious that nothing should occur during the affair to excite the displeasure of Marion, the beautiful heiress. He feared that the Indians, who were difficult to control, would do something to arouse her indignation. As the young dispatch-bearer was so securely caged that escape was impossible, there was no further need for their services at the Webster place. So the Commander sent them, under the charge of an officer, to watch the vicinity where the Colonial stores were gathered.

In the meantime, Marion and Gideon had returned to the kitchen. The maiden

appeared to be thinking about their singular situation.

"What did Major Nelson mean by silver bullets, Gideon? You didn't tell me that the dispatches were in silver bullets."

"I do not quite understand it myself," replied Gideon. "I think the British have been misinformed. Perhaps a spy saw Colonel Prescott when he prepared the dispatches, and at a distance mistook the shining appearance of newly-cut lead for silver. Perhaps he invented the story of the silver bullets to enhance the value of his services. At any rate there are no silver bullets connected with this affair."

On this point, it may be stated that Church, Belknap, Graham and other early historians state that Colonel Prescott's famous dispatches were enclosed in silver bullets. The incidents of this narrative were related to the writer by Colonel John W. Taylor of Concord, N. H., a grandson of Gideon Taylor.

"Now, Gideon," said she, in a reflective manner, "can't we contrive some plan for you to get away with the important dispatches? It's just awful to be caged up here like wild beasts."

"I can see no hope for escape," replied Gideon, in a despondent tone. "It's the most hopeless situation I was ever in. The numbers of the British are too overwhelming. Tonight, they will, no doubt, surround the house with a circle of bright camp fires and sentries so that I cannot crawl away in the dark."

"Halloo, there's a commotion among them, Marion. Run up to the attic window and see what it means. While you're gone, I'll pray for Divine guidance. To the Lord, alone, can we look for deliverance."

Marion glanced at her companion with a peculiar expression, but she started on her mission without making any reply. As soon as she was gone, the Puritan youth knelt in a humble manner and offered a simple earnest prayer for the success of his mission.

As he was engaged in this prayer of Christian faith, he thought that a voice answered him. The Puritan arose with a joyful exclamation.

"It cannot fail!" he exclaimed. "Verily, the Lord is good. He hath delivered

mine enemies into my hands and brought low the pride of the scornful."

Presently, Marion returned with the information that the commotion was caused by the departure of the Indians. They had gone toward Concord.

She regarded Gideon with surprise. A great change seemed to have passed over him during her short absence. His countenance was shining with a new-born hope. A strange light, such as she had never seen before, glowed in his eyes.

"Why, Gideon, what's happened?" Marion exclaimed.

"As I prayed," answered the Puritan youth, "a Voice answered and said unto me:

"Arise, Gideon, thou son of David, arise and gird up thy loins, for thou shalt go forth and thine enemies will not prevail against thee."

With an almost despairing cry, the maiden put her arms around Gideon and exclaimed:

"Oh, my Gideon, you are surely mad. These awful troubles have unsettled your brain. I will not let you go forth to certain destruction. Oh, my Gideon, stop and think. In all human history no other man has ever gone forth, alone and almost unarmed, against three hundred experienced soldiers of the King. 'Tis madness, utter madness, my Gideon."

In the most gentle manner, the Puritan unclasped the clinging hands of the maiden. Then in a very soothing tone he answered:

"'Tis the will of the Lord, not my will, my Marion. His voice has commanded me to go forth. Doth He not hold the fate of armies in the hollow of His hand? Hath He not promised to go with me and be my buckler and my shield? I fear not the hosts of England, for all their strength shall become as water and they will not prevail against me. 'Tis the will of the Lord that these Colonial dispatches be delivered."

The quick intuitions of the woman perceived that something, which had only partially been revealed to her, had happened and moved her strong companion to the deepest depths of his soul. She realized that it would do no good to try to reason with him any further at this time.

So Marion stood mute and motionless before Gideon and regarded him with eyes which expressed more than her tongue would utter.

"Now, my Marion, go once more to the attic windows and see how many men there are in the rear of the house at the back door, how many there are in front, whether they are all sitting on their horses and whether those in front are spread out enough so many of them can see what is going on at the back door."

As Marion did not move or speak and continued to look at him in a peculiar manner, Gideon added, in a very gentle tone:

"You need not fear to leave me, my Marion. I will not go forth until you return. I have many preparations to make before I go. Some of them I cannot manage without your help."

This assurance satisfied Marion and she ascended to the attic quickly.

To clearly understand the extraordinary events that will follow swiftly, it will be necessary to describe the grounds around the mansion of Judge Webster. The house stood in the center of an almost circular clearing, about a mile in diameter. That is, it was about half a mile from the house to the surrounding forest, in any direction.

Between the mansion and the woods, there were two cultivated fields and a pasture. There was no fence between the house and the first field. But between the first field and the second there was an old-fashioned zigzag fence of large logs, partly decayed and moss-covered. The pasture was separated from the second field by a high, single wall of large stones. There was no fence between the pasture and the edge of the woods. On that side, the pasture fence was a few rods within the forest so the farm animals could go to a brook within the woods to drink and have the cool shade of the trees during the heat of midday. Marion came back from the attic with the information that there were about one hundred men at the back of the house, without officers; a few men were watching the side windows and the rest were at the front of the mansion. The officers were gathered

about Major Nelson at the front door, evidently discussing some important movement. The privates were in a close group near them, and were not extended so any of them could see what was going on at the back door. All of the officers and privates were still on the backs of their horses.

"'Tis better than I even hoped," said Gideon. "Verily, I can see that the Lord is already working for my deliverance. Now, my Marion, get me the large can of whale oil."

Marion obeyed. With feminine curiosity, she wondered exceedingly what her companion was going to do with whale oil.

Two large English flags, rolled around their staffs, stood in one corner of the kitchen. These flags were about nine feet square, made of thick, expensive cloth and attached to short strong staffs, which fitted into iron rings at the attic window at each end of the house. On great occasions, they made a fine appearance floating above the ends of the mansion.

The Puritan youth unrolled these royal banners and saturated them thoroughly with the oil. Whale oil, which was plentiful in those times, will burn for a long time with a great, very bright flame. Then he lit a candle at the kitchen fire and placed it near the back door.

Marion could now understand that it was Gideon's plan to frighten the horses of the British with fire. She knew that the unexpected appearance of a great fire will cause horses to become frantic with fear; but she could not see how a small flame would accomplish much among so many animals while they were scattered over so wide a territory.

It was dusk or late twilight, a time when all objects become somewhat distorted and exaggerated by unnatural cross lights and reflections.

"Now, my Marion," said Gideon, with the first emotion he had shown, "the time has come for me to go forth alone against the hosts of the Philistines. The result is with the Lord. He alone can tell whether we ever see each other again. Will you kiss me, my dear, before I start?"

"Oh, my Gideon, how I love you," exclaimed the fair maiden with deep emotion, as she impulsively clasped her arms around the neck of the young man.

Lips met lips in the long, lingering kiss of true love. The peerless Marion Webster had made her decision between her English and her Colonial lovers.

A few minutes later, the Puritan ignited the flags with the candle and said:

"Now, my Marion, swing the door wide open and then run to the attic window, whence you may behold the power and glory of the Lord."

Marion opened the large back door. The young giant of the mountains went forth waving his two great banners of living, leaping fire, and uttering the most terrifying yells.

An observer, at a little distance, might have thought a whirlwind of fire was sweeping, with the swiftness of a summer tempest, upon the astounded British cavalry.

In a moment, the terrified horses were beyond the control of their riders. The frantic animals snorted and leaped, reared and plunged about so that their riders had all they could do to retain their seats, and could not use a weapon.

Some of the horses reared so wildly that they fell backwards upon their riders; others bounded and plunged against one another, until they became entangled and went down in confused and struggling heaps, their numbers adding to the bewildering tumult; a few galloped madly from the scene, defying the utmost exertions of their riders.

For a moment, the British cavalry were as helpless and powerless as though they were chaff amid a whirlwind of fire.

Loud and clear above all this bewildering confusion and tumult sounded the mighty shouting of the mountain giant, not in the tones of those who go forth to doubtful battle, but in the exulting peans of the conqueror:

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Belknap, the historian, asserts that this is the only occasion in English history where a large British force was swept away in wild confusion before a

single man bearing their own blazing banners.

Marion ran to the attic, whence she could look down upon this unparalleled scene. Scarcely had she reached the window, when she saw, through the dusk, a tall form slip from the disordered mass and run toward the woods with a swiftness that seemed more than human. The maiden knew that the young dispatch-bearer of the Colonies had succeeded in bursting through the British lines. But the daring young man was still in deadly danger.

It was only a moment before the British in front of the mansion realized what was going on in the rear. With his usual quickness of decision, Major Nelson started at once, with his entire force, in pursuit of the fugitive.

As the great body of red-coated cavalry came galloping at full speed around the house, Marion leaned her little body out of the window and, with every nerve thrilling with excitement, screamed at the top of her voice, unconsciously adopting the Biblical language of which her lover was so fond:

"Run, my Gideon, run, for the Philistines are upon thee!"

Gideon Taylor was called the swiftest runner in New Hampshire. He had need for all his swiftness now. The woods of safety were half a mile away. Almost 300 horsemen were following him at their best speed, only a few rods behind him.

Several shots were fired at him without apparent effect. When Major Nelson heard these orders he shouted sternly:

"Don't fire again until I give you the word. The obstinate Puritan may have hidden the silver bullets before he started. We must catch him alive and force the secret of their hiding-place from him. We will not shoot him except as a last resort, when we can prevent his escape in no other way."

The young dispatch-bearer reached the log fence between the first and second fields a few yards in advance of his pursuers. Placing his hands upon the top log he swung himself over and continued his flight.

When the horsemen arrived, some of them dismounted and lifted the logs to one side so as to form a wide gap through which the others poured. This was done very quickly. Still it gave Gideon a chance to almost double his lead in his sore need.

The grass was almost full grown and impeded his progress. When he arrived at the stone wall between the second field and the pasture, he could feel upon his back, the hot breath of the foremost horses.

The youth swung himself over the wall, turned quickly and discharged both of his pistols at the pursuing horsemen. Two horses fell, several others stumbled over the bodies into a disordered and struggling heap beside the wall. It also took a little longer to remove the heavy stones than it had to lift aside the logs. So Gideon, once more, gained a few yards.

It was now clear that the red-coated riders would catch the Colonial dispatch-bearer before he could reach the woods. He seemed to realize this, to lose his coolness and become bewildered.

Up to this point, he had run in a straight course from the back door of the mansion to the forest. Now he turned to the right toward a low steep hill. This hill was composed of ledges partially covered with stunted bushes, where a scant soil had collected in the hollows of the rock. It afforded no hiding-place. The hill was so rough, steep and broken that the British could surround long before the youth could cross it.

When the British saw Gideon turn and run for this peculiar hill they uttered a shout of joy, for his capture was now only a matter of a few moments.

The Colonial dispatch-bearer, by a prodigious effort, reached this hill a few feet in advance of the foremost horsemen. As he bounded up the steep slope through bushes which were not quite so high as his head, Major Nelson shouted: "Fire! Shoot to kill!"

More than 200 guns flashed and roared upon the poor boy. It did not seem possible that so many experienced marksmen could all fail to hit him at such short

range. The effect of their shooting was not visible to them, for the smoke of so many guns combined with the dusk of evening completely concealed the spot where he was last seen, for a few moments.

There has been much controversy among historians, relative to Major Nelson's reasons for this cruel deed, which does not accord with his usual conduct. Perhaps the significant words which the excited Marion screamed from the attic window, "Run, my Gideon, run," were rankling in the crafty mind of the British commander, and he considered it the best course for his own interests to remove his only rival for the hand of the wealthiest heiress in the colony.

As soon as Major Nelson gave the order to fire, he commanded his men to surround the hill. This was done so quickly that Gideon could not have got away, if the bullets had missed him. The part of the hill which extended into the forest was a bare ledge which no person could cross without being seen. Several of the soldiers leaped from their horses and formed a line over this ledge so that the hill was entirely surrounded by a wall of men.

Before the smoke cleared Major Nelson, with some of his principal officers, ascended the hill to find the body of the young dispatch-bearer and search his clothing for the "Silver bullets." To their unbounded amazement, the body had disappeared. There was no trace that any person had been there before they came.

Major Nelson summoned some of his best men and sent others to procure torches. They examined every part of the hill with great care, but they found no trace of the vanished youth.

Two hours have passed. The campfires of the British are burning brightly around the mysterious hill.

Marion is pacing the attic with the irregular steps which indicate a troubled mind. Her face is pale, her eyes show that she has been weeping. She is mourning for Gideon Taylor as for the death of a loved one.

A whip-poor-will, one of the most common birds in that region, uttered his melodious call from the forest north of the mansion. Marion gave a startled cry and ran to the window.

It was so dark that she could see only a vague outline of the forest, whence came the mysterious call. But she listened with great eagerness.

Twice more the sweet warbler of the night sent forth his quavering cry. Then an owl, perhaps awakened by the other bird, uttered three discordant hoots.

These familiar sounds of night in the country wrought a singular transformation in the appearance of the maiden. Her eyes sparkled with new hope, the bright crimson spots on her cheeks indicated how fast her heart was throbbing.

"'Tis he!" she cried, joyfully. "'Tis he! My Gideon lives and calls me. 'Tis the old signal, I know so well. He's at our old trysting-place under the great oak, too. How did he get there, a mile from the hill?"

"Oh dear, perhaps they shot him, and he's crawled there through the dark woods. Oh, I'll fly to his aid."

The excited girl ran down the stairs, hastily prepared two bundles and instructed the Indian boy to follow at some distance and watch against any surprise from the British. Then, throwing a dark shawl over her head, she slipped from the front door and ran toward the woods, in an exactly opposite direction to the course that Gideon took when he escaped by the back door.

As she approached the forest a taller form advanced to meet her. A moment later the two forms seemed to blend into one. Then Marion exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Gideon, are you hurt?"

The tall youth felt of his ribs somewhat dubiously and replied: "No, my dear Marion, I don't seem to be hurt. That was the most fervent hugging I ever got, but it didn't hurt. On the contrary, it has done me good."

"Oh, Gideon," exclaimed Marion while her blushes were so vivid as to be almost visible in the darkness, "how can you talk so? You know I didn't mean that.

Did the British shoot you?"

"Oh, no," laughed Gideon, "their shooting didn't hurt me either." Then he continued in a more serious tone: "I believe that I was saved by a Divine inspiration, my dear Marion."

"As I was running through the pasture, a Voice seemed to say to me: 'The cave.' Then the memories of the cave in the hill, where we used to play at housekeeping, flashed into my mind."

"I turned and ran toward the hill with new hope. As I was stepping from the bushes upon the ledge, I heard Major Nelson give the order to fire. I dropped instantly behind the rock we used to call our stove, where we cooked our clay cakes and pies in the sun. Concealed by the smoke of the discharge, I ran over the ledge, where my feet left no tracks, to the entrance to the cave. You know we had a large flat stone over it so as to hide it completely. I removed this stone, crawled in backwards and replaced it very carefully. Then I passed through the interior of the hill to the opening at the other end in the forest."

"After waiting long enough to know that the British didn't find out how I eluded them, I went around through the woods, caught my horse, put on the bridle and saddle and led him around here to our old meeting-place. You remember, this wood road leads to the main highway about seven miles above here, that is beyond any patrols the British may have posted."

"Why, Gideon," exclaimed the maiden, "I'd forgot about the old cave in the hill."

"So had I," said Gideon, "until I heard the Voice."

"But my Gideon," Marion went on with a shudder. "Major Nelson has sent for the Indians. Those red fiends will track you down."

Gideon laughed aloud and then he replied "If Major Nelson and his red trailers follow me this night, they'll ride fast and far. I've the best horse in the colony, and I know the New Hampshire roads better than they do. Even if it were daylight and they had a plain track, they couldn't catch me, for I should gain on them at every bound. All my dangers are past. "But what have you in those

bundles, my dear?"

"Food for you and oats for your horse."

"Why, Marion, you've ever been as an Angel of Light to me," said Gideon with emotion. Then the two dark figures seemed again to blend into one.

Presently, the moon rose. After long, lingering goodbyes, the young dispatch-bearer rode away upon his mission. He arrived at Concord without noteworthy adventure, delivered his dispatch and went on.

After the long rest and feed, his noble horse was in fine condition. The powerful steed seemed to devour the road before him, and the sharp aquiline features of the stern Puritan rider appeared to cleave through the night like the blade of a battle-axe.

Gideon found Col. Ethan Allen in the "Grants," or what is now the state of Vermont, and delivered the two dispatches. He returned and reported to Colonel Prescott about midnight before the battle of Bunker hill.

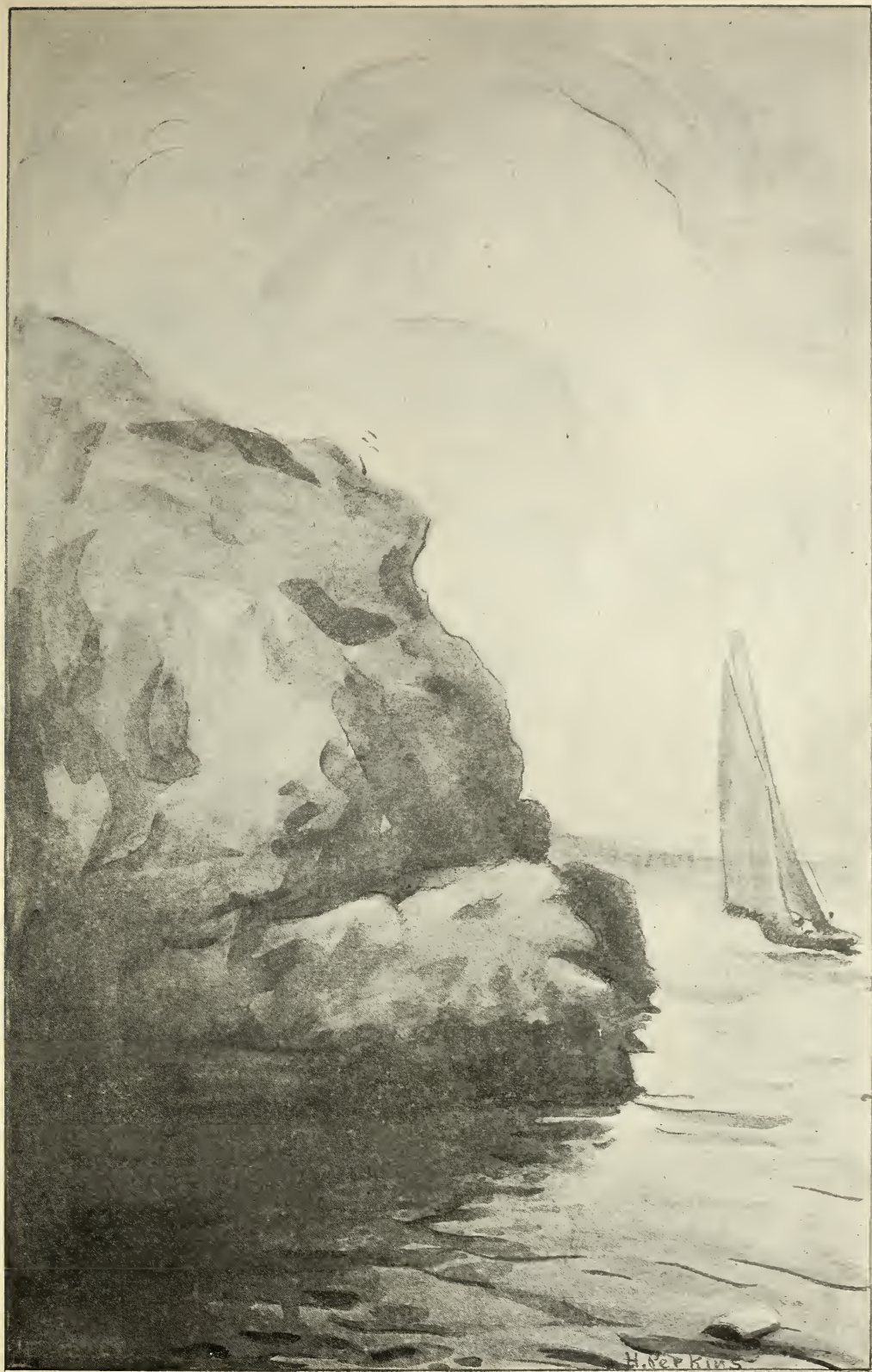
If this were fictitious narrative, we might describe how the midnight vision of the Puritan mother was fulfilled at this famous battle. But historical accuracy compels us to state that Gideon Taylor was not killed or even wounded at Bunker hill.

But the clear headed, noble-hearted Colonel Prescott was numbered with the slain. Perhaps the body which the Puritan mother saw so dimly upon the hill was his, not her son's.

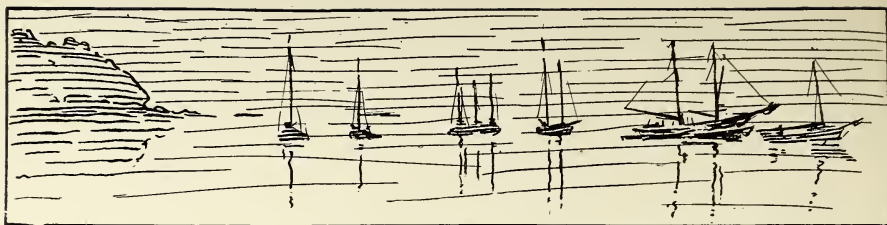
Gideon Taylor served his country well and faithfully during the Revolution. He attained higher rank and honor than the British commander offered him at the mansion of Judge Webster. At the close of the long war his grateful state voted a grant of a large tract of land to Col. Gideon W. Taylor.

Colonel Taylor married Marion Webster. Their life was full of felicity. Their descendants are among the leading families of New England.

Can you blame Marion Taylor if she was very fond of telling her grandchildren, as they gathered around her armchair, how their tall grandfather burst through the British army with banners of fire?



TODD'S HEAD, EASTPORT, MAINE



THE JUMPING OFF PLACE

By LEBARON P. COOKE

DIRECTLY opposite the rugged coast of New Brunswick, pushing boldly into the Bay of Passamaquoddy towers Todd's Head, a projection of Moose Island on whose eastern edge lies the old seaport, Eastport, Me., famed for its great sardine output, its frigid summer temperature, pictorial environments, and its historic prestige derived from its being a pivotal point in the war of 1812.

The promontorious headland rising several hundred feet from its seaweed base is not merely of local interest, but of international importance, marking the extreme northeastern point of Uncle Sam's domain. For nearly a century it has borne the title, "Jumping Off Place" of the nation, and perhaps it has never more proudly reared itself in civic dignity than during the recent visit of President Taft and his suite to its tip end from which the chief executive viewed the magnificent sweep of Passamaquoddy, and gazed into the territorial depths of British America.

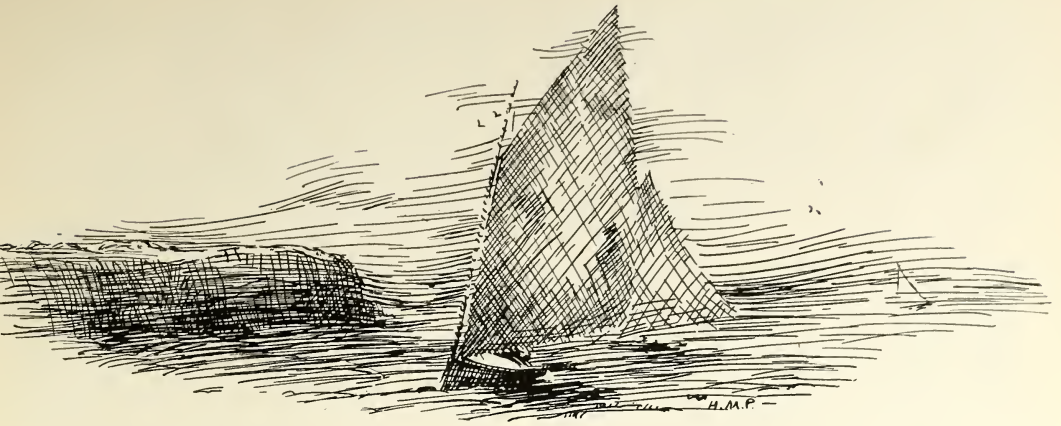
The ascent up the perpendicular heights is almost impossible; only the most hazardous fishermen would attempt to scale its slimy cliff. The view from the precipitous headland is one of enchantment; to the east lies the picturesque island of Campo Bello, and nowhere in the world can be found coast scenery more varied and wonderful than along the shores of this island of the old Admiralty, rich in its legendary romance

and feudal loyalty. Here is a group of large summer hotels, while an exclusive summer colony adds to the summer charm of the place, lying almost in the shadow of the old "Friar," made famous by the noted authoress, Kate Gannett Wells, in her idyls of Campo Bello. Solemn and dignified, the Friar rises from the tree-shaded waters of the bay. Beyond Campo Bello, one catches glimpses of the giant grey cliffs of Grand Manan, mecca of artists and literary folk. To the north stretches St. Andrews Bay, and the winding St. Croix river. With a field glass from the "Jumping Off Place" summit one can easily spy the well-known Canadian watering place, Saint Andrews, sheltered beneath the Chamcook mountain.

Nearer, one sees the Indian Reservation of Pleasant Point, and many an Indian song rises above the "Jumping Off Place" as the red men and their squaws paddle by with their basketry, bound for the island marts.

It is after rounding the bold extremity that the beautiful old provincial town of Eastport heaves into sight. One almost feels the martial tread of soldiery as his craft sails along in the shadow of overhanging crags, past the grey warehouses, and dark, weird docks made tall and desolate by the departed tide that has fled in answer to the mother sea, leaving behind its odor, wholesome and salt.

The tide, as is well known, rises here to a greater height than in any section of the world. As the mighty force of



water gallops in from the Atlantic on the flood-tide, among the jagged ledges and points of rock that environ "Land's End," raising the level of the nearby caves more than thirty feet in a very brief time, the waters are kept in one incessant whirl, and the utmost care is required of Quoddy seamen to save the small boats from destruction.

The most dangerous spot, however, lies almost between Todd's Head and the point jutting out from the southern extremity of the Canadian island of Deer

Island. On the flood, and more so at half flood, it is exceedingly dangerous for any craft to approach the British shore, since the whirlpools rage furiously like immense boiling caldrons, and many a smuggler and his boat has been sucked down into the mad, seething vortex.

It is during a gorgeous Quoddy sunset that the tourist catches a finer scene, one to rival fair Naples, herself,—on every side a panoramic vista of the sea, mysterious and enhancing, infinite and free.

THE BOUQUET

By THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I think to-night, should I really try,
I might slip through the nursery bars
And make my way to the meadows of sky
To pick a bouquet of stars.

The little stars grow as daisies do
With the same wide, wondering eyes;
And little clouds float in the fields of blue
Like the white-winged butterflies.

I would pluck them, oh, the livelong night
Till my arms were full, and then
Tie them together with moon-beams white
And carry them home again.

And mother's friends, when they came to call,
"What a lovely bouquet," would cry,
And never once guess they were stars at all
That grew in the fields of sky.

THE GIRL AND THE MOOSE AND THE DEEP DARK WOODS

By HELEN B. TRASK

IT was late in October when I received a letter from Dick Craig, my favorite cousin,—a big, whole-souled, good-natured, go-as-you-please chap, whom everybody liked on sight and continued to like better and better every time they saw him,—asking me to meet him the following night at the six o'clock train. I was pacing the platform when the train pulled in, and after getting his traps together, which I noticed included a Winchester, gray sweater, with a big red patch on the back, and two suit cases (talk about a woman's baggage! She can get more trash into a shirt waist box than a man can get into four suitcases to save his life), we started for home. "What are you going to do with this?" I said, pointing to the rifle. "Going to get a deer of course" responded Dick. Now that was exactly what I expected; I knew he would never content himself to "visit" two solid weeks, not even though mother gave him her "spare" room and a spare rib from my own piggy which I meant to sacrifice for his sake. "Where are you going?" I ventured. "Oh, up the B. & A. some, where; Ralph Fuller intends starting tomorrow; he's in the office with me you know; I told him I'd join him a little later."

Now if there was any one thing in this world that I actually wanted to do it was to go hunting. Other girls went. I was used to long tramps, and when I was so small that I had to get Dick to steady the rifle for me, I shot a grey squirrel off the ridge pole of the barn. If only Dick would ask me to go, too! But he walked on in joyous anticipation of the days in store for *him*, but not a thought of *me*. Supper over, I deter-

mined to use all the strategy in my power to secure an invitation to accompany Dick and his friend on that hunt, but all to no avail. I tried to "work" him a little by assuring him that the young lady who would accompany me was the most beautiful girl in the village. But Dick was not after girls, not pursuing a "dear" unless it had four feet. He told me it was no place for a girl, that I could not "rough it" along with the boys and assured me that on his return he should have the full quota of game of all kinds, a goodly share of which he should leave with my mother and me.

But I wanted to go hunting, and go I would, though *not* with Dick. I telephoned my chum, Edith Eldridge, to meet me at the pasture bars, near the big rock where we had baked many a mud cake in the summer sun, at exactly eight that night. She was there at the appointed time and our plans were ready for execution inside of ten minutes. We would go hunting, and on the very same train that Dick and his chum were going on, too. I knew every inch of the road to Fort Kent—*my* destination—and if I could get a deer before those fellows secured theirs, wouldn't it be the best yet! Letting my good mother into my little secret she packed my paraphernalia into a small satchel. I instructed her to put in only the articles that would be absolutely necessary, including a heavy sweater, cartridge belt and cartridges, compass, etc. My rifle, with the satchel, comprised my luggage.

Dick began to get uneasy, and the third day after his arrival he announced that he was to take the next morning train. I waited until he and my small brother Bob had gone to the station, then I

whistled to Edith. Keeping behind the boys, we scooted on to the train unobserved by Dick, and prepared to have the very "slickest" time of our lives. We watched Dick come aboard and were in mortal terror lest he discover us. Once he came through the train but we covered our faces with a paper which we were scanning very earnestly, and he passed through and back again without suspecting our presence. At Milo Junction, Dick alighted from the train, shook hands very cordially with a dandy looking chap (I knew it was his friend Fuller,) and they entered the train together. At Ashland Junction, Edith and I had another fright lest they see us, but we managed to avoid them and got through to Fort Kent without being seen by those greedy sports. They left the train at Wallagrass, twelve miles below, and for the first time since we left home we breathed normally, settled back in the comfortable B. & A. coach and gave proper vent to our hilarity until we reached Fort Kent. Next morning, after a hearty breakfast at John McInerney's hospitable board, we struck out for a hunt. Following the St. John river for about two miles we came to a piece of wood, part of which had been cleared. The morning was clear and cool, the sun gradually climbing, when we sat on a log to plan how to get the prizes home. Suddenly Edith clutched my arm, her eyes brilliant in their expectancy, and whispered: "I heard a deer right in back there" pointing to a dense thicket just a little to our right. "Are you sure?" I asked. "Sure as Heaven," she replied. Breathless we listened, when a rustle among the fallen leaves just *back* of us attracted our attention. I was on my feet instantly with my trusty Winchester in position, when out clear in the opening stalked a big bull moose. He was not more than eighty feet away. I would gladly have welcomed the opportunity had his majesty been a deer, but a monster moose was one too many. He had not seen us, of that I was certain, for he was browsing quietly when the same crackling noise from an opposite direction assured us that something moving was in still closer proximity than the

moose. In an instant the report of a rifle close to my ear caused me to jump and exclaim "Oh, Edith, what made you do that?" She had fired at something nearer than the moose. Neither of us looked in the direction of the shot—other thoughts were surging through our brains about that time—the moose was coming straight for us. "The tree" I shouted. But no need; she had sprang up to the lower limb with the agility of a monkey, still clinging to her rifle, while I was scrambling to get a footing in a big pine close by. We were hardly clear of the ground when his lordship, the moose, was master of the situation below. Had we fully realized our position we should have been terrorized but it was a case of "Ignorance is bliss." "I got him" exclaimed Edith, as she pointed in the direction of her shot. "Wait a moment and I'll be sure" came next. She was preparing to fire again when another rifle shot from behind a growth of evergreens and a man's voice "I've got him fast" arrested our attention. That was too much for Edith, for the deer was hers and she meant to claim her rights and prepared to descend and secure her prize, when she suddenly recollected the presence of her antlered friend at the base of her perch. Whatever possessed me I shall never be able to tell but I fired straight at a point behind the shoulder of that moose. I could not have done a worse thing; I have read accounts of wounded moose but I had never seen one until that moment. To say that he was enraged but feebly expresses it. While we were lamenting our folly and wondering if we would have to remain in our respective trees all night, perhaps longer, the branches parted a little to the right of us and a man emerged. I was too scared to look at him but I yelled at him to run for a tree. He either did not hear me, or was too intent on his purpose to take advice—I don't know which; but he immediately began to pump lead into that wild devil at the base of my temporary habitation. I shall never forget that moment. To say I was scared "blue" literally frightened nearly out of my wits, would not express all the truth. It was not for myself that I feared, but for the

man, on whom I kept one eye, and the other on his Majesty, the wounded denizen of the forest. For several seconds (it seemed a lifetime) neither appeared to move a hair's breadth, when suddenly the man stepped a little to one side—to get a better shot of course—and fired again. This time the moose dropped but came to his feet in an instant and made for his assailant who fired again and missed him. Edith was white as a sheet, her eyes as big as saucers but she still clutched her Winchester. It was evident that the hunter had used his last cartridge for he dropped his rifle and lit for the nearest tree which happened to be the one I was in. He reached for the lowest branch, missed his footing and fell sprawling to the ground. The moose, simply infuriated, was not ten feet away. The situation was horrible! I did not dare to fire from my position, so getting a firm grip on my rifle I climbed down to the lower limb and jumped to the ground. I was within two feet of the bull's head when I aimed straight between his eyes and pulled the trigger; he dropped but came to his feet again. The young sportsman was now at my side, reaching for my rifle as he shouted "Make the tree, for God's sake." But that moose was nearly all mine—one more shot and he would belong to me. I fired again and this time the ball went home; it had entered the kidneys—one of the most vital spots, and he fell dead in his tracks. I had not breathed for fully three minutes. I had not looked at my companion when approaching footsteps attracted my attention and I turned to look straight into the eyes of my cousin Dick. He didn't speak; he just *looked* and such a *look*! Edith had descended to the ground and after presenting my cousin Dick introductions were in order to Mr. Fuller. Just imagine the unspeakable astonishment of those two game seekers! They supposed (if they gave us a thought, which is doubtful) that we were many miles to the front reading the latest novel or worse yet—making a silk quilt. To see us *there* was just beyond the conception of those greedy chaps. Dick appeared a little angry at first and muttered some-

thing that sounded like cuss words. But when I pointed to the beautiful specimen of moosehood at my feet, I think he envied me just a wee bit.

After we had got ourselves together Edith exclaimed: "What's the matter with my luck, too; I've got a deer back here in the bushes. "Gee" Dick said, "I thought *that* belonged to me." We all hustled over to the spot indicated and sure enough there lay as handsome a buck as the gamiest sport could wish to see, shot through the heart. Now just which one could claim that prize, Edith or Dick, was a question. But Edith declared she saw him fall, and of course Dick was too gallant to assert his rights if he had any, which I doubted.

Of course the boys congratulated us, said we were bricks, etc., but I had a sneaking suspicion that the words came hard (they had not even shot a woodchuck). It was now nearly noon—a perfect October day. Dick declared he was never so hungry in all his life as he led the way out of the woods, to just where, not one of us knew. As we tramped through those peaceful woods with the golden leaves for a carpet, the purest of ether pouring into our lungs and the glorious blue overhead, there was a feeling of sadness akin to reverence—a something deemed divine, that could not be found outside the deep, dark woods. After tramping an hour or more we came upon a sporting camp where we appeased our appetites and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable before the big, log fire. Edith and I had had hunting enough for the present and decided to lead a little less strenuous life during the rest of our stay and give the boys an opportunity to compete with us if they could, which of course we doubted. After they got *our* game to the station, they hustled off for the day to get *their* share, assuring us that they should have got their full quota the previous day if it hadn't been for us. We wished them luck as they left us, but right down deep in our hearts we hoped they would have to *work* for their success, for had not we worked for ours? They were away two days when they returned, each with a deer, but as we got ours first we were not en-

vious.

Desiring to see a little more of the country we proceeded to retrace our way to Brownville, where we connected with the Bangor & Aroostook branch to Katahdin Iron Works, one of the finest deer and moose sections in Maine. We had heard much of the famous Huston Pond Camps and boarding a buckboard which we found waiting at the station we drove three and one-half miles through the forest to "Joe's" camps. Talk about cheerful spots and genuine hospitality! There was absolutely nothing lacking to make this spot ideal. Every good thing was at Joe's command, and there was nothing too good for his guests. Edith and Dick, not seemingly anxious for other company than their own, climbed some of the neighboring mountains, while Mr. Fuller and I, not being invited to accompany them, listened to spicy tales of hair-breadth escapes, which we were expected to believe, from the lips of two old guides who toasted their shins by the big open fire.

The days were passing and fast approaching the time when Dick and his friend, Fuller, must return to New York and we turned our thoughts towards

home. How sorry we were to leave those "happy hunting grounds!" And it was only after promising "Joe" and his charming little wife that we would come next year that we got away at last.

My mother and Bob gave us a hearty welcome the night we arrived home and we talked of our trip into the "wee sma' hours." The next night found us at the station saying good bye and I venture to assert that two prouder sportsmen never boarded a train for the metropolis than Dick Craig and Ralph Fuller.

While we were waiting for the train Dick casually remarked that my moosehead was just what he wanted for his "den" when he got married. I met the suggestion with frank approval and a stipulation to the effect that the moose would be his if that happy event materialized within a year, whereupon Edith, and I was rather expecting it, looked very conscious and admitted that congratulations would be accepted there and then.

"Aboard" came the stentorian voice of the conductor. The train was moving when another voice whispered something to me low and sweet to which I answered—but that's telling. Ralph barely caught the train.

BECAUSE OF YOUR DEAR FAITH

By MARION FRANCIS BROWN

Because of your dear faith, when days are long
And all the starless hours of the night
Pass like the lingering echoes of a song
Into the silence of the new dawn's light,
I shall be able with a smile to greet
The sadness that Life holds and call it sweet.

Because of your dear faith, I shall not mind
The long, drear years that hold our souls apart;
But putting all grief's vestiges behind,
I'll face the future with a brave, strong heart,
Filled with the crowning hope, which Love assures;
To prove my worth in God's sight and in Yours.



"ON A STERN AND ROCK-BOUND COAST"

THE GRANITES OF NEW ENGLAND

By ELLIOTT MITCHELL

Of the United States Geographical Survey

OF the sculptured monuments and great graven edifices which if other records should be destroyed, might serve to enlighten future races of man on the civilization of this age and country those of granite will be the most enduring. To New England most of this imperishable material will be credited, the famous Quincy, Barre, Hallowell, Milford, Westerley and other granites being represented by numberless statues, carved monuments and massive buildings in all parts of the United States.

While the granites are by no means the oldest rocks, geologically, they furnish by far the hardest and most enduring construction-stone, varying greatly

however in themselves. Some granites will crush under a pressure of 15,000 pounds to the square inch; others will stand 43,000 pounds pressure. There appears to have been some question as to whether the granites of the Atlantic coast were forced upward into their present positions in the old Silurian days, when most of the United States was a sea and when the crests of the Rocky Mountains were represented by shallows in the early ocean, or whether they were of much later origin. There was nobody here at the time and the opinions of the geologists of today and yesterday in interpreting Nature's performances of about three million years ago do not entirely coincide.

STRAIGHT FROM VULCAN'S FORGE

But it is now generally agreed that the granites are of plutonic origin, resulting from the cooling of molten rock matter coming from the very womb of Nature—the magma out of the bowels of the earth. This magma, previous to eruption existed as a mass of rock-forming material, in a state of fusion, heavily charged with gases. Being confined, it was under terrific pressure. Forced upward this pressure through and among the older rocks, it was changed from a fused and liquid state into one of plas-

Geological Survey and the bulletins may be obtained covering in detail all the granitic areas and quarries in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

The belief of their author, Professor Dale, is that at the time of the formation of the granite, New England was covered with high mountains, several thousand feet above the land of today.

This great cap of overlying rock mass furnished a large part of the pressure required to form the granite. It has since been removed by erosion so that the granite is now exposed in many places. Some conception of the age of



SECTIONS OF TWO KINDS OF MAINE GRANITE, SHOWING WIDE DIFFERENCE IN GRAIN

ticity, finally solidifying, and in some instances combining with these rocks.

The result is that over much of New England's area there is a fine collection of granite deposits, suitable for all economic purposes ranging from statue carving to road building. The colors are many—black, white, red, green, pink, yellow, and purple. These useful and beautiful rocks found in all the New England States have been the subject of a special study by the United States

these rocks may be gathered from the statement of the Geological Survey that the present rate of erosion in New England is less than one inch in one hundred years. A remnant of this capping can be seen at the Waldoboro quarry in Maine and at other points. It was due also to this great cap, which prevented the rapid cooling of the magma that the granite was formed. Had the molten mass been forced to the surface and exposed it would have cooled so quickly

that the slow process of crystallization would have been arrested by the sudden passage of the material into the solid state and a dense glass similar to the obsidian cliffs in the Yellowstone Park would have resulted. This molten mass, however, forced upward under great pressure against a capping of enormous weight cooled and solidified slowly enough to permit complete crystallization of the liquid or plastic, glass-like matter, allowing the constituent molecules to arrange themselves in the orderly manner

The granites have an average specific gravity of 2.66,—they are 2.66 times the weight of an equal bulk of water. A cubic foot of granite will weigh about 165 pounds. A coat made of granite while perhaps not the most comfortable—although granite in thin sheets is flexible—might be thought to be storm proof; yet granite will absorb considerable amounts of moisture, and if a cubic yard of granite were completely dried out, it would upon being placed in pure water for a short time take up over four



POLISHED SPHERE OF QUINCY GRANITE, QUINCY, MASS.

which the microscope reveals in granite.

GREAT HEAT TO PRODUCE GRANITE

What the heat of this liquid flow must have been is not known. There must have been hot times in those early days for it takes from 2000 to 2500 degrees Fahrenheit to melt the various kinds of granites.

gallons of it.

FEARFULLY AND WONDER- FULLY MADE

The description of the New England granites holds the reader under a certain sort of tense strain and provokes an irrepressible desire to visit these wonderful quarries. For instance at the Merry Mount quarry of the Quincy group there

is described a dike of garnetiferous biotite lamprophyre. At the Dell Hitchcock quarry the segregations are noted as of three kinds, one is of fine grained aplitic, with matrix of potash feldspar, —albite to oligoclasealbite—with particles containing porphyritic crystals of aegirite, with some riebeckite. Zircon, magnetite arilonenite and abundant apatite occur as accessories—also crystals of titanite with secondary limonite and carbonate. One knot has secondary

aegirite as one of its original constituents and riebeckite as another. The granite after acquiring—some few million years ago—its sheet and joint structure was subjected to metamorphism, probably that which accompanied the post-carboniferous crustal movement. The hematite-spotted granite, the pink granite and the greenish-brown granite while evidently due to the alteration of the aegirite particles to magnetite hematite, green hornblende, biotite and chlorite,



WORKING HUGE MONOLITH COLUMNS FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, NEW YORK

orange fibrous hornblende growing on aegirite. Zircon and fluorite are accessory. Some muddy greenish knots consist of orthoclase minutely intergrown with soda-lime feldspar in twins. The alteration of a certain arkose, etc., into schists consisting largely of glaucophane—closely related to riebeckite—is explained as due to a process of recrystallization.

Again it is convincingly stated that the riebeckite-aegirite granite of Quincy had

owe these mineral changes to processes of deep seated alteration and partly to regional metamorphism—this is of course obvious to the most casual reader—and the pea-green variety is due to deep seated epidotization of its feldspar, which may have involved access to calcareous and ferruginous waters. As opposed to this light fictional style of description the New England quarryman applies to the various granites and associated formations such scientific



MILFORD GRANITE MONOLITHS, U. S. TREASURY BUILDING

terms as salt horse, crocus, toe-nails, black horse, shakes, sap, and white horse.

THE GRANITES WIDELY DIFFERENT

In the choice of a granite for any constructional purpose there is need for a careful consideration of its various adaptabilities. The different types vary greatly in texture, color, and effectiveness. The coarse grained ones are best adapted to massive structures while the fine textured ones lend themselves well to monuments and statues. Then there is large room for the exercise of artistic taste in deciding which colors and shade

will best harmonize or contrast with one another or with other stones. There is also opportunity for study in the matter of finish in polished, hammered or rough surfaces and in some of the varieties remarkable contrasts can be secured in this respect. The polished surface is always darkest and the hammered the lightest. The writer discovered that in the selection of a comparatively simple granite head-stone with graven inscription there was a wide range in choice and an opportunity for many combinations. Thus a stone may be a coarse, even-grained, warm-gray granite, with white feldspar, clear quartz, and both black



STATUE OF HALLOWELL, MAINE, GRANITE,
HALL OF RECORDS, NEW YORK

and white micas. The black and the dark green granites are perhaps the most striking. Very remarkable contrasts are obtained in the black granites between their hammered and polished surfaces. The cause of this is that the impact of the hammer breaks up the immediate surface, so that the light falling upon it is reflected, instead of absorbed, and the resultant effect upon the eye is that of whiteness. The darker color of a polished surface is due merely to the fact that, through careful grinding, all these irregularities and reflecting surfaces are

removed, more of the light striking the stone is absorbed, and the effect upon the eye is that of a more or less complete absence of light. Prices of granites vary greatly, ranging for constructional stone from 25 cents to \$3.25 per cubic foot (at the quarries and in the rough), for the fine monumental and statuary granites.

IMMORTALIZING THE NATION'S HISTORY

Through her granites New England is widely represented. Windsor, Vermont, granite can be seen in 16 great polished



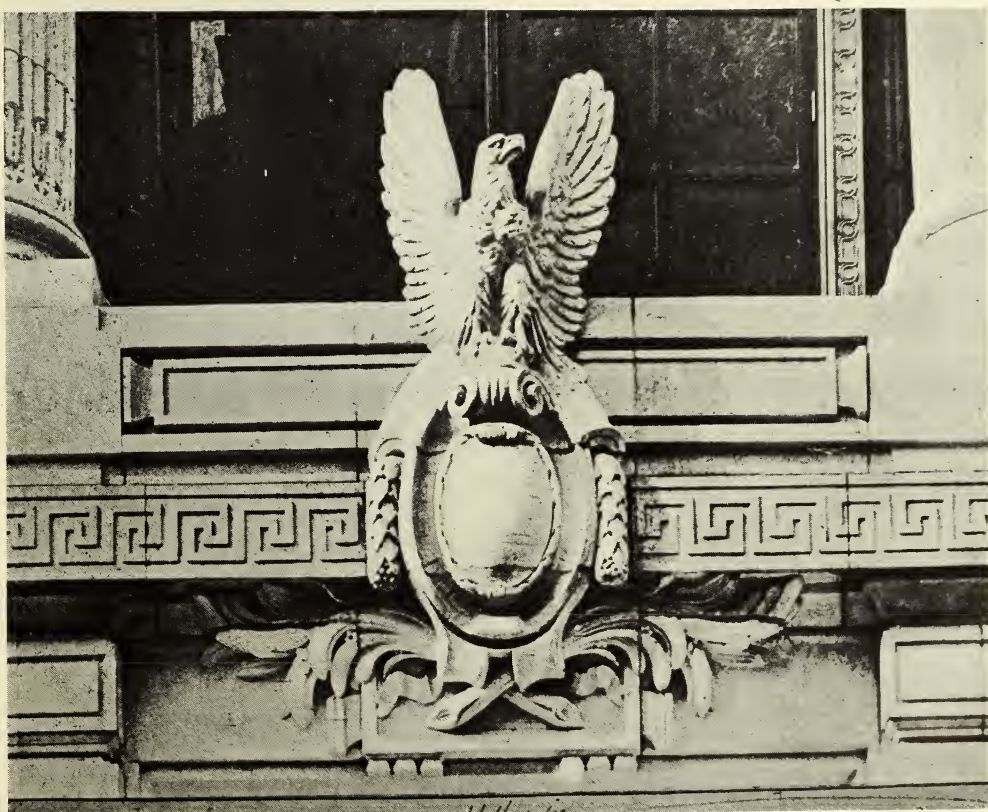
STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS, BARRE, VERMONT

monoliths in the Columbia University Library, New York, and 34 large columns in the Bank of Montreal. Barre, Vermont, granite forms the Governor Curtin monument at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; the Hearn monument at Woodlawn, New York, with a 53 foot monolithic spire; the Hancock Memorial at San Francisco; the General Thomas shaft at Springfield, Ohio, the Hotel Pontchartrain at Detroit, a monument to General Gomez in Cuba; the Capitol buildings of Vermont, Pennsylvania, and

Wisconsin; the great Union Station and National Museum buildings at Washington; and the sarcophagi for President and Mrs. McKinley at Canton, Ohio. The Milford, Massachusetts, granite is seen in the Boston Public Library and the McKinley Monument at Toledo. The Quincy, Massachusetts, granite is represented in the Jefferson Monument at Louisville, the Masonic Building in Philadelphia, the New Orleans Customs House, the Bunker Hill Monument, and a 23 foot polished monument to the late

William C. Whitney, former Secretary of the Navy, in New York. The Rockport, Massachusetts, granite is used in the Boston and Baltimore Post Offices. The Concord, New Hampshire, granite is used in the Monaghan Monument at Spokane, Washington, the New Hampshire Soldiers' Monument at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and the McKinley Memorial in Chicago. The Milford, New Hampshire, granite is seen in the impressive colonnade, consisting of thirty 39-foot columns which have just been set on the east front of the United States Treasury Building at Washington, replacing the original sandstone pillars which were crumbling with age and strain. The additional 36 great columns on the other sides of the building came from the Fox Island quarries in Maine as did also the 110 pilasters of one-piece slabs 39 feet in height. These Maine and the New

Hampshire granites match exactly. The famous Westerley granite of Rhode Island and Connecticut may be seen in Gettysburg and Antietam battlefield monuments, in the Jay Gould mausoleum, New York, the J. G. Fair mausoleum, San Francisco, the sarcophagus monument to Senator Sherman, Mansfield, Ohio, the obelisk to General Lew Wallace, Crawfordsville, Indiana, and the Rhode Island monument, Andersonville, Georgia. The Freeport, Maine, granite is found in the Humbolt monument, Chicago, and the Scott monument, Pittsburg. The Franklin (Jay) county, Maine, granites are found in General Grant's tomb, New York, and in the Hahneman monument, Washington, D. C. The Mount Desert, Maine, granite was used in building the United States Mint at Philadelphia, and the New Long Bridge over the Potomac at Washington. The Hallowell, Maine,



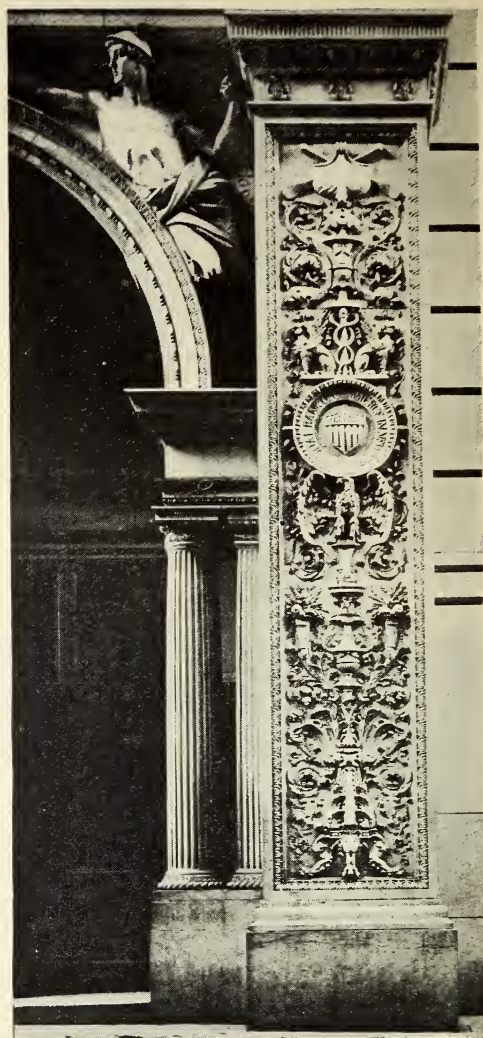
CARVED EAGLE OF COARSE VERMONT WHITE GRANITE

granite is used in the General Slocum monument, Gettysburg, and the New York State monument at Lookout Mountain. Fox Island, Maine, granites are in New Post Office, Washington, D. C., the Manhattan Bank, New York, the New York Customs House, and 8 great columns, 51½ to 54 feet, by 6 feet in diameter for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. The Calais, Maine, granite is used in the American Museum of National History, New York, in the General Grant monument, Galena, Illinois. The Biddeford, Maine, granites are also used in the great piers of the Manhattan and the Blackwell Island Bridges, New York, the New York Stock Exchange, the new Wanamaker store, Philadelphia, and the Standard Oil Building, New York.

The total granite output of the country last year was valued at \$18,420,080, and of this New England alone produced \$8,522,810. Of the higher grade granites her States produced the bulk. Thus in dressed monumental stone New England produced \$1,267,031, against \$1,057,411 for the rest of the United States; in undressed monumental, \$1,801,961 against \$424,658 for the other States; in dressed building stone \$2,997,335 against \$1,374,817 for other States; in undressed building stone \$684,988 against \$694,118 for other States. Much of the finishing of this rough monumental and building stone was also done in New England. Of a total production of \$2,420,555 for paving blocks \$780,577 was also realized from New England quarries. The following table shows this production in New England by States in 1908:

	Dressed Monumental	Rough Monumental	Dressed Building	Rough Building	Paving Blocks
Connecticut . . .	\$ 58,672	\$ 23,218	\$ 117,242	\$ 33,833	\$ 14,951
Maine	111,774	63,799	1,055,989	293,371	368,715
Massachusetts . .	115,186	358,830	720,796	180,063	261,880
New Hampshire . .	136,772	111,253	255,628	92,738	103,833
Rhode Island . . .	262,376	149,038	71,613	5,272	29,651
Vermont	582,051	1,095,223	676,067	79,711	1,547
	<u>\$1,267,013</u>	<u>\$1,801,961</u>	<u>\$2,997,335</u>	<u>\$ 684,988</u>	<u>\$ 780,577</u>

The granite industry in the New England States has had a healthy growth, and has long been an important industry. The following figures show the general



HIGHLY DECORATED PANEL OF HALLOWELL GRANITE

increase by States since 1880, intermediate years, however, showing considerable fluctuations:

PRODUCTION OF GRANITE IN NEW
ENGLAND STATES:

	1880	1900	1908
Connecticut	\$407,225	\$507,754	\$592,904
Maine	1,175,286	1,568,573	2,027,508
Massachusetts . . .	1,329,315	1,698,605	2,027,463
New Hampshire . .	303,066	874,646	867,028
Rhode Island . . .	623,066	444,316	556,474
Vermont	59,675	1,113,788	2,451,933

The industry in Vermont has made the greatest growth. The year of greatest production for Maine was 1905 with a value of \$2,713,795; the banner year for Massachusetts was 1902 with \$3,451,397; for New Hampshire, also 1902, with \$1,147,097; for Connecticut, 1891 with \$1,167,000; for Rhode Island, 1895 with \$968,473, and for Vermont, 1906 with a value of output amounting to \$2,934,825.

THE OLD STONE FENCE

By IRENE ELIOTT BENSON

A homely country fence I knew,
(’Tis now replaced by hedges),
Where crimson berries thickly grew,
Bejeweling its edges.
It circled fields
Of clover sweet—
Of graceful growing
Yellow wheat.

My mind beholds it as it turns
Around the road, and crosses
A patch of woods all thick with ferns,
And velvety with mosses.
Where naught disturbs
This shady nook,
Save calling birds
And gurgling brook.

It leaves the woods to closely guard
An apple orchard growing,
And follow ’round a fragrant yard
With brilliant flowers glowing,
Where yellow
Butterflies and bees
Alight awhile
To rest at ease.

This fence, where hidden ’neath its stones
Lay little notes love-laden,
By night became a trysting place
For happy youth and maiden.
While, bathed in
Moonlight from above,
It listened to
Their vows of love.

I see it wrapped in ice and snow,
A-sparkling with glitter,
And birds upon it in a row—
I hear them chirp and twitter.
Ah! memory kind,
In years long hence
Bring to my mind
That old stone fence.



THE TARIFF AS AN ISSUE

By ALBERT CLARKE

IT may as well be admitted in the beginning that Republicans are not in harmony on the tariff. This is due in part to conflicting interests but chiefly to lack of knowledge of the protective philosophy.

Conflicting interests which do not antagonize protection itself may be harmonized, as for example, the two branches of the wool manufacture. But when a manufacturer demands protection on his product and opposes protection on the products which enter into it he antagonizes the protective principle and renders harmony impossible.

Twenty years ago the doctrine of free raw materials was thoroughly threshed out in New England; all the great leaders of the Republican party took strong ground against it and it was beaten to a frazzle. Gradually, however, it has made converts of some of our public men, chiefly in districts where there are certain industries, and it has made the captains of those industries indifferent to protection if not wholly opposed to it.

The Republican party cannot be inconsistent on this question. The producers of what is ordinarily called raw material outnumber the consumers in the proportion of about ten to seven. They must have protection or they will not favor protection, and if it is right for one it is right for the other.

Many Republicans, especially young men, and particularly those who have been taught free trade in college, have in recent years taken to thinking that while protection if reasonable is all right, yet our Republican tariffs have been altogether too high. This has almost become a public conviction, not only without evidence, but against evidence. In my opinion it endangers protection and tends to divide the Republican party

more than heresy of free raw materials, more, in fact, than all things else combined.

In the June number of McClure's Magazine, Mr. George Kibbee Turner reports, obviously with authority, an interview with President Taft, in which the President relates his efforts to get Congress to reduce the tariff, so as to fulfill the promise of the Republican platform as he understood it, and further on, when advocating the continued employment of the Tariff Board, he said that to carry out this promise "just one thing is necessary: that is, evidence—an accurate knowledge of the cost of production of protected articles here and abroad." In his Winona speech and other utterances he asserted the general success of his efforts and specified the great number of reductions and the comparatively few increases, and claimed that the result is the best protective tariff ever enacted. This certainly ought to be highly satisfactory to reductionists, but it does not seem to be.

Now let us be frank with each other. Why should Republicans assume all the while that reduction was or is the one thing needful?

Unmistakably that was the Democratic demand, but must Republicans win victories by taking Democratic ground?

The convention which nominated Mr. Taft would not have promised revision if they had thought it meant that all changes should be reductions.

Those men and most other Republicans agree with President Taft that revision ought to be based on evidence, and at that time no evidence had been taken.

The main trouble that has come to the Republican party has been too much listening to Democratic clamor, too much inclination to make concessions, too easy

admissions of the untruths of interests that are hostile to protection. Now I hear a shout that this is the natural conclusion of a standpatter. But Republicans had ceased to be standpatters when they agreed upon a platform promising revision.

We had opposed revision up to that time because it was inopportune; we then favored it, to take place after the Presidential election. Why? Because it is desirable to revise or at least to review all laws after considerable intervals so as to keep them up to date, because the Republicans were likely to be in power and would keep the tariff protective; because we knew a few respects in which improvements could be made; and because the demand had become so general that the public was evidently prepared for revision. Now that it has taken place, and nearly to the satisfaction of revisionists who are protectionists, why try to please those who are not protectionists and keep the country stirred up?

There are Republicans—not a few of them newspaper men—who have been misled into the belief that protection is a favor to special interests, and they seem blissfully unconscious of the fact that other special interests have misled them. Producers of goods in this country and their employes do not claim to be disinterested; but their interests are not special, for the great masses of our people are producers. The comparatively few importers, however, have the most special of all special interests, and if they were not the largest patrons of the newspapers it is hardly probable that so much prejudice would have been created against the protection of domestic industries.

It is easy to see, for example, why Marshall Field Company, the largest importing house in this country, which manufactures gloves and hosiery in France and Germany, opposed the increase in the duties on those articles and got most of the department stores in all our cities to join them, and frightened two hundred thousand club women to sign remonstrances against the proposed increase. But this is a special interest of which the press has not complained,

although its unpatriotic character is so glaringly apparent.

Another special interest from the newspaper point of view is the pulp and paper industry; but from a disinterested point of view the newspapers and magazines, as the principal consumers of paper, are a special interest, and this was never more apparent than when a few publishers in the cities of New York and Chicago obtained control of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and waged a concerted and bitter warfare against the pulp and paper makers and in favor of foreign producers, notwithstanding the fact that the price of newspaper has been reduced from around thirteen cents a pound twenty-five years ago to around two cents a pound now, as a result of the development under protection of the industry in this country.

The leaders in the movement for free pulp and lower duties on paper are mostly Democrats and free traders, and yet hundreds of Republican editors suffered them and aided them to conduct an agitation in the name of reform which has been misleading, disturbing to industry, inconsistent with the Republican policy of protection, and calculated to weaken and divide the party.

It is time to stop talking about special interests and to recognize and proclaim the fact that protection is a national policy and is for every interest that is exposed to foreign competition. The late Edward Atkinson put forth some figures ten or twelve years ago by which he sought to prove that the people employed in the protected industries number only about nine per cent of our population, and he claimed that all the rest of the people are taxed to maintain them. He made that point in a public debate with me and my reply was that the tall buildings in a city constitute even less than nine per cent of the whole number, but they would be conspicuous targets for a hostile fleet which might enter the harbor, and if they were bombarded, how much business would be done in the rest of the city?

Free traders never seem able to recognize that protection is applied only

where it is needed—that is, to goods that are exposed to foreign competition; in other words, that it is a dike to protect the land from overflow. And in building sea walls men build them a little higher than is necessary to guard against ordinary tides. Otherwise Holland would not exist and Galveston would have been washed away.

Foreign conditions occasionally make the dumping of goods upon some other country necessary or expedient, but such dumping is demoralizing to industry in the country of import. So, too, it has often been the policy of an exporting country to break down, if possible, the industries of some other country by exporting to it at cut prices. And it is now the practice of France and Germany, which have state owned railroads, to fix rates on goods for export only one-half as high as on goods for home consumption, which is equivalent to the payment of a bounty by those countries on the sending of goods to compete in this country. When such things are done, protective duties need to be higher than is necessary merely to offset the difference in the cost of production.

Therefore, if we favor protection we should favor duties that will protect. If they should prove to be a little higher than they need to be in some conditions of trade they will do no harm, because they cannot for any length of time be added to the price of the goods, owing to domestic competition. To be sure, it is often said that there is no domestic competition in many lines; but this is an error; our biggest trusts are subjected to severe competition; and if any industry becomes very profitable, millions of capital are sure to rush into it.

There are now so many protectionists in the Democratic party, especially in the South, that we are not likely to have to fight another battle against free trade *eo nomine*. The platform may not call it even revenue tariff, because that has been proved to be free trade under another name. The demand is more likely to be for low tariff. That will hold all the protection Democrats, draw

the free trade Republicans, and be a sweet morsel to those reasonable, moderate, reform Republicans who know more about the subject than all the statesmen and business men who have studied it. The menace to the Republican party, therefore, is not from without but from within.

There is no way of averting this danger but to stand up boldly for our principles and to use plain language. Tariff reformers and half-hearted protectionists should not be allowed to write our platforms. Ever since the Civil War protection and sound money have been our winning issues. They need no apologies. They are as defensible as the flag. They appeal to both interest and public spirit. They have the strongest possible backing of both philosophy and fact. Every time they have been abandoned or trifled with, trouble has followed.

Oh, but the world moves, say the men who have had the effrontery to assume unto themselves and try to monopolize the adjective "progressive." To be sure it does, but in whatever other department of the world's work have science and experience and contact with the real thing been at a discount? What man born yesterday can discuss the tariff with Payne, Aldrich or Lodge? What rural genius who can sling phrases understands the course of commerce like the bronzed veterans of the seas? What athlete of thirty has ventured to walk with Weston?

Nothing ever suits a cult or a new ism like a phraseology. The men who are trying to lead the Republican party away from its history and its enactments take delight in misapplying the word "reactionary." Is it reaction to glory in achievement? Is a man a "reactionary" who goes on from conquering to conquer rather than to divide and be conquered? In what else could reaction be so manifest as in going back towards a trade policy that has never failed to be disastrous when applied in this country and has been discarded by nearly every enlightened and progressive country on earth.

HISTORIC HAPPENINGS ON BOSTON COMMON

III.—AN EARLY AVIATION MEET

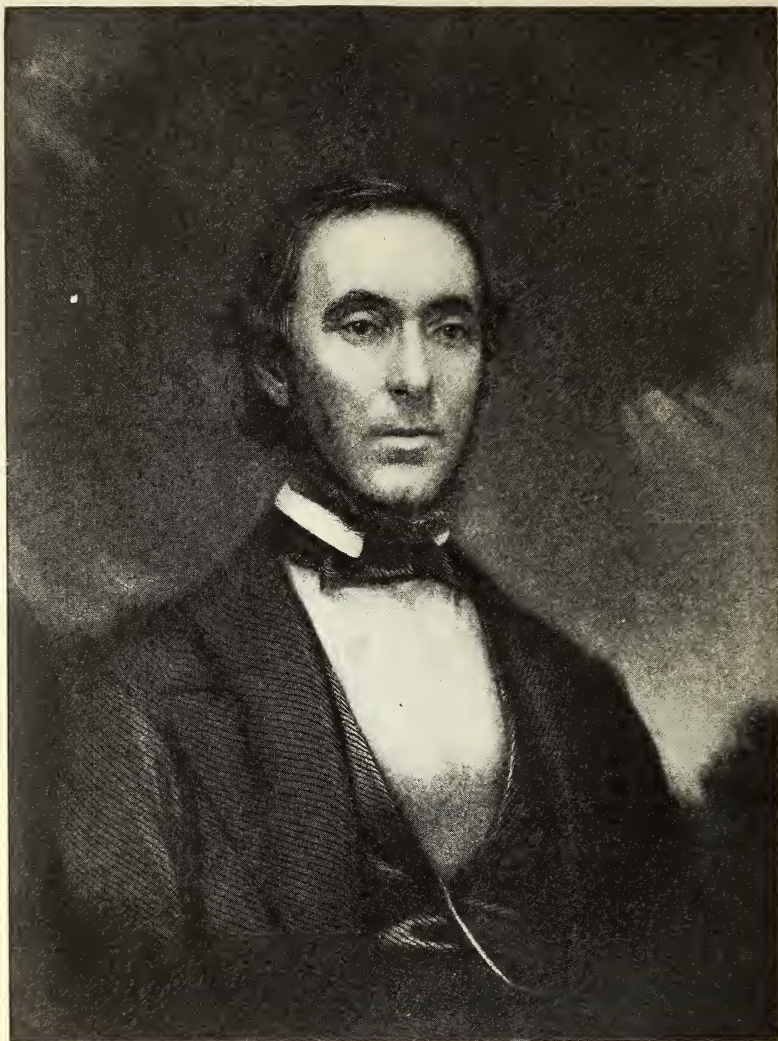
By MARION FLORENCE LANSING

ALL New Englanders know that "The Boston Transcript" is not easily given over to wild enthusiasms. When, therefore, its staid and conservative management puts out an issue with "Balloon Edition," printed in its biggest type, it is a sign that Boston is in a state of great excitement, even though the paper be only the little four-page sheet of seventy-five years ago with its diminutive lettering and prim three-inch-wide columns. Boston went as mad over its first "aerial excursions" in 1834 as all the world is going today over aeroplanes and gilders and dirigibles; and in so doing she was only falling into line with France and England, where the first balloons had so recently set everyone to speculating whether flying was not already an assured means of locomotion, and even whether freight could not be pulled along on the ground by means of a contrivance above that would catch the wind. The projects of aerial flight were received, moreover, with the fresh open-eyed wonder of a people to whom railroads were still a hazardous experiment, the balloon's rate of speed of a mile a minute was undreamed of swiftness, and schooners and stage-coaches were the familiar modes of travel.

Americans had heard of the marvels of aerial navigation. Benjamin Franklin had seen to that, for he was Minister to the Court of France in the year when the Montgolfier brothers, sitting in their little French cottage, had watched smoke curling up the chimney and had asked each other the epoch-making question, "Why shouldn't smoke be made to raise

bodies in the air?" The man who many years before, going out to fly a kite in a thunder-storm, had discovered electricity, was not slow to investigate and report the successive stages of balloon-making from the tiny paper bag which caught the smoke from the fire and flew to the ceiling to the three-hundred-pound structure inflated with hydrogen gas which in 1783 carried a man a mile up into the air. The news of this "first aerial voyage by man" had come to Boston, and one of the half-dozen Frenchmen who in the next fifty years journeyed with their inventions to the United States, had made a flight from the city. But it was not until 1834 that an American aeronaut came with the balloon which he had himself made in New York, and gave a demonstration of flying from the foot of Boston Common.

In the July newspapers of that year appears an advertisement, headed by a tiny picture of a balloon, stating that Mr. Durant would make a balloon ascension—the tenth he had yet made—from a large amphitheatre which he was having enclosed on the Charles Street side of the Common. It gave particulars in regard to the event which show that the aeronaut had the dramatic sense of the advertiser as well as the skill of the inventor. Is it not President Eliot who has said that one travels farther to see less at a boat-race than on any other occasion of which he knows? The same was likely to be true of a balloon flight. Why was it worth while to pay for a seat in the amphitheatre when one could stand on the Common one hundred feet away and see all but the actual start



JOHN WISE

from the ground? So the people had reasoned when M. Guille, the French balloonist, had made the first ascent from Boston in 1821. Only six hundred ticket-holders had contributed towards the expenses of the "amiable aeronaut," while thirty thousand people had had the benefit of his performance.

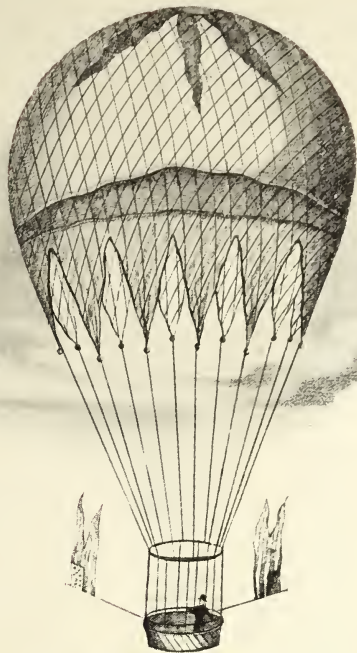
It took three hours to manufacture the five thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas needed to fill the huge balloon,—a most tedious process for the onlooker,

one would say. But Mr. Durant planned to make this appear one of the most interesting features of his program. His schedule of events reminds us of the "one to make ready, two to prepare" of our childhood. At half-past two o'clock on the appointed day the gates of the amphitheatre were to be thrown open to the public, which would be announced by a discharge of cannon. Half an hour later a second discharge would indicate that Mr. Durant would *begin* to inflate

his balloon. During the succeeding hour and a half a pioneer balloon would be set off to ascertain the direction of the wind and indicate the course of the passenger balloon. At half-past four Mr. Durant would *commence* to attach the cords to the "tastefully decorated gondola" which served as a car. At five he would take his place, and "after floating a few moments near the spectators the aerostat, with her pilot waving the Star-Spangled Banner, would, amidst the sounds of cannon and music, commence her aerial voyage." It was a program which roused Boston to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and crowded the amphitheatre to overflowing.

The thirty-first of July dawned clear and cool in spite of gloomy prophecies that the thermometer would probably take that occasion to register 94 or 95 degrees. By noon the crowds had begun to assemble, and by early afternoon every seat and every inch of standing room in the enclosure was filled, and the forty-five acres of the Common were literally crowded with spectators. It was estimated that it was the largest crowd that had ever gathered in Boston—not less than 80,000 people within the circumference of a mile.

An English traveller, who improved the opportunity to study Americans in their holiday mood by standing on an elevation near one of the malls of the Common has left us his impressions. He says that he never saw a population whose general appearance would endure so close a scrutiny as well, and comments especially on the women as being remarkably well-dressed, a reflection of the general prosperity of all classes which was constantly astonishing him in this democratic land. When this gentleman entered the amphitheatre he found the balloon nearly inflated. It was held down to earth only by the efforts of a number of volunteer assistants who clung to the netting which covered it, while from huge casks in which iron turnings and sulphuric acid were being chemically combined, the last discharges of hydrogen gas were being injected through a line of hose. Mr. Durant was meanwhile muzzling a rabbit and fasten-



MR. DURANT'S BALLOON

ing it in a small wicker basket which with a parachute he intended to drop during his flight. It was announced that the rabbit would surely come to earth unhurt, and the hope was expressed that the person who found it would return it as soon as possible to Mr. Durant at the Tremont House. The rabbit, however, never made the dangerous trip, as an accidental escape of gas at the moment of starting made it necessary to drop off all extra cargo. Swiftly the aeronaut loosed his machine, and with a farewell circling about the amphitheatre sailed away to the eastward, scattering as he departed sheets of paper which fell like leaves upon the people standing without on the Common, and which proved to be copies of a printed effusion, variously characterized by the newspapers of the day as "a touching farewell" and "miserable doggerel," of which we quote the two opening stanzas.

"TERRA VALE: FAREWELL EARTH.

"Terra Vale: Farewell Earth.
Good-bye!—Ye denizens of earth, good-bye!
I go to visit the clear upper sky—
To hold communion with the fleecy cloud,
And penetrate beyond its misty shroud.

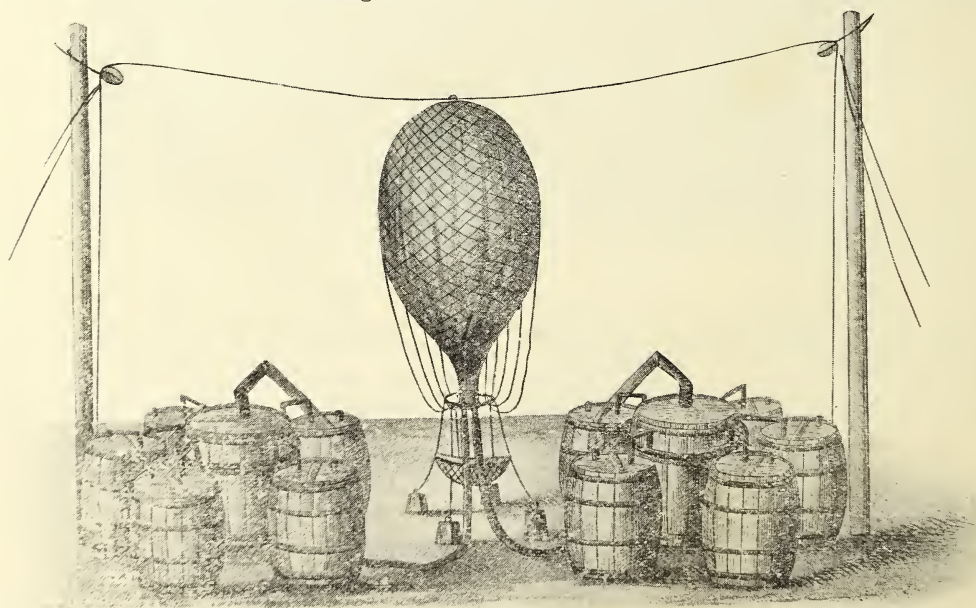
Farewell: for a brief space, farewell:
There is an impulse bids me break the spell
That binds us to our dusty clod—and soar
Up to a purer atmosphere once more."

In a few moments the balloon had passed over the harbor out of sight. It had been announced that should Mr. Durant alight in the harbor or bay, a blue flag would be displayed on the staff of Central Wharf; should he descend on land, a white flag would be shown. And Mr. Durant had admitted the possibility of disaster by promising himself a liberal reward to the persons who should first come to his assistance if he fell into the bay.

Hour after hour the anxious throngs watched the flag-staff for the pennant which should give them news; but darkness shut it from their view, and still no word had come from the aeronaut. The people refused to disperse to their homes and crowded the wharves and the streets about his hotel, waiting for some word. At last report came from an incoming vessel that the balloon had been seen to alight in the ocean some miles off Nahant, where it sank in sight of several schooners taking its pilot with it. In another hour news was brought that a

Portland steamer had picked it up, and this was all any one knew until the next morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Durant himself walked into the Tremont House, where a company of anxious friends sat arguing over his probable fate, and reported himself none the worse for his wetting, although he had been for a time in great danger, and his machine was considerably damaged.

From this time on balloon ascensions took place in Boston at rare intervals, ending sometimes successfully, but as often with minor disasters, until public opinion became sceptical of the future of air voyaging. We find the *Courier* commenting severely on one man who announced that he would take his little daughter as passenger if the weather was favorable. "In our humble opinion," says the editorial, "we have had ballooning enough already, and if there should be no more for fifty years, science would lose nothing of the vast discoveries and improvements she has acquired in the last half-century. Still, if some are adventurous and reckless enough to run the hazard of 'dying as a fool dieth,' without the possibility of ascertaining a single fact, or settling a single principle that



INFLATING APPARATUS USED ON BOSTON COMMON



A BALLOON VIEW OF BOSTON IN 1834

shall add to the general fund of useful knowledge,—why let them have their way. But do not let them risk any one else's life, especially one who cannot decide for herself."

John Wise, whom the city was fortunate enough to entertain in 1857, did not come, however, in this category of reckless adventurers. All Boston turned out to see this veteran balloonist of Lan-

caster, Pennsylvania, who was already known on both sides of the Atlantic for the patient and original investigations which won for him in later years the title of the "Father of American Aeronautics." The science had made great progress since Mr. Durant's day, and this was Mr. Wise's two hundredth ascension as over against the New Yorker's tenth. For thirty years he had been

making experiments in the structure of balloons and taking observations on the conditions of air currents, storms, and various altitudes, till his books have been consulted as authorities by aeronauts until the discoveries of the last decade have made all old records out-of-date.

Mr. Wise brought with him his son, Mr. Charles Wise, and their flight from the Common was the leading feature of the Fourth of July celebration of 1857. The young man ascended in a balloon named "Young America," and his father followed half an hour later in "Old America," both sailing out over Boston harbor at a height that made, as Mr. Wise remarked, the vessels in the bay look "as small as the boats the boys sail in the Frog Pond on the Common." The son landed in Lynn, the father on Powder House Hill in Chelsea, and both returned to Boston in time for the festival dinner which was being given in honor of Mr. Wise, who was on this entire visit the guest of the corporation of the city.

Boston has always been given to hospitality, and her roll of distinguished guests is a notable one. Entertainment committees of our grandfathers' day, confronted by the frequent question, "What shall be done for the man whom the city delighteth to honor?" had a time-honored and invariable reply, "Welcome him on the Common." Whatever else they might do for the distinguished visitor, and whatever the occasion of his coming, it was a foregone conclusion that he must either review the Massachusetts troops on the Common parade ground or drive through a procession of school-children drawn up to receive him on one of the shaded malls. One of these walks bears to this day the name of Lafayette in memory of the time when the Frenchman returned to America in 1824 as the nation's guest to be shown by a grateful people that they had not forgotten the services which he had rendered forty-five years before during the Revolution.

Along the grassy edges of the wide path were standing on that summer day two unending lines of school children,—twenty-five hundred in all,—"the misses

clad mostly in white, the lads in blue coats and white underclothes,—each bearing a portrait of Lafayette stamped on ribbon on his breast." As the hero of the Revolution passed between the lines, a little girl six years old stepped forward, and begged leave to address him. She was handed up to the Mayor, and by him to the General, who saluted her. Standing in the carriage she read a poem welcoming the distinguished Frenchman, and then taking a wreath of flowers from her head placed it on his own. He "made her a very affectionate reply," and placed the wreath carefully in his carriage.

It is of this or one of Lafayette's earlier visits to Boston that the story is told of his driving through the admiring crowds with the mayor and having so many children held up by their fond parents for him to salute that the gallant Frenchman was quite overwhelmed and exclaimed in despair to his neighbour, "You kiss all those on your side of the carriage, Mr. Mayor, and I'll kiss those on mine." Perhaps he enjoyed better, although he would have been too polite to confess it, the military displays gotten up for his benefit on the water side of the Common. The General had a weakness for soldiers' parades and drills, and the governor, remembering this, ordered brigades to the number of six or seven thousand men to report for their summer duty on the Common in this year of his return to America. Besides the ordinary marches and counter-marches the troops gave an exhibition of shooting with a floating billet on Back Bay for the target, and the old man was greatly pleased when he proved by hitting it that he had not forgotten his marksmanship.

The next "guests of the nation" to come to Boston were a curious contrast to the polished and courtly Frenchman,—but they too were entertained, or rather provided entertainment for their hosts, on the Common. Out on the farther banks of the Mississippi several Indian tribes had taken their last stand and been forced to yield an unwilling submission to the sovereign government of the United States. When their chiefs came to Washington to sign the treaties

of peace, they expressed great surprise at the size of the houses and the number of people. They had never thought there were so many "pale-faces" in the world, they said. So the President decided to send them on a tour of the country to impress them with the size and majesty of the nation, and the futility of resistance or future uprisings. A party of fifty-three were conducted through the East by General Street. The company was so large because the leading chieftain, Keokuk, had brought with him to Washington his defeated rival, the famous Black Hawk, whom he did not dare to leave at home for fear he would reinstate himself as head of the tribe. The general had, therefore, two separate companies on his hands, who refused to mingle or hold any communication with each other; but to those who welcomed them to their cities there was an added interest in the knowledge that the aborigine was holding to his old traditions of tribal enmity and was therefore in their eyes more true to life, even though more difficult to manage as a guest.

Boston was one of the last places to be visited. The Indians had been to Philadelphia and had seen Mr. Wise make a balloon ascension, inquiring as they watched him fly upwards whether he would remain with the Great Spirit or whether he went only to carry a message. They had been royally entertained in New York and Baltimore; and in October of 1837 they reached Boston. The Mayor received them in Faneuil Hall and gave them the freedom of the city; excursions were arranged to the armories and navy-yard that they might see what a powerful nation the United States would be in war; they were entertained at the Boston theatres, Keokuk's party at the National, seeing "The Tragedy of George Barnwell, or the London Apprentice," followed by a pantomime of "The Farmer's Son," and Black Hawk's party at the Tremont, seeing the new tragedy of "The Broker of Bogota;" they were given a levee for the ladies to meet them at Faneuil Hall. They expressed themselves as delighted with everything they were shown, and be-

haved meanwhile in a very proper and dignified way. On the last day of their stay Governor Edward Everett and his staff welcomed them with all formality in the State House. It must have been a striking scene, the famous statesman of high lineage and polished manners addressing as brothers the chiefs of these Western tribes of savages with their guttural speech and their primitive garb. The Indians accepted with delight the gifts of arms and bows and arrows which he presented them, and asked that as a slight return for the kindness with which they had been treated they be allowed to dance a war-dance on the Common.

Francis Parkman, the historian, tells how one of the memorable events of his boyhood was the sight of this Indian war-dance, when he saw for the first time representatives of the race of which he was to be in later life a most distinguished student. The two sets of Indians formed a large circle, their faces painted with gay war-paints, and one of their number stood in the centre beating a drum while the rest moved in and out with wild gesticulations, uncouth movements, and savage yells which greatly delighted the boys in the crowd. Red men were rarely seen in the East, and their visit and especially this performance on the Common roused so much curiosity that crowds followed them everywhere. The Mayor had to request that they be allowed to walk the streets without having curious onlookers press against them and try to touch them. A wag of the day composed a scornful ditty on the way Bostonians lost their heads over their strange guests, which ended:

"And such crowds at all hours
At their heels did so paddle,
You'd have sworn by the powers
That their brains were all addle."

Eight presidents, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, and Fillmore, made visits to Boston on various occasions before the middle of the nineteenth century, and almost all were entertained in one fashion or another on the city's park. Pictures have come down to us of Adams reviewing the troops in their quaint old-style uni-

forms, while ladies in hoop-skirts and huge bonnets gazed admiringly upon the scene. Nor is the record complete with the list of those who were received with pageants and processions. Here on this common meeting ground of the city, Wendell Phillips and his fellow-abolitionists thundered forth denunciations of slavery, and were greeted with hoots of derision if not with harsher demonstrations. But here they had the satisfaction in the decade before the Civil War of being listened to with far different sentiment when the Southern owners were trying to have fugitive slaves delivered to them from Boston's own streets and vessels.

On an eminence opposite the Army

and Navy Monument stands the St. Gaudens Memorial to Robert Gould Shaw, aristocrat by birth and democrat by conviction, who left his position in one of the finest regiments in the State to lead Massachusetts colored infantry in the Civil War. And on another side of the Common stands a granite shaft calling to mind patriots of a still earlier day. The figure is a bronze statue representing "Revolution," and it commemorates the Boston Massacre of 1770, that night when, as the inscription by John Adams reads, "the foundation of American Independence was laid." Truly it is a distinguished list of the nation's heroes, this honor roll of Boston Common.

AT THE SHRINE

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

*Mary, humanity's Woman, immaculate Mother,
Is it thou, thou alone, that art pure, and never another?*

For the babe at my breast many deaths did my body endure:
The girl died, the virgin,—yea, all that the past counted pure.

Then the deepest last dying, the shudder so woeful and wild,
The smothering darkness . . . the pitiful cry of the child!

O Mary, the bliss that came after,—the *rapture* of bliss,—
How I would laugh him to laughter, and how we would kiss!

How I would clasp him in terror when trouble would linger and stay!
Trouble? for any but him, my masterful man-child away.

How he would lie in my bosom, and how I would breathe his name,
How I would watch him and love him, and dream of his lordly far fame!

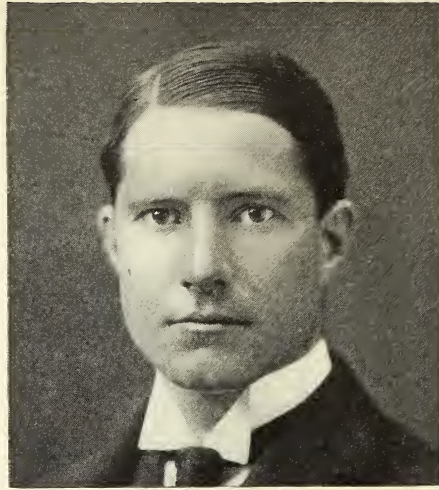
'Twas a wraith, a mistake,—'twas not *I* that lived there in the past,
A pale futile girl,—now a woman, a woman at last!

For how could she know, that pale one, so saintly and so clean,
That Madonna dwells eternal in the breast of Magdalene?

*Mary, humanity's Woman, immaculate Mother,
Is it thou, thou alone, that art pure, and never another?*



THE GLORY OF THE HILLS



LOUIS ADAMS FROTHINGHAM

A DEMOCRAT who has risen superior to his aristocratic lineage; a sturdy athlete whose mind has been as well trained as his body; a manly companion and a warm friend; a clear-witted and forceful lawyer; a master of the technique of finance and the handling of large properties; a soldier with a record of fine accomplishments; a lawmaker of distinction who rose to the chair of speaker of the House of Representatives; a student of the science of education and the youngest member of the Harvard overseers—these varied personalities are admirably moulded in one well-rounded man, Louis Adams Frothingham, Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The most approachable of men to those whose motives can bear inspection, he can chill into inanition the few of the other sort who may venture near him. Time was when some said of him that he could not make friends of the people. The picturesque campaign of 1908, which resulted in his nomination and election to the lieutenant governorship, disproved all that. The proletariat sang, "When Louis Comes Marching Home," and shouted their approval wherever he appeared.



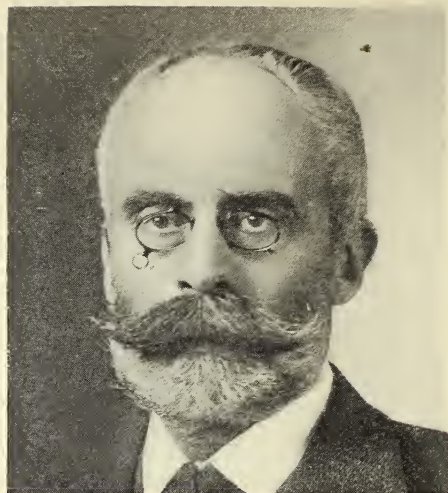
A. SHUMAN

LEADING merchant, public benefactor and humanitarian. A credit to Boston and one who is heartily beloved by all who know him.

He is essentially a self-made man, and his mammoth business house is a monument to his sterling character and ability.

He has always been identified with the commercial club of Boston and his advice and co-operation have been freely given upon all great questions.

For several years Mr. Shuman has been an active member of the board of trustees of the City Hospital and for many years has been president of the board, a position which has called for a large portion of his time, and yet he has so filled his time that there is no one in the institution whom he does not know. In public affairs, as applied to essentials by which charities and institutions are benefited, Mr. Shuman is especially conspicuous, and is frequently noted in the press for kindly deeds coupled with gifts that are bestowed with admirable tact and discretion.



GEN. CHARLES H. TAYLOR

TO the public at large, Gen. Charles H. Taylor of the *Boston Globe*, is the editor and publisher of a great newspaper, the prestige and prosperity of which are the results of his brilliant abilities and far-sighted enterprise.

To editors and publishers, he is one of the strongest forces in progressive journalism, a business man of rare acumen, a friendly but formidable competitor, and a public-spirited citizen especially assiduous in the promotion of New England interests.

To newspaper men in general, he represents success achieved by means of a thorough acquaintance with editorial requirements, a natural capacity for business affairs, a disposition free from envy, and a willingness to be of service to the less fortunate in life's battle. His popularity among members of the press is unbounded.

To his employes or associates—whichever they may be called, for they are both—he is the ideal leader in journalism—a project which calls for talents of the most divergent kinds. Between him and his fellow-workers there exists a fraternal sympathy. Their loyalty to him is only equalled by his loyalty to them.

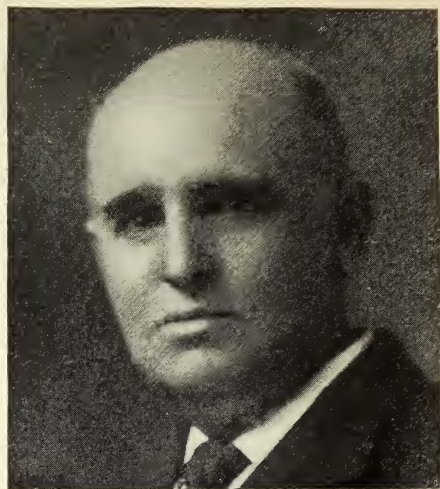


MELVIN OHIO ADAMS

A GENIAL kindly gentleman, a clever and respected lawyer, a keen man of business, a faithful adherent to his political party, an ardent alumnus of his alma mater, the Honorable Melvin Ohio Adams stands out a prominent figure among notable Bostonians.

As Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith that he had touched nothing which he did not adore, one might say in view of the varied interests with which Mr. Adams has connected himself that he has attempted nothing in which he has not met with success. As a railroad president, as a director of various financial institutions, as a trustee of Cushing Academy and Dartmouth College, as an attorney, his integrity and ability have never been questioned.

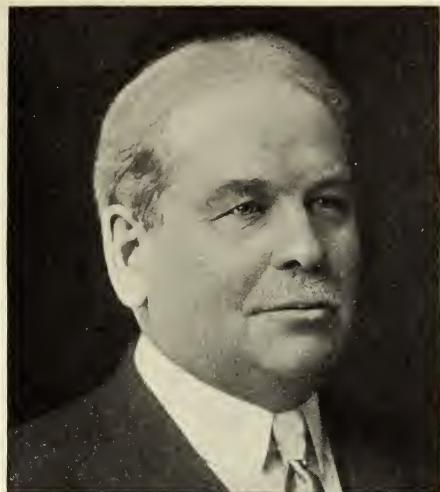
"Self-reliant, resourceful and helpful, and endowed with great directive capacity," as his classmate, Professor Charles F. Richardson describes him, he has risen steadily since his admission to the Bar in 1875, holding at various times the positions of Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, member of the Governor's staff, and United States District Attorney.



HARRY P. NAWN

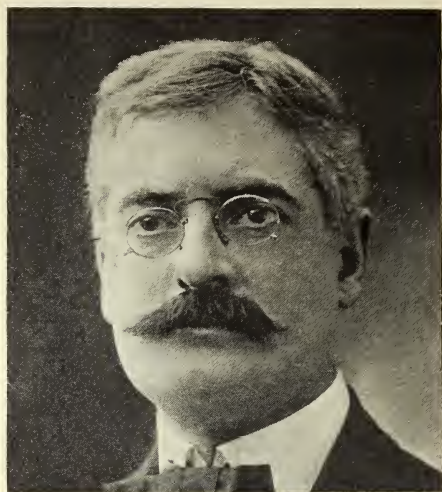
WHEN it became apparent a few weeks ago that a world's record for speed as well as excellence in construction was evidently being made in the building of the Cambridge Subway, a reporter asked one of the officials of the Boston Elevated Railway to explain how the feat was accomplished, and instead of receiving a description of novel methods, the answer that was given was, "We gave the job to Harry Nawn."

Mr. Harry P. Nawn, president of the Hugh Nawn Contracting Company, is a man of small stature, but of big accomplishments. In Boston's elevated and underground railway lines and in the immense metropolitan water system are seen samples of his work. If you try to imagine how much high tension energy can be concentrated in one person, and then add to that a courage sufficient to undertake anything, and pile upon that an extraordinary ability for meeting emergencies and unusual situations, and cover the whole with a liberal supply of integrity and square dealing the result will be a reasonably good counterfeit of the sort of man that ordinarily walks under the hat of Harry P. Nawn.



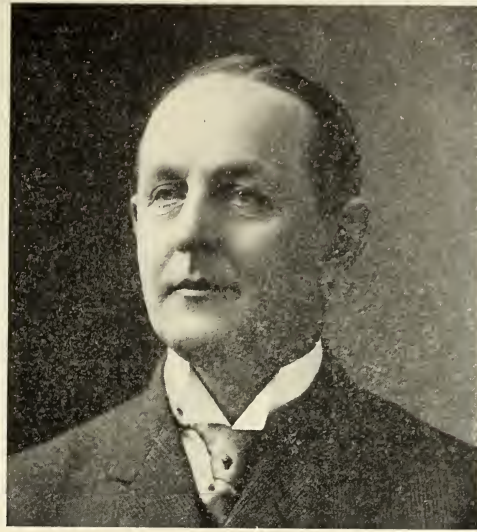
CALVIN AUSTIN

CALVIN AUSTIN—good fairies hovered o'er his cradle, else how account for that phenomenal success which has attended him, his rapid rise from a country lad, from office boy to the presidency and active management of an aggregation of steamship lines involving millions of dollars. One must look to the peculiar personal qualities of the man himself for the secret of the great, almost commanding influence, which Mr. Austin wields over his associates, and employees with whom he comes in daily contact. They include half a dozen characteristics, but primarily business ability of the highest order, ceaseless industry, tireless energy, absolute fairness and frankness on all questions and toward all persons, and a studied regard for detail. These qualities, with a backing of ambition to succeed have made Calvin Austin an actual force, a towering personality, where other men, lacking any one of them, might only be ordinary. He has "hoed his own row" without suffering the penalty of isolation for so doing. He is as likely to exchange greetings with the "lumper" on the docks as with the highest salaried man in his employ, for he is essentially a man of heart as well as head, thoroughly social yet intolerant of mollycoddles.



THOMAS F. GALVIN

THOMAS F. GALVIN, son of the pioneer florist of New England, is the best known and most popular florist in the United States. For nearly three-quarters of a century the House of Galvin has been a prominent factor in cultivating the public taste for flowers, and his Back Bay conservatory is the most capacious and architecturally aesthetic building of its kind in the world. The celebrated Lawson Pink, for which Thomas W. Lawson paid \$30,000, is a product of Mr. Galvin's genius as a horticulturalist. Inventor of the system of telegraphing and cabling orders for flowers, Mr. Galvin has placed orders as far East as Calcutta, India. The prevailing vogue for orchids is a resultant of Mr. Galvin's educational campaign to serve the public with beautiful flowers at moderate cost. Courteous, considerate and careful to the slightest detail, Mr. Galvin is his business' most valued asset, and is an exemplar of what is ideal in the method of making art subserve business. Associated with him in a laudable desire to perpetuate an honorable name in an artistic industry, is his son, Thomas F. Galvin, junior.



EDWIN UPTON CURTIS

LAWYER, man of business, financier, politician, broadly trained and widely experienced, Edwin Upton Curtis has filled important positions in city, state and nation.

Physically fit and mentally alert, intensely direct in his method of handling men and affairs, neither seeking the limelight nor disturbed by clamor, he today is doing more than the usual individual share of the world's work, and with the untiring energy and unmistakable success which red blood always compels.

Boston born and bred, he is known of all classes and keenly knows them all. His judgment of men and affairs seldom errs. As reliable in personal counsel or official action as when pulling a winning oar in a college crew, his popularity is wide-spread and positions of trust have come to him naturally.

Today, Collector of Customs for the District of Boston and Charlestown, his rule at the Custom House is characterized by strict adherence to the laws, by absolute impartiality in their application, and by business methods of administration.

THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

The Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England is essentially an advertising association. Its mission is the extension and certification of advertising as the most effective method for the effectual promotion of the business of New England. It wishes to build up business by means of advertising. It is not essentially an altruistic organization, nor yet a mutualistic organization. It believes in the efficacy of advertising, and it wishes business interests to realize all of the elements which have to do with the successful promotion of business through publicity. Therefore it recognizes the patent fact that underneath visible and obvious business conditions there lies a great stratum of tendencies, motives, aspirations, influences—racial, climatic, ethnic, historical—which have to be considered and manipulated. It understands that nothing is necessary to set men at work in the right direction but to point that direction, and to inspire men with intelligent enthusiasm—to rouse men to the thinking point. Therefore it is that the Speakers Bureau has been instituted. Its office is to incite to thought, to arouse enthusiasm through spread of information, to promote co-operative effort, to picture the power of federated effort, to give an impulse to initiative, to attempt to bring men together in such fashion that they will contribute each his atom of energy to a common purpose. It has no definite program of work, but holds itself ready to act whenever and wherever it seems probable that its objects may be furthered, knowing that small tongues of flame spring up far in front of the prairie fire and the undercurrent of the conflagration flings pioneer sparks ahead.

The Pilgrim Publicity Association is kindling in New England a fire of enthusiasm for progress, and its Speakers Bureau was organized to scatter

sparks ahead. Its members are men trained in business and publicity methods, earnestly desirous of arousing a new spirit throughout this section.

As it is the belief of this organization that all needful activities will follow the awakening of real civic enthusiasm in any community, speakers are prepared to go out with messages designed to fire local organizations with the spirit of progress that has already swept over New England, stirring individuals deeply in every section.

It is the conviction of the Speakers Bureau, and of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, that the necessary prime factor in the awakening of New England and the development of her supreme opportunity is the arousing of her people. It may be said that the people of New England are aware of the opportunity that clamors for their attention, and the answer is that their appreciation is as yet largely academic. They believe in New England, for the other fellow to develop. They have for so many generations been bred to look beyond our borders for their individual opportunity, and they have so constantly found it there, that it is something of an effort to realize that a money-making equivalent of Calumet & Hecla is in the land within the range of their uncomprehending eyes. So fixed has this habit become with us of New England that we rejoice in the fact that men are coming to New England from beyond the Mississippi, from Texas, from California, and other sections to which we are constantly sending our investment money, to develop the neglected potentialities of New England. It is this naive perversion of judgment, this perfectly accountable fiscal astigmatism, which the Speakers Bureau wishes to correct. It is done through inspiring bodies of organized men to study the problem for themselves, and promoting the formation of

such organizations where none are in existence. Methods to be followed in organizing for effective work are discussed, illustrations of successful efforts that have been tested in different parts of the country are given. Even foreign countries are drawn upon for examples of effective civic improvement work.

It is part of the work of advertising men to collect available data before suggesting action. Consequently there are a multitude of sources from which information has been collected for the work of the Speakers Bureau; and it is all focused to the same end, the up-building of the important interests of New England.

During the past year the Speakers Bureau has been represented before boards of trade, merchants associations, church clubs, schools, fraternities, salesmen's round-ups, outings, and gatherings of advertising men in many parts of New England. Its speakers have been heard in Springfield, Pittsfield, Portland, Providence, Claremont, N. H., Brockton, Haverhill, Hyde Park, Cambridge, Salem, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and upon many occasions in Boston.

One result has been the formation of several publicity clubs, of which there are now five, in addition to the parent association in Boston. Springfield was the first to organize, and has a strong club, over a year old, working, in close union with the Board of Trade, for the development of all the vital interests of that city and the neighboring communities. Providence, Worcester, Portland and Pittsfield have followed, and a federation of New England publicity clubs will probably result, with many other cities represented before the year is finished.

It appears that a properly organized publicity club can originate and advocate much that the more conservative civic and business bodies might hesitate to propose, but which they will readily support and help to execute. Wise publicity helps every good work, and advertising men imbued with civic pride become effective missionaries. Therefore, they are listened to with attention, and ready acceptance accorded the sentiment:

"Advertising compels evolution upward."

What is the general trend of the message of the Speakers Bureau?

That each community shall organize its own resources for the greatest efficiency. Specifically, attention is being directed to three lines of effort; the perfecting of cities, the development of model factories with garden suburbs, the working out of model farms of differing units in acreage to suit different capacities and racial temperaments.

All these movements are based upon successful though isolated undertakings in different parts of the United States or foreign countries, and are considered to be fundamental in publicity work because they are fundamentally industrial and social enterprises.

Boston is the centre of effort for all these lines of work. That city will probably soon be able to show each of these test undertakings in successful operation. They will then become object lessons for all New England, easily studied, and successfully advertised.

On the success of these undertakings much depends. If they prove practical, New England need fear no competition in the future, if her people apply the lessons in their practical work. The city that is perfected up to the standard that has been reached by cities in other parts of the world will become the mecca of skilled and contented labor, as well as of shrewd and far-seeing manufacturers. With what have been termed model factories, producing the highest type of manufactured goods, advertised scientifically to the widest possible market, the city will necessarily be prosperous. Successful agriculture will support the city's population most advantageously, independent of distant parts, and will furnish the foundation for success in all and social enterprises.

Thus, very briefly and without entering into a careful analysis of the arguments and illustrations explanatory of the Speakers and its activities, its case in part may be stated.

Finally and in a supplemental sense, there is the presentation of scientific publicity in all its aspects, as applied to particular projects and goods which its speak-

ers do not neglect to make a part of all addresses. Perhaps one of the most advanced and thorough courses ever presented has been prepared by a committee of the P. P. A. and the Speakers Bureau, for the Boston Y. M. C. A., to begin in October. The lectures are to be given by some of the best known business men, manufacturers, and advertising men, in this section; members of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and of its Speakers Bureau. It is expected that these lectures will be available for delivery in the wider field during the winter, when arrangements can be made for their use by other organizations.

Many of the speakers without long experience have, by reason of earnestness and deep conviction, and the study of basic publicity principles, become most effective, and their talks invariably prove interesting features in convention programs, etc. They have gone out, in most cases, at their own expense, except when considerable distances are travelled their railroad fares have been defrayed. All requests for speakers from every sort of body have been met without delay, and without further obligation than is involved in an expressed willingness to accept the service. Real pioneers, they seek reward in opportunity. If New England thrives, they thrive.

Had the philosopher, Seneca, exiled to savage Sicily by the tyrant Caligula, spent his time in advertising the charms of that wilderness, he might perhaps have attracted a multitude of patricians, with millions of sesterceæ, to help beguile his stay. Instead he spent doleful years bemoaning his fate.

The Pilgrim Publicity Association believes in New England and scientifically

advertises its belief. More than that, the Association wishes to aid others to advertise effectively the natural advantages and the products of this section. In the end, it hopes for a great and profitable development of the resources of this wonderful region, knowing that, whatever limitations may be imposed, New England can rise supreme through employing scientific methods of development and wise publicity.

The Speakers Bureau proposes to supply the spoken word, to keep pace with the printed word, a matter of prime importance in scientific publicity campaigns and too often overlooked or neglected. It realizes the value of personal appeal, and its forward, as well as its evolved philosophy for all New England, is:

Wake up! Advertise! Advance!
Grow, and wax great!

On the horizon it points to the annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, to be held in Boston next July, at which representatives from Europe, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, and South America are expected to be present. With 2500 of the ablest advertising men in the world gathered within her borders, New England should be prepared to reveal all her wonderful resources, and begin a new work of illustrating vital matters of self development, to perpetuate the spirit of the pioneers of Plymouth, and carry to its logical and glorious conclusion the commission the Pilgrims accepted when they landed, nearly three centuries ago, for the planting of the nation that should illustrate in its life and accomplishments the aspirations of civilization.





THE GROWTH OF CITIES

This is the era of municipal awakening, and here in New England many of our cities are scanning eagerly or anxiously the census returns. Many show growth that would not seem despicable in the most golden days of the west. Assuredly an epoch of expansion is upon us.

But there will be many communities that will show no growth or even a decline. Oftentimes, no doubt, this is due to economic conditions beyond local control. Quite often, also, it is due solely to local inertion, or factionalism. No community can be larger than the spirit of its leaders. Small men make small communities. If the growth of your own town, village or city is a matter of solicitude to you, a little heart-searching is in order. Communities do not thrive on factions, nor public activities on closed pocket-books. There are many plans and many ways, all more or less good, but all need adequate and unified support.

PARTY SOLIDARITY OF THE RIGHT KIND

No political party can lay claim to great vitality which has not room within its strictest party lines for that breadth of discussion and divergence of individual view point which is essential to the formation of political opinion. While the irreverent and the shallow are greedily seizing on every indication of difference between Mr. Roosevelt and President Taft, and gleefully watching for a complete rupture, serious observers must find a truer satisfaction in difference without rupture and union for real strength in action. That appears to be the situation today and it augurs well for the continued vitality of the party.

It would indeed be a misfortune if any political party in this country could so "tune" its supporters as to draw from all an identical utterance on all public issues. Ability to get together for action is that which makes the party worthy of support. The tactics of certain congressional factions of the last congress were not such as to deepen confidence, but the respective attitudes of such leaders as President Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are decidedly reassuring. The President's so-called "key-note" letter to Mr. McKinley is, as all of his utterances have been, not the autocratic formulation of a policy, but a perfectly open and frank piece of reasoning appealing to the judgment of voters and leaders alike.

THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR JAMES

Professor Henry James of Harvard University, accomplished by his open-mindedness toward groups of facts commonly ignored or belittled, a great work for the advancement of science. The ultra-materialism that had begun to characterize the psychology of the last half of the nineteenth century yielded gradually to influences among which his clear reasoning and rigid faithfulness was one of the strongest. He possessed that first requirement of a truly great scientist, reverence for fact and willingness to part *instantly* with the most fondly cherished theories. In fact Professor James impressed one as somewhat belligerent toward theories, by nature opposed to their arrogant claims. This kept him a true champion of the freedom as over against the dogmatism of science.

It was far better, in the state of psychological science as he found it, to have occasionally been the victim of char-

latantry than to have pharasaically excluded whole domains of fact. Whether his actual contributions to the growth of psychological knowledge prove to be great or small under the testing of time, that which he was able to accomplish for the freedom of science is woven into the fabric of intellectual progress.

To many New Englanders his death will mean a more personal affliction that outweighs the public loss.

The carrier pigeon has been defeated by the aeroplane as the horse was long since by the locomotive and the automobile. Argue it as we will, a touch of romance passes with the incident.

BOSTON SYMPHONY AUCTION OF SEATS

The thirtieth season of that unparalleled organization of culture and enjoyment, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will open Friday, October seventh, and Saturday evening, October eighth; There are many reasons to expect this to be an exceptionally interesting, attractive and prosperous season. The orchestra is to contain one hundred and one men this year, larger than ever before, and the list of assisting artists is especially attractive. The auction sale of seats will begin on Monday, September 26th at 10 a. m. The sale of afternoon or rehearsal seats will occur on this date and on Tuesday, September 27th at 10 a. m.

The sale of seats for the evening concerts will begin on Thursday, September 29th at 10 a. m., and be continued Friday, September 30th at 10 a. m. Mr. Max Fiedler will again conduct the orchestra.

Money," by a young and hitherto unknown author, Paul Harness. Miss Ferguson could well afford to feel proud of her flattering reception last season when she brought that charming conceit "Such a Little Queen" to the Tremont theatre. In the new play—a liberal use of highly emotional work is demanded of this young star—but her manager, Henry B. Harris, firmly believes that in Miss Ferguson we have the coming emotional star of America. The theme of the play is the employment of child-labor in American mills and factories, and has a certain element of timeliness that can't help but make it an attractive offering. After Boston and Philadelphia engagements Miss Ferguson takes "A Matter of Money" into New York at the Savoy theatre.

While many Bostonians have witnessed one or more performances of "The Round Up," which began an engagement at the Boston Theatre last week, few have ever seen a better presentation of this now famous melodrama. The big stage of the theatre offered every facility for the spectacular effects, both the battle scene and the closing act, and the enthusiasm was raised to even greater than the ordinary pitch.

Rapley Holmes headed the cast as the big sheriff and gave the same interesting comedy impersonation which he offered last season at the Colonial Theatre.

Klaw & Erlanger have a remarkably well balanced cast and all the members of the company seem to be particularly adapted to their respective roles.

The engagement is a limited one and it behooves all who desire to see this noteworthy drama under the most auspicious circumstances to do so at once.



Elsie Ferguson signalized the opening of the Hollis Street Theatre, September 5th with the first presentation in Boston of a new play entitled, "A Matter of

"The Circus Girl" came back to the Castle Square for a limited revival. Once more the Terrible Turk received his challenge from little Biggs, and once more little Biggs was scared out of his wits when he found that it was accepted; once more Mary Young played Lucil to the intense delight of a large audience; once more the commissaire's scene brought forth tempests of laughter, and

once more Donald Meek and Miss Young were as amusing a pair of clowns as has ever been seen on any stage. All in all, "The Circus Girl" has never been better or livelier, and two large audiences yesterday registered their emphatic approval of it. Winifred Young made a hit as the French Vicomte Gaston, and Mabel Colcord was the most comic of Mrs. Drivellis. Mr. Craig proved himself an excellent light comedian as Jack Capel.

here in "Brewster's Millions's, played the title role, and was as clever and funny as ever. His daring flight in the long, low, rakish monoplane, whose chattering engines made the playhouse a veritable "hager," was thrilling to say the least, and as a reward for his feat, he wins a bride.

There were aeroplane accessories all over the place, and many who will not have the opportunity to go to the avia-



ELSIE FERGUSON IN A MATTER OF MONEY AT THE HOLLIS

Gertrude Bailey made a charming Favorita, and Donald Meek was an irrepressible Biggs.

"The Aviator," a new comedy by James Montgomery, was given its first production in Boston last week at the opening of the Tremont Theatre, with a large crowd to witness the start. It received a warm welcome at the beginning and before the entertainment was over it had furnished much amusement to the big audience.

Edward Abeles, who was last seen

tion meet at Atlantic to view the record breaking stunts by the manbirds will find it just as exciting to watch the performance of the "Aviator." The whole play never fails to be diverting. The story briefly is as follows: Robert Street, the author of a novel, "The Aviator," is advised to take a mental rest in some quiet, peaceful spot with a congenial companion. Street follows this suggestion, and accompanied by Hopkinson Brown his illustrator, goes to Lenox. Arriving at the hotel, they find that all the guests have read Street's book.

Street, although having no practical knowledge of aeronautics, has devoted one chapter of the book, "The Aviator," to the subject of aeroplanes and another to the description of flight. After a few days, Brown, who enjoys the popularity reflected upon them, feels that it requires a stimulus. Unknown to Street, he tells a young lady that the description of the flight in the book is Street's own personal experience, that in reality he is an aviator.

Frank Daniels is always a welcome visitor to Boston, where for many seasons he has paid an annual visit and received a warm greeting. He is here once more, this time at the Shubert Theatre, with "The Belle of Brittany," an English importation, which has been played with success elsewhere.

Like other pieces of its class which have recently crossed the Atlantic, "The Belle of Brittany" does not rely heavily on its plot. There is a story which one may discover should he search diligently, like Esau, and probably meet with the same success as the Hebrew shepherd did with his birthright.

But Mr. Daniels is there in all his glory, as unctuous as ever, and with some of the funniest lines which he has ever spoken. He also has a marvellous speech which he delivers between the two acts after repeated requests on the part of the audience. It is no discredit to the comedian to state that he has not changed his methods, for they are a part of his individuality and without them he would he would not be Mr. Daniels.

He has several songs which are of the usual Danielian order, and one, "Where are the Friends of My Youth," which he does not sing, but refers to repeatedly to the delight of his listeners. Altogether it gives the star many opportunities, none of which escape him.

The music is bright and of a rather higher order than the average entertainment of this type. Miss Christine Neilson, the prima donna, has a sweet voice, which is heard to advantage in one or two numbers, and she is also pleasing to contemplate. Emma Francis is there with her nimble feet and her voice, and

Florence Rother looks statuesque and noble in the character of Penise.

The second week of the "Climax" renewed interest at the Park Theatre and the usual crowd was in attendance to listen to the story which has already pleased thousands of Bostonians. It is a comedy which by reason of its unique features, prominent among them being the musical numbers, will bear frequent repetitions, and the public is rapidly becoming aware of the fact that it is one of the most interesting plays which has been in Boston for a long time.

Miss Swinburn and her associates, the entire company comprising but four people, have already made themselves favorites here, and the outlook is for a long and prosperous engagement.

It is now the closing week of the engagement of "My Man" at the Colonial Theatre. Few plays have created more discussion, for the theme is one which has long occupied the public mind and Mr. Halsey had told his story in intensely dramatic form. While some may cavil at the unhappy ending and others regret that the author has not provided a solution of his problem, still the excellent work of the company, headed by Mabel Taliaferro, compensates for much and makes the play interesting throughout.

The attraction to follow will be "The Arcadians," with Julia Sanderson and Frank Moulan in the leading roles. Already the fame of the piece has reached Boston and the seat sale which will open this morning promises to be very large.

"The Merry Widow," which is now at the Majestic Theatre, already has to its credit more than thirty weeks in Boston, and if the books were shown each of these weeks would reveal a substantial profit. On Monday next the piece begins the last week of the present engagement with every prospect that this remarkable record will be maintained. There will be the usual matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Next week will positively afford the last opportunities to see this delightful



MARGARET ANGLIN WHO WILL APPEAR IN COMEDY AT THE
NEW LIEBLER AND COMPANY THEATRE

operetta, for prior contracts for both the theatre and company prevent a further extension of the engagement. Few plays can point to such a record as that held by "The Merry Widow," and it is encouraging to note that an entertainment of such excellence gains this liberal patronage from Boston playgoers.



THE LITERATURE OF A MOVEMENT

Twelve considerable volumes from the

press of Messrs. Ginn & Co., are before us. They constitute the "International Library," edited by Edwin D. Mead, and are published for the International School of Peace. The titles are as follows:

SCOTT—American Addresses at the Second Hague Conference. Mailing price, \$1.65.

MEAD—The Great Design of Henry IV. Mailing price, 55 cents.

SCOTT—The Texts of the Peace Conferences at The Hague. Mailing price, \$2.20.

HULL—The Two Hague Conferences. Mailing price, \$1.65.

WALSH—The Moral Damage of War. Mailing price, 90 cents.

DODGE—War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ. Mailing price, 60 cents.

BRIDGMAN — World Organization. Mailing price, 60 cents.

WARNER—The Ethics of Force. Mailing price, 55 cents.

CHANNING—Discourses on War. Mailing price, 60 cents.

SUMNER—Addresses on War. Mailing price, 60 cents.

BLOCH—The Future of War. Mailing price, 65 cents.

Mr. Edwin Ginn, in a circular letter concerning the library, says:

"Deeply impressed by our obligations and our great opportunities as Americans at this juncture, I have felt that the most effective influence against the military spirit would be the wide circulation among our people of the best international books, condemning the methods of force and inculcating the methods of reason in the settlement of the differences between nations. The literature of the peace movement is very extensive, but almost all of it is unavailable in cheap and attractive form. This should be remedied; and to meet the great need thoroughly will be one of the primary concerns of the International School of Peace. A hundred books and pamphlets, old and new, should be placed, at slight cost, within reach of everybody. These books should be in every library, in every newspaper office, in every minister's study, on every teacher's table, in the hands of every man and woman who shapes public opinion; and they should serve the Peace Societies and supplement the efforts organized, or to be organized, in school and church and business. Recognizing this clear need, I began some years ago the publication of an International Library, under the editorial direction of Mr. Edwin D. Mead; and we hope to add rapidly to the list such works as will best advance the world's better organization. These books are sold at the lowest possible price, in the interest of the peace movement; and we ask the

earnest co-operation of all friends of the cause in securing for them the widest circulation."

Of the twelve titles before us, two, Channing's Discourses on War and Sumner's Addresses on War, may be regarded as classic in American Literature by the historical position which they hold. To publish them as a part of the literature of the Peace Movement is to add the weight of two great names to that cause and to stimulate American pride in the forward part taken by our countrymen in the next great advance of civilization.

Bloch's "The Future of War," by the great apostle of peace, Jean De Bloch, is an elaborate essay entering with minute care into technical military and economic considerations. It is the great Peace Movement classic of Europe. Its publication in this library is a tribute to its noble author and adds a certain weight to the series. The trend of its argument is such that the further development of scientific warfare can only add to its weight, for it is built on the proposition that this very development has become so appalling as to threaten the political continuance of national life.

Very suggestive and alive with earnest, present day thought is Bridgman's "World Organization." This is the volume of the series for the busy man of today to read. If supplemented by a study of the Texts of the Peace Conferences at The Hague and the American Addresses at The Hague, a very adequate idea of the present state of the movement may be formed.

Mead's "The Great Design" of Henry IV. and Edward Everett Hale's paper on "The United States of Europe," put in attractive form matter that is of extreme interest to the student of the movement.

Walsh's "The Moral Damage of War" and Dodge's "War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ," and Warner's "The Ethics of Force," are polemics of unusual eloquence.

Altogether, this literature by its earnestness, sanity and breadth is a most impressive evidence of the real strength of the "Peace Movement," nor could any

more appropriate instrument be employed by its leaders than the creation of a great literature to disseminate intelligence, stir sentiment and combat prejudice.

NEW VOLUME BY HENRY VAN DYKE

The "Spirit of America" is the title of a new work by Henry Van Dyke. The inimitable style of this essayist has combined with the comprehensive vision of the meaning of things which Dr. Van Dyke always exercises and the result is a most interesting and spontaneous production. It has often seemed that Dr. Van Dyke as essayist is a great literary force and any point of view which he might take could not be unwelcome, to a certain extent, because of the lucid and scholarly presentation of facts or fancy which is his gift.

The "Spirit of America" will be enjoyed by the plain citizen or the scholarly and philosophic litterateur. It is published in most attractive form by Macmillan and Co.

"The Meddlings of Eve" are in the love affairs of others, as a matter of course. This is the latest book from the pen of William J. Hopkins, whose earlier volumes, "The Clammer" and "Old Harbour," won for him a unique place among the successful American writers of fiction of the hour. The qualities which he revealed in these wellknown books, of whimsical humor and playfulness mingling with idyllic sentiment and a deeper strain of protest against the morbid complexities of modern life, are found at their best in "The Meddlings of Eve." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00 net). In this volume Mr. Hopkins tells us how the Clammer's wife helps along the love affairs of her two friends, Cecily and Margaret. The book is full of charming episodes which the reader

may enjoy even if he has not made the previous acquaintance of "The Clammer."

THE ROSARY

It is too much to hope that "The Rosary," by Florence Barclay marks a new turn in popular fiction—that the day of the problem story, of the "Heroine With a Past," has seen its close, and that clean, wholesome literature has at last come into its own.

That would indeed be too great a change for the reading world, already surfeited with the trash poured out by certain popular writers. But one can be cheerful with the realization that we have such books as *The Rosary*, bringing with them a freshness of atmosphere not soon forgotten.

The scene opens in an old English country estate, but the vital action takes place in the picturesque Castle Gleneesh, Garth Dalmain's Northern home. The whole theme of the book is the story of the love of Jane and Garth—a love tender and pure which enriches and ennobles both characters. Yet although these two central figures stand out pre-eminently, "The Rosary" may well be said to have an "all-star cast." It is certainly rare in our pages of fiction that we meet such men and women as we find moving in the world about Jane and Garth. Dr. "Rob" and Deryck, Myra and the Duchess, with their living, breathing personality are fascinating people, and our great regret is that we see too little of them.

Though the portrayal of character is so marked, it is not the only delightful merit of the work. Mrs. Barclay has given us some charming descriptive scenes, and these combined with the exquisite blending of humor and pathos which pervades the entire book make it a truly artistic production.

"The Rosary" is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons and sells for \$1.35 net.



THE MAKING OF A TRADE MARK

By ROBERT N. DOLE

To a person interested in the changes and growth of manufacturing, there is no branch more worthy of a few moments consideration than the development of the shirt industry. It is not long in point of time from the days, when the wife purchased her materials from the nearest dry goods shop and made all the shirts for the men of the family, to the days of an up-to-date shirt factory. It is a great period of improvement, however, in the methods of manufacture, for, with modern machinery and systematic business methods, the consumer receives to-day shirts better in quality, style and fit, and lower in price than ever before.

Although shirt manufacturing is an enterprise with unusually interesting details, little is known of it generally, and thousands of citizens in New England scarcely realize that right here at their

very doors, one of the largest shirt industries in the country is carried on.

Forty years of successful manufacturing with steady growth, entitle the firm of Jacob Dreyfus and Sons, manufacturers of the "Congress" shirt, to an honorable rank in New England's industrial register. The thoroughness of workmanship, the high reputation achieved by the brand which they have made famous and the modern manufacturing and honorable business methods employed by this firm are among those things which give real significance to the phrase "Made in New England."

That label in the case of the "Congress" shirt, as in so many

other instances, means skilled labor well paid. It means light and cleanly shops. It means conservative profits with a first care that corporation dividends are not squeezed out of the quality of the goods. It means economy by skill rather than



BOSTON OFFICE AND SALES ROOM OF THE JACOB DREYFUS AND SONS COMPANY

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

by skimping the product.

The manufacture of the "Congress" shirt is an important element in the prosperity of five or our New England communities, the firm having established that many factories in different New England towns. This wise policy of manufacturing the same general product under diversified local conditions is one reason for the success of the firm in promptly filling heavy orders. Jacob Dreyfus & Sons have been given import-

growing demand for tennis, golf and all outing purposes, while the heavier weights of flannel in navy blue, gray, khaki and olive shades are used by hunters as well as by engineers and mechanics.

The Boston factory is especially equipped for negligee shirts to retail at one dollar and one dollar and fifty cents and upward. For these goods the very best fabrics are used. The cut and fit are objects of expert attention and no



STITCHING ROOM OF THE BOSTON FACTORY

ant orders by the United States government for military shirts, while fire and police departments, as well as letter-carriers have all benefitted by their ability to deliver contracts quickly. Each plant is given just one kind of shirt to make and the employees are so drilled that constant application to one particular class of work has made "Congress" shirts a synonym for thoroughness of detail and excellence of finish.

It is interesting to note the development of flannel shirts. Fine French flannels made with the French cuff, and light weight, plain gray flannels are in

shirts on the market surpasses them in these important particulars. Economy is secured by the most up-to-date labor saving methods. Cutting is done with automatic knives that can handle 150 pieces of cloth at once and the stitching machines are the most modern obtainable. The elimination of waste, together with a complete organization of trained helpers, are the sources of economy by which high value is secured for these popular priced garments.

The "Congress" shirt is not a "sweat-shop" product. An inspection by customers of one of the Dreyfus factories

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

is a strong selling point. There he will find men and women who have been in the employ of the firm many years (many over twenty-five) and an atmosphere as wholesome as is to be found in any industrial establishment, east or west.

Since its organization in 1862 the growth of the business has been such

road, and watchful of every change in taste, the firm through their experts, are not only up-to-date, but creators and leaders in style and fashion.

There used to be a sedulously cultivated saying that nowhere but on the banks of the Hudson could perfect laundering be done. The Jacob Dreyfus & Sons' laundry at Watertown, Mass. has

Capt. J. McE. Hyde, Asst. Qr. Mr. U.S.A:
159 High St., Boston, Mass.

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,

Boston, Mass. May 30, 1898.

Messrs Jacob Dreyfus & Sons,
Boston, Mass.

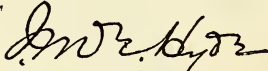
Gentlemen:--

I am authorized by the Quartermaster-General to accept your proposal to furnish 750 dozen Dark Blue Flannel shirts as sample marked A, @ \$19.25 per dozen, 1400 dozen Dark Blue Flannel shirts as sample marked B @ \$20.25 per dozen, and 800 dozen Dark Blue Flannel shirts as sample marked D at \$18.00 per dozen; deliveries to be completed June 11th. 1898. The Quartermaster-General requires that the material be spunged before it is made up.

Please inform me if your proposal of 26th. inst., holds good under these conditions.

Very respectfully,

750 doz. #a	
1400 " E	
800 " D	
2950	Total


Ass't Quartermaster U. S. A

FAC-SIMILE OF U. S. GOVERNMENT ORDER

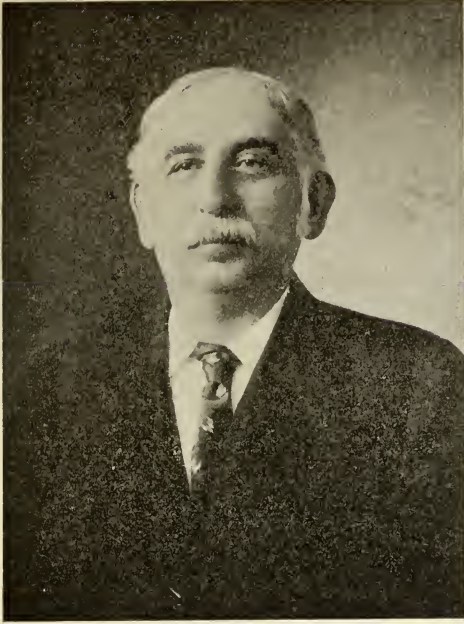
that in 1909 over one million shirts were sold to a discriminating trade extending throughout the United States.

Made in New England by New England labor, the "Congress" shirt carries the industrial fame of that section of the country to the remotest corner of the lands.

Close to the pulse of public demand, with a large corps of salesmen on the

exploded the bubble. There, an ideal laundry has been built, where all the ironing is hand work, where every shirt is given, it would seem, almost personal care. A box factory for "Congress" boxes is part of the equipment where are made special sized and individual color boxes for the particular shops.

The firm employ skilled designers to supply them with exclusive patterns, and



MR. JACOB DREYFUS

this, with the cut, workmanship and finish unite in the creation of shirts

aristocratic in style, democratic in price.

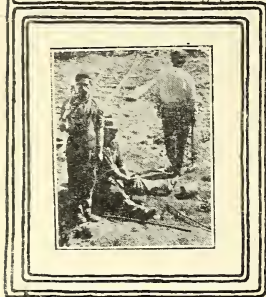
Mr. Jacob Dreyfus, the founder of the firm, is still its active head, and associated with him are his three sons, Edwin J., Sydney and Carl Dreyfus. With this young blood, the expansion of its business is sure to keep pace with its enterprise and to build on the splendid foundation that has been laid, an industry of enormous proportions.

This means much for New England. It means home consumption for a very large amount of the product of our New England mills, a condition that adds greatly to the strength of their position in the inevitable competition with the awakening industrial activity of the South. It means lucrative employment for large numbers of that great army of skilled factory labour which generations of New England industry has gathered and trained, and which is so large a part of our wealth. It should, and doubtless will mean the good-will and loyal support of the people of New England for a home industry that contributes so much to their prosperity at home and honor abroad.



THE CONGRESS SHIRT PLANT AT BATH, MAINE

Anthracite Fields of Rhode Island



By W. B. LAWRENCE

That rich coal beds lay hidden in the Narragansett Basin of Rhode Island was known a

few years ago to geologists and to men of learning in our New England institutions only; that this coal offered certain qualities superior to the Pennsylvania anthracite was also a known fact.

How to get hold of these properties from the old New Englanders who owned them—how to market the coal—and to educate New Englanders that Rhode Island anthracite was in some ways a better product than they had been burning—were in the hands of three men: Henry M. Whitney, president of the Rhode Island Coal Company, now operating properties in Portsmouth, R. I., and E. D. Chaplin and Charles Farrow of the Cranston Coal Company, operating immense properties of the *Cranston Coal Company*, at Cranston, R. I.

These three men have in one year opened up this new famous vein of coal in the Narragansett Basin of Rhode Island.

It is said that Henry M. Whitney's investment in the R. I. Coal Company before it was put on a shipping basis is in the neighborhood of \$600,000.

Just what the investment is of the men back of the *Cranston Coal Company* is hard to estimate. While it does not appear to reach such a phenomenal figure as Henry M. Whitney's, we know that it

means thousands and thousands of dollars.

The product of the Cranston Coal mine is now on the market, and at \$5 per ton Cranston coal is being offered throughout Rhode Island, as against \$6.50 to \$7.50 Pennsylvania anthracite.

The guide who takes you around Providence, showing the points of interest will ask if you want to see a coal mine in active operation. Of course you want to see such a novelty, and you take the electric cars from the State House at Providence and in 20 minutes you are in the little town of Cranston, and right on the property of the *Cranston Coal Company*.

The *Cranston Coal Company* controls 430 acres of the richest coal land in the Narragansett Basin. The writer of this article visited the property with a well-known engineer, Rockwood Puffer, of Boston, and his letter on the subject is authentic; it is also descriptive. Mr. Puffer says:

"I visited your property July 29th last and accompanied by your superintendent, Mr. Lamb, made a careful inspection of the mineral ground so far as conditions permitted, two of the older workings being not entirely free from water.

The work that has been begun on the property I found to be by open cut, a sort of quarrying proposition and so far as opened, say about 300 feet in length by 15 feet in depth, certainly makes a most impressive showing, the same being a seam of anthracite coal varying in



RAILWAY INTO THE SEAM

thickness from 12 to 40 feet. With the exception of a thin layer of graphite material near the surface, the coal is of good merchantable quality.

The strike of the seam now being worked is nearly north and south, outcropping on the extreme boundary of the company's property, dipping to the east quite sharply. In going north on the seam, I traced the same for a distance of about 6000 feet from the old shaft, 100 feet more or less south of the open cut, and I can state positively that the seam is continuous for the entire distance, holding very true to its course. The outcrop of the coal deposit occurring as it does on the western boundary of the company's 430 acres of ground, dipping sharply underground to the eastward, assures an immense tonnage of coal from

this single seam. Just how many thousand tons of coal per acre may be developed is entirely one of conjecture, but judging by the thickness of the seam where it is now being worked, it will certainly run into large figures. In addition to the seam already proven to exist, there remains the almost certainty of finding other workable seams, thus adding to the tonnage at present assured.

(This assumption can be reasonably maintained from the fact that to the southeast the Rhode Island Coal Company have uncovered three workable seams of coal.)

QUALITY OF COAL

Much has been said and written, pro and con, on the quality of the coals found in the so-called Narragansett Coal Basin.

Repeated analyses have shown that the anthracite coal found in the portion of these coal fields in which the *Cranston Coal Company's* lands are located is higher in carbon than the average Pennsylvania anthracite. While somewhat lower in volatile matter, and but slightly higher in ash, it is much more free from sulphur. It is higher in specific gravity than any other anthracite coal, so far as my observations go, holds its heat longer and gives off a much longer flame than do the anthracites of Pennsylvania, thus giving it great value as a steaming fuel when used under proper conditions.

EQUIPMENT

The mine, as at present being worked, has a suitable equipment, comprising two upright boilers, engine coal breaker, screens, and powerful derrick used in hoisting coal to the breaker. The boilers were being fed with the company's coal mined on the spot, and gave off a long flame under natural conditions, developing tremendous heat energy.

LOCATION

Volumes could be written regarding the location of this great coal deposit. Located as it is, but one-eighth of a mile from the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Company's tracks, all transportation problems are removed. Within five miles of the large manufacturing city of Providence, it will furnish a large market for the company's product, both for manufacturing and domestic use. In a radius of 25 miles we have the cities of Pawtucket, Fall River, Newport, Taunton, New Bedford, Brockton, and Worcester, all large consumers of coal in manufacturing and domestic use. Boston, to which point the company's coal can be transported at a carrying cost not to exceed one dollar per ton, will, when the value of this coal becomes known, afford a large and continuous market.

IN CONCLUSION

I believe the property of the *Cranston Coal Company* to be of great value, only



MINING RHODE ISLAND ANTHRACITE

needing sufficient capital under intelligent management to make it a commercial success."

MARKETING THE PRODUCT

Cranston Coal is a high grade anthracite coal. It is for sale, and if you live in the state of Rhode Island, or Massachusetts, or in fact anywhere in New England, and can use the coal in car load lots of 20 or 40 tons, it can be delivered in your town cheaper than you can buy coal for from your dealer. It will pay you to write for prices.

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY

The capitalization of the *Cranston Coal Company* is 1,000,000 shares, par value \$5.

It has been carefully estimated by President Chaplin there is in sight workable coal to the extent of 50,000,000 tons.

No one who has ever seen the property has ever doubted this statement.

Imagine a vein of coal 6000 feet long that you can trace.

Some one has said that the *Cranston Coal Company* should have been a

\$50,000,000 company instead of a \$5,000,000 company.

The vast amount of deposits on this one vein on which the company is working, and considering the low cost of operating, which is said to be 50 cents a ton, should make this stock sell at *five times its par value*.

This is not a wild statement.

It is founded on the tremendous coal asset which the company now has.

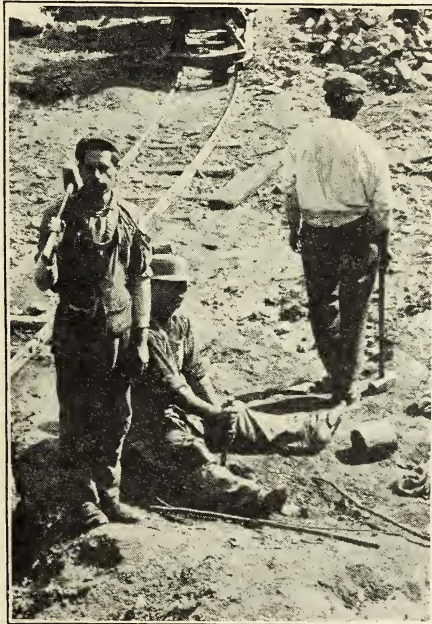
There is an active market for the shares of the Cranston Coal Company. Of course the market price varies according to the demand for the stock, and the supply.

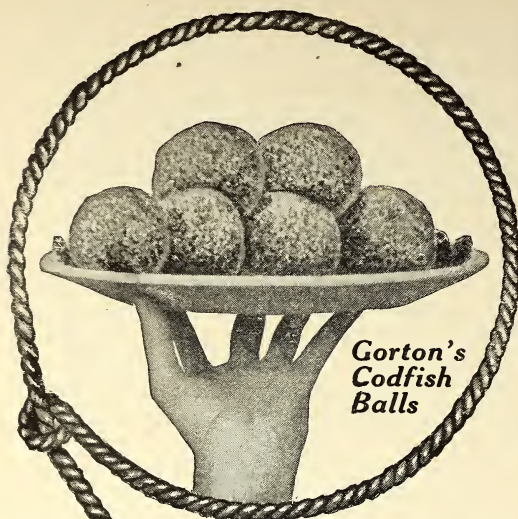
If you are an investor, write for particulars and prices of the shares.

If you are a consumer and live anywhere within a reasonable distance of the mine, don't hesitate a moment to write us for prices, for your winter coal.

If you are a manufacturer and contract for 1000 and 10,000 ton lots yearly, no matter where you are, it will pay you to write us.

CRANSTON COAL COMPANY,
45½ Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.





**Gorton's
Codfish
Balls**

Dainty Codfish Dishes

A new dish—appetizing, nutritious and economical—is a “find” for any housekeeper.

You can make a lot of them from the rich, tender meat of Gorton's Codfish.

Delicious dishes, to tempt a jaded appetite; wholesome, nutritious dishes, to build up tired brains and bodies; economical dishes, which enable you to cut your butcher's bills in half.

Send for our little book of recipes.

Gorton's Codfish “No Bones”

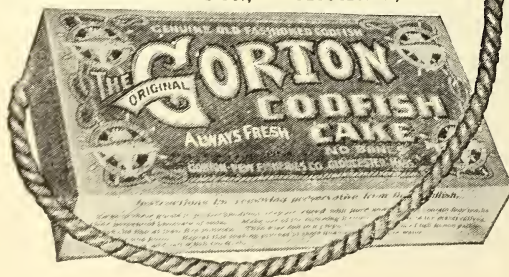
The Gorton Codfish are caught in the deep, cold waters of the Great North Atlantic Ocean. Their pure, white steaks of tender meat are boned by hand and put up with infinite care and cleanliness in moisture-proof packages.

These delicious steaks—*all meat*—no bones, fat, gristle—cost you only 15 cents a pound.

Write for our new booklet “True Food Economy”

It tells all about Gorton's Codfish, and you will find its inexpensive recipes a staunch friend in time of need. *It's free.*

GORTON-PEW FISHERIES CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS



There's a Moose for You

Pack your guns—leave your cares and worries behind—get away for a week or two hunting in

THE MAINE WOODS

Old guides report the signs that mean plenty of deer, grouse, partridge and other game as well as moose.

Law off in Maine October 15th

Our books, “Directory of Guides” and “Fish and Game Country” contain a list of guides that know every nook and crook in the woods. Sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address

“Where to Go”

Division

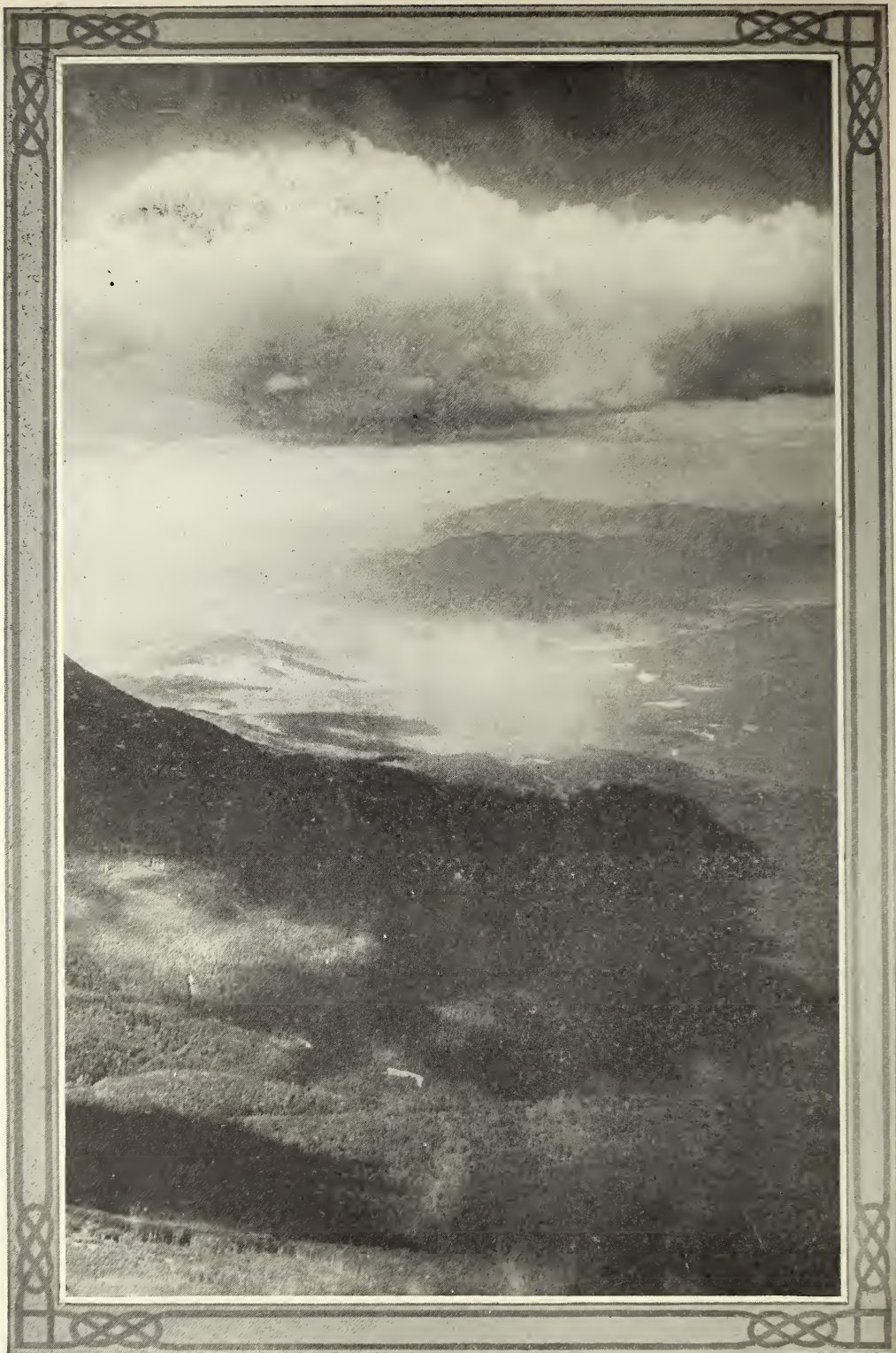
North Station, Boston





Beautiful New England

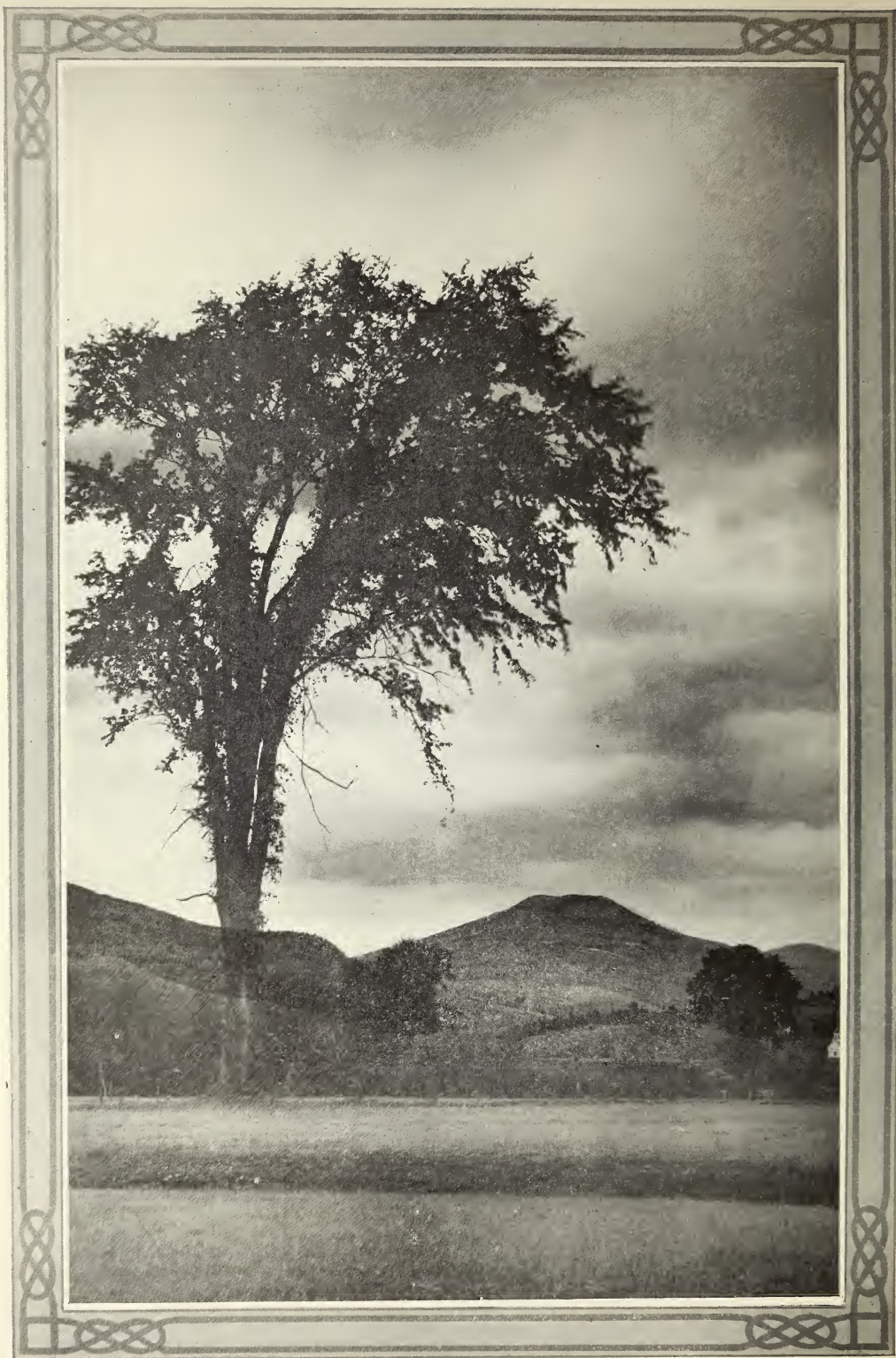




OCTOBER GOLD



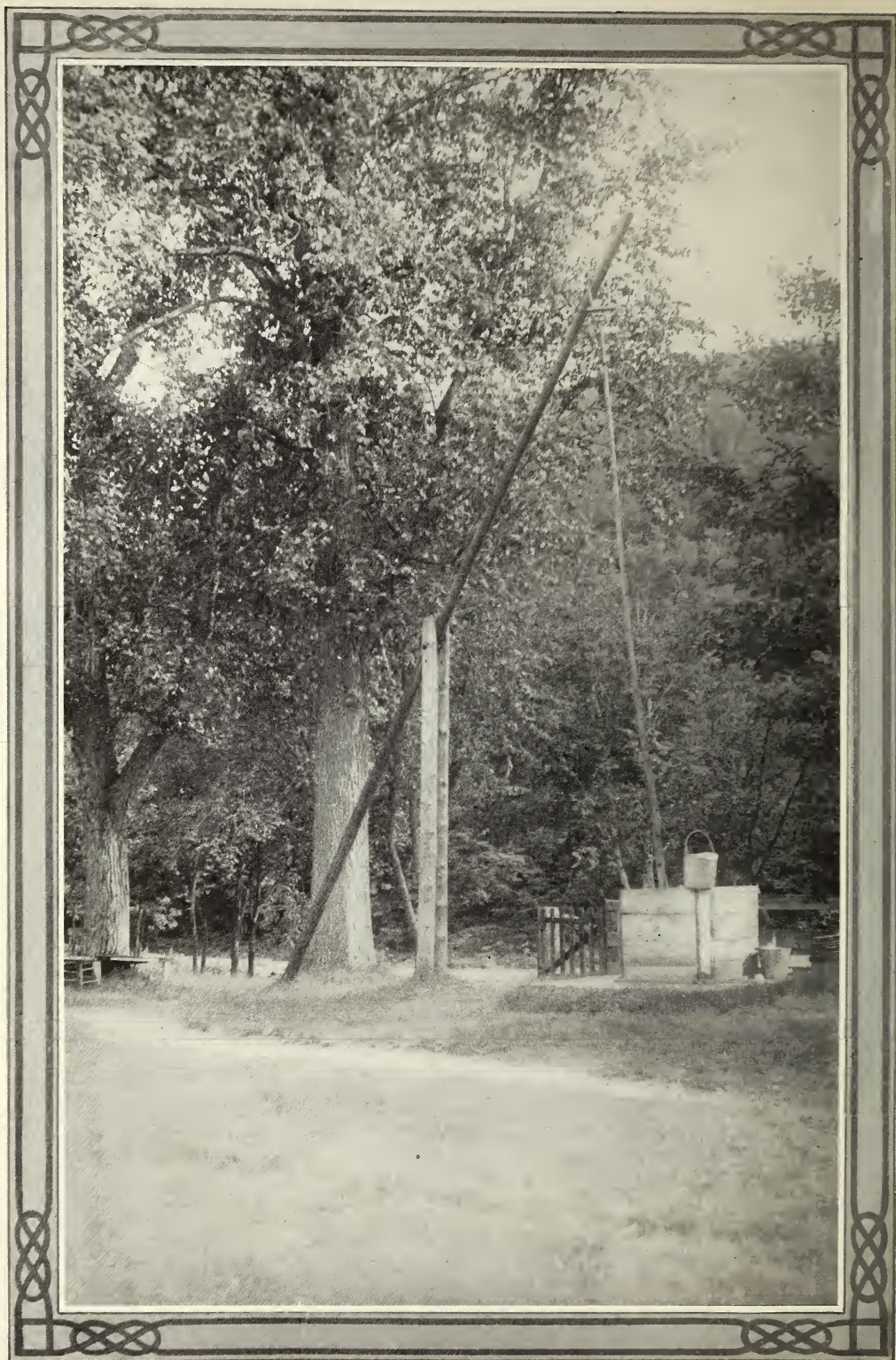
FALL COLFING AMONG THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS



• MOUNT DOUBLEHEAD, NEW HAMPSHIRE



COUNTRY ROAD AT JEFFERSON MEADOWS



THE OLD WELL BY THE ROAD





Photograph by Purdy

MARY BOYLE O'REILLY

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIII.

OCTOBER, 1910

NUMBER 2

THE DAUGHTERS OF HEROD

A PLEA FOR CHILD-SAVING LEGISLATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By MARY BOYLE O'REILLY

(Trustee of the Children's Institutions Department of Boston)

I

THE investigation of which this is the report was carried on in fidelity to a promise made a dying girl who learned too late—at twenty-three—how bitter and pain-filled the life could prove that promised to be so merry. In the background of that broken life hovered the appealing memory of a little lost baby who is supposed to have died untimely while in the keeping of a baby-farmer. And the girl mother, making all haste to join her loved one, pleaded that for her dead child's sake other deserted children might be better protected.

If, in the statements that must be made there be some that shock or startle those fortunate women whom a kindly fate has guarded from the stress of life, let such remember that the day has come when mature women must be cognizant of certain grim social facts that every woman must be equipped to act as a vigilance committee for every infant, child and girl.

Because public-spirited citizens of Nashua, and state officials of New Hampshire have signified their intention of utilizing the evidence lying behind this report, because even a baby-farmer is assumed to be innocent until proven

guilty; because a series of court cases must not be jeopardized by an untimely publicity of details the houses dealt with in this investigation will not be designated by street name and number, but rather will be distinguished according to their location as "The House on the River," "The House by the Ravine," "The House in the Quiet Street." These several places are known in Nashua, and will be recognized readily by the troubled towns folk to whom their existence has long been an infamy.

A certain grim New England courage clangs in the unflinching frankness with which the denizens of one highland city intend to deal with the shame that has been thrust upon them. Voicing the sentiment of his fellow-citizens Mayor Shedd, of Nashua, writes under date of August first.

August 1, 1910.

Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly,
Children's Institution Department,
Boston.

My dear Miss O'Reilly:—

Since our talk of the investigation which you are making in Nashua of the baby farms which now exist, I wish to

say, as chief executive of the city, that you have my heartiest co-operation and assistance: that I have already instructed Superintendent Snow of the Woodlawn Cemetery to give you what data will be serviceable to you.

This matter has long given me grave concern and I hope that when your investigation comes to be reported you will make that report a scorcher, and give to it the widest publicity, if for no other reason than the honor of Nashua.

Very sincerely yours,

ALBERT SHEDD, Mayor of Nashua.

* * * * *

For years the social students appointed to the New Hampshire State Board of Charity and Correction have noted with deepening anxiety the steady increase of stranger children in the State's villages and towns. For years they have realized the reason for this pitiable influx into the population, and have tried to bring about such legislative enactments as would minimize the danger to defenceless childhood, and the branding of well intentioned communities. But the only New Hampshire law concerning lying-in-hospitals is *An Act* in relation to the transfer and adoption of children. (Approved April 9, 1909.) A copy of this law is sent to persons maintaining lying-in-hospitals, and they are notified to comply with its requirements. The theory is excellent, but the fact remains that such houses of refuge are often conducted by self-interested and unscrupulous persons—even by nurses in bad standing, and physicians from whom the State Board of Medicine has taken their certificates of registration; and *any law unsupported by the inspection that makes it a vital force soon becomes a dead letter.*

In New Hampshire today, for instance

THERE IS NO LAW ORDAINING
THAT LYING-IN-HOSPITALS BE
LICENSED.

Thus any one owning an empty barn may take such pitiful patients without fear of inspection or supervision.

In New Hampshire, today, there is no law decreeing that boarding houses for placed out infants and young children be licensed, or the number taken in such houses be limited.

As a result any man or woman, thrifty or pauperized, healthy or diseased, worthy or degenerate, may open their houses or their hovels to unprotected, often—alas—unwanted—children; taking to live intimately, perhaps in one five room cottage, a very crowd of boys and girls, good, bad, and between the two. The Act of April 9, 1909, decreed, (Section 1.) "That if any new born child unclaimed by its parent or parents, shall be given out for adoption by the manager of any maternity home, notice of said disposition of such child shall, *within five days*, be given the State Board of Charity;" which has, under section 2, of the same act, "jurisdiction and authority to inquire into such disposition and revoke the action of said managers if they deem best."

This Act, in Section 3, fixed the penalty for unwarranted adoptions, but gave the State officials whom it burdened neither men nor monies to see that its provisions were carried out. Despite this heavy handicap Secretary William J. Ahern, watchful of the dangers of the situation, is doing all that he can in a whole-hearted endeavor to cover the nine thousand square miles within the unguarded boundaries of the State.

That the Law of 1909 was, and is, a dead letter can be proven by the "For Adoption" advertisements in most of the important papers in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, advertisements in which babies, *tiny defenceless babies, sometimes still unborn*, are openly advertised as if on sale for the board that is due; or to be taken and disposed of "*in a happy home*" for the practically uniform charge of \$50 a waif! New Hampshire is not alone in this infamous barter in babies; Nashua is not more blamable than many—alas, very many, Northern New England towns. But the statisticians tell us that Boston with its six hundred thousand inhabitants practically equals the entire population of Maine; that the whole State of New Hampshire has not twice as many people as live and work in the nearby cities of Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill. Through Nashua runs the main line of railway from Boston to Montreal, another main line from



From a photograph by the author

THE VALLEY OF LOST BABIES

Worcester to Portland, still another from Keene to Boston. The six trunk lines focusing at the Union Station carry all the world to Nashua, and what Nashua thinks and plans to the larger world. To every industrial centre in the Sister Com-

monwealths where eager, pleasure-loving, ardent youth struggles against hard conditions; often underfed, cruelly worked, morally overstrained, these suggestive debasing advertisements "*For Adoption at Birth, Full Surrender, No Questions*

Asked," point a devil's finger to the easiest way. Where the victims lie waiting, nearby will be found the vampires. For one work-broken mother, or frightened girl, who could find time and money and courage to carry her child so far as Portland, or Montpelier, at least twenty would be tempted from the thronging industrial centres of the Merrimac Valley to venture the cheap trolley-ride to Nashua. Only four miles from the Massachusetts State line, four miles beyond the pale of certain beneficent and protecting laws that safeguard infancy, supervise childhood and protect young girls there exist flagrant evils so insidious and deadly as to seem incredible; black wrong doing going on unhampered the while would-be reformers watch hopeless.

THE CITY AND ITS CITIZENS

NASHUA, the second city in the Granite State, lying at the junction of two rivers whose combined currents put heart into the mill wheels and spindles, has a population of 25,000 people. The Nashua River joins its waters to the broad, still Merrimac on the North side; the railways for Northern New England have great freight yards along the Eastern border; the deep channelled stream called Salmon Brook marks the city's Western border, and at the Northern, the Eastern and the Western gates are set lodgings for unwanted children, pitfalls for tottering or too-trusting feet.

* * * * *

The little brick City Hall, with its high granite stoop and its wrought iron reviewing balcony, was apparently deserted when the investigator first went there. Only the city messenger, "John," silent, intelligent, active of boot and brain, waited in the corridor for the order that would send him with a message to the Fire Commissioner at his bank; or the Commissioner of Public Works in his insurance office. On a door to the right of the main entrance appeared the legend:

Mayor's Office.

Overseer of the Poor.

A pleasant, old-world reminder of the time when the chief executive was, by right of office, the official father of the people.

In the double office, beside a telephone from which he received and distributed calls, a hale young man of sixty-odd fanned himself with a big Panama hat. Portly, white haired and white bearded, his cheeks boyishly pink, his dark brows and eyes still youthful, he was—for the moment—to his own amused satisfaction, the entire city government of Nashua. "May I see General Cross, please?" asked the investigator in the doorway.

Instantly the personified City Government of Nashua was on his feet, his supple back bending, "Ira Cross is at your service, Madam;" tone and bearing hinted of Virginia in 1861. Briefly the investigator stated the problem and the investigation to follow. "Try to be patient with us," pleaded the Overseer, "we suspect the existence of the conditions you name but hardly know where to find the remedy. I can imagine how this must sound to you coming from a big city. But here we are yet helpless. In New Hampshire *there are no laws against baby farms for us to enforce.* Without such, the wanton investigation of houses that your friends own, is hard indeed. We are all neighbors in these old towns. That is one reason why I like my position better than some other offices. At least folks don't look frightened to see me drop in. It's all giving, no taking, with an Overseer of the Poor. Now take the Board of Health for instance. Of course it's different in a big city. There the ordinances are enforced by strangers on strangers. Then consider Nashua. When you know to a cent what your old friend's widow has to live on it hurts to make her spend \$100 on plumbing she can do without in her own house. I tell you, Madam, that's hard."

The investigator nodded appreciation. Not every city, little or big, has such a Provider for the Poor.

Next moment a gentleman entered

noiselessly, spare, gray-faced, grave and a little stern, his manner that of a man who has made his way in the larger world, and has come home—at last—to rest. "You wished to see me?" he asked, "I am Mister—"

But the Overseer of the Poor intercepted, "Allow me," he said in that Virginia manner, "to introduce to you His Honor, Mayor Shedd, of Nashua."

"And I," explained the investigator, "am a trustee for children from Massachusetts. Here are my credentials. I come to consult you about—about."

"Yes, I know. Of course, I know. You are looking up our baby-farms. They shame us every day—almost every hour. My good lady, you are welcome. We will help you in any way in our power. General, let us come into my office."

Then we talked long and earnestly, going over the situation in all its phases, examining, eliminating, studying the possibilities of procedure. With the vigor and simplicity of a young man Mayor Shedd strode forth and back to his office, carrying card catalogues of burial permits, directories, statistics. With the minute information that grows from long years of service to the poor Overseer Ira Cross interjected details of locality, sanitary conditions and family relations. At last the investigator rose, while both men protested helplessly, even as they acknowledged that she must, of course, make the preliminary investigation alone. "Do not think too hardly of us," said the Mayor, standing on the steps of City Hall in the attitude of a courteous host. "We realize these conditions and would gladly correct them. *But the law gives us no support.* The so-called baby farms of Massachusetts, speaking legally, *would not be baby farms in New Hampshire.* When an Infant's Life Protection Act is drafted and passed you may trust my fellow-citizens to see that here it will be enforced. Meantime call on this administration for any assistance we can give. In this matter we are entirely at your service."

It is not every chief executive who faces a bad situation so honestly.

Bravo, Mayor Shedd.

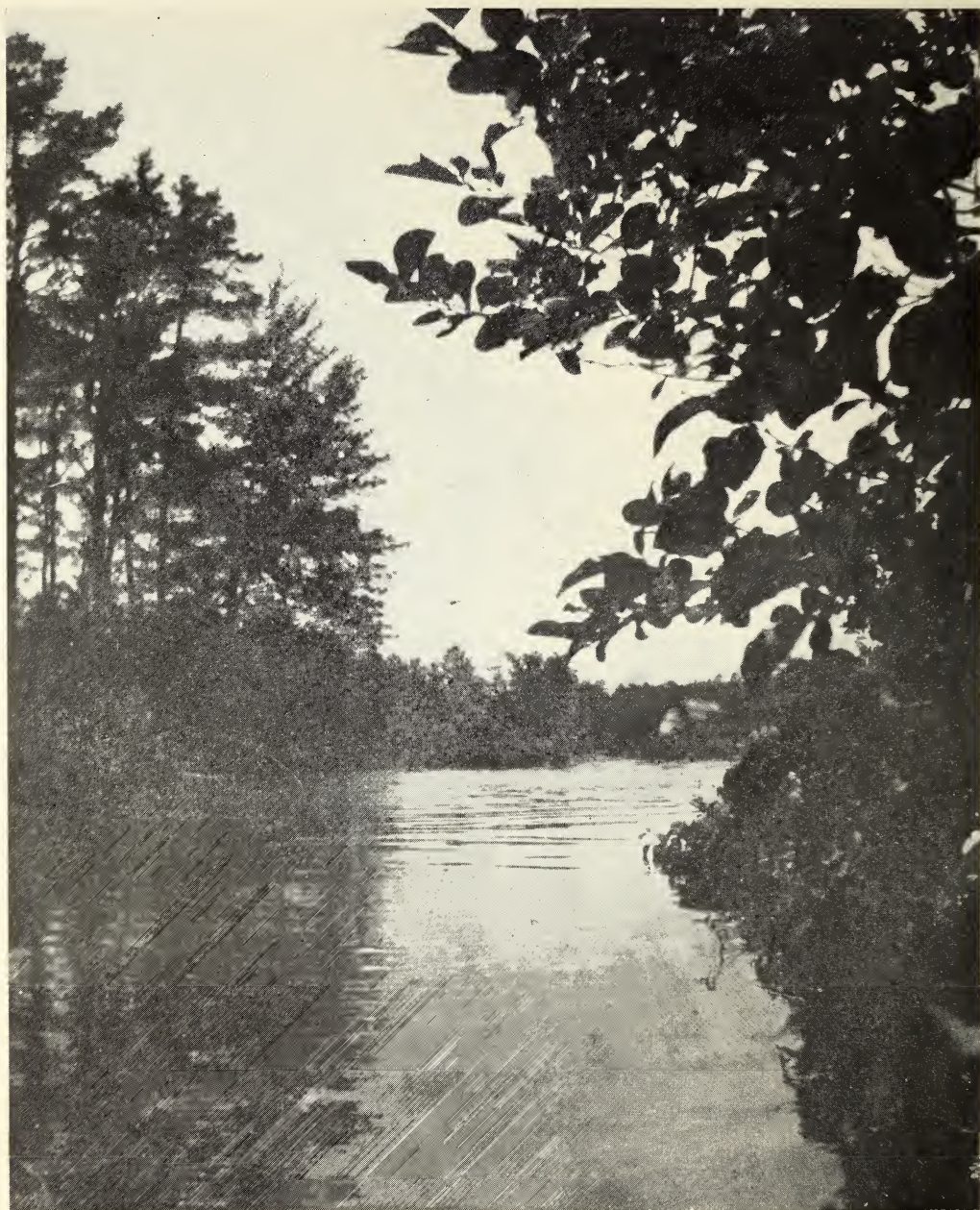
STRANGERS AND WAY FARERS

THE woman whose trail first led the writer of this report to Nashua is a stranger and a way-farer in that city. Mrs. G——, or as she also signs her name, Mrs. E——, is not only a mystery to her Nashua neighbors she seems to be a mystery to herself. "So far as her memory serves," she says that she came from Boston in April, 1910, where she lived at 67 W. Canton Street. But the Captain of Division 5, Boston Police, and the City Directory, take issue with this statement declaring that no such person lived at 65-67 W. Canton Street in 1909. On second thoughts Mrs. G—— stated that she came to Nashua from 25 Orange Street, Woburn, in the Spring of 1910. But again the authorities prove troublesome, for Chief of Police Charles F. McDermott insists that she did not live at that number, and that no one in the vicinity recalls Mrs. Annie, or Sarah G——. From the description given however, patrolmen and neighbors recognize one Mrs. M——, who did live in Woburn. The third name of E——, so familiar to Nashua people was, apparently, not associated with her until Mrs. G—— - M—— moved into her present house on Chestnut Street, whose previous tenant, a Mrs. E——, was an old fashioned monthly nurse.

This puzzling identity becomes of considerable importance when it is remembered that Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— is the sole guardian of practically abandoned children whose comfort and very lives depend entirely on her good will; and whose future prospects or hopes of remaining in connection with their kindred, are identified with being able to locate their guardian. The woman's husband is only less of a mystery than his helpmate. In 1905 a L—— G——, teamster, lived at Trumbull Street, Boston, a paved alley of the South End, in a house since demolished by the insurance companies as a fire trap. The L—— G—— who lived in Woburn was, the police say, a gentleman of leisure. The L—— G—— who now lives in Nashua makes no secret, say the neighbors, of the—to him—enviable fact

that "*he* does not have to work for a living," owing to his wife's industry in boarding babies; a profession so lucrative that Mr. G—— claims to have occasionally realized \$75 in two days. Again let

it be remembered that this man, with his background and his habits; his standards of living and his views of right and wrong, is practically the arbiter in the lives of dozens of worse than orphaned



From a photograph by the author

AT THE FOOT OF THE PRECIPICE

children. For there seems to be no limit to the pitiful procession of nurslings carried into the house of Mrs. M—— - G—— - E——. The woman is a constant and familiar advertiser in the leading papers of Boston, Providence, Manchester and Lowell, modestly omitting her name at times but giving always the number of her domicile. Either she "offers home to those wishing a boarding place for infants and children," or else she "offers for adoption, or full surrender, Blonde, Black-eyed, Healthy or Pretty Babies." Curiously enough there are far fewer boys than girls waiting for this hit-or-miss parentage. "Girls are more taking," says Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— with oily suavity; also,—but this she does not say,—old nurses hold that girl babies are tougher in bearing hardships, while boy-babies succumb and die.

Sometimes these glib advertisements cover more than strikes the eye. For instance: On July 25, 1910, in a letter to a "Mrs. Sullivan," verifying her then recent offering of human livestock, Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— listed "*A Two Weeks Old Blonde Baby Girl, and also a dark-eyed baby girl one month old; both strong, and healthy, and pretty.*" But the fortnight old baby-girl, tiny Josephine Keough, died two days later of a wasting sickness, as her burial permit will prove; and the little dark-eyed baby slipped away even before the advertisement was printed. Under pressure Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— confessed that the wee one had been very ill from Sunday to Friday without seeing a doctor, during which time "she changed its food three times." Yet so far and wide do such luring offers carry that only two months since a despairing woman journeyed to Nashua with her four-year-old, placed the little one in the House of Forgotten Children, and was forced by poverty to ask shelter for herself at the Police Station. There she told her story to Police Commissioner James B. Crowley, one of the three of four men in Nashua who know the inside of the "Babies' House," and when, next day, that broken-hearted mother, now calmed and again her better self, took train for Boston a merry little four-year-old went with her.

But the student of human nature will learn most of this puzzling personality from the woman's own letters. Hers is a mail-order business, and though she writes with obvious difficulty Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— is certainly an industrious correspondent. For two weeks last July she was in practically constant communication with five associate workers of the Children's Institution Department of Boston, each of whom was anxious to board out, or barter, "her baby."

A series of letters, say the psychologists, is almost always an interesting human document. The originals of the letters that follow are considered valuable enough for a place in the collection of Hon. Edwin G. Eastman, Attorney-General of the Sovereign State of New Hampshire. The first letter is a decoy, which Mrs. —— - G—— - E—— might well have stereotyped to save herself unnecessary labor.

Undated, but postmarked,

Nashua, N. H., July 5, 1910.
M. O. Riley, 39 Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mrs Riley Dear Friend

I received your letter and reply will say that I take Infants from Berth up and keep them in my own home untill I place them in a good home and my terms is fifty Dollars and If you can't pay the fifty cash you can Pay thirty-five Dollars and the Balance weekly no matter how long I keep the child this covers all expanses and *you will never be troubled with the child* after I take full charge of It untill I have it adopted in a good home you will have to give up full surrender to me and sign Papper in my house.

If you don't want to come yourself you can send the child and the money with some friends and I can send the Papper through the mail and you can sent it back to me. If you bring the baby send what clothes its got also coat and Bonnett wish I suppose you have already goat. If you have not got coat or Bonnett rapped it up in a shawl and Balanket You can take the train for Nashua at the North Station track 16 Southern Division

fare 78c takes one hour and 20 minutes. I is all private you wont see anybody but myself. I remain yours truly,

MRS. E——

Chestnut Street, Nashua, N. H.

Assured that her "secret" was in such safe keeping, "M. O. Riley" began to barter about price, giving what her vanity considered fine literary touches to the appealing letters she sent to Nashua. But Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— - was not to be influenced by mere pity for a broken-hearted girl. Witness the following:

Nashua, July 8, 1910.

M. O. Riley,

Dear Madam:—

Yours received and in answer will say that thirty Dollars is a small amount for taking a child of course I will have to doctor it and the care I will have to give it night and day and it might be sick on my hands all Summer and me have to pay the cost of a doctor and If it dont Live I would have to pay the undertaker. I will take It for Thirty five dollars and the Balance weekly 2.00 a Week. If everything is alright you could send It with your friend whenever you are ready. I remain Yours truly,

MRS. E——,

C—— Street, Nashua, N. H.

As the correspondence continued a more cordial relation was established, and when, on July.20, the final move was made Mrs.M——-G——-E—— wrote:

Nashua, July 20, 1910.

Mrs. Riley—*Dear Friend*

Yours received and enclosed please find Papper also please bring what clothes the baby has and oblige Mrs. E——

Chestnut Street, Nashua, N. H.

P. S. Bring the baby as soon as you want two and the fifty dollars covers all expenses and *I wont trouble you if you dont trouble me about the child.* Papper enclosed.

* * * * *

Nashua, July, 1910.

To who this may Consarn I the Under-

signed do on this date give my child Full Surrender to Mrs. L—— E—— that she may find a good home for It and I will never trouble any one hereafter about it.

Signed,

MRS. L—— E——

Now the State of New Hampshire has, of course, some pretty rigid laws governing the adoption of children, and a Petition for Adoption to the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough is a far different document than that soiled and torn sheet of undated paper on which the unwitnessed signature is worthless.

If the woman who wrote that paper did not know it to be illegal then she is obviously unfit to have the care and placing out of children. If she *did know it* then the final clause in her letter of July 20 is a covert threat.

And while the letter was on its way she was again busy writing two other Boston women—each of whom wanted to "adopt" a baby—women of whom, of course she knew nothing, since (the list of available addresses being exhausted) these letters were sent to the General Delivery.

The State Law of N. H. approved by the Legislature April 9, 1909:

Section I. That if any new-born child unclaimed by its parent, or parents shall be given out for adoption by the manager of any maternity home, notice of said disposition of such child shall, within *five days* be given to the State Board of Charity.

Under date of August 11, 1910, Mr. William J. Ahern, Secretary of the State Board of Charity and Corrections at Concord, writes that he knows, and has visited the home of Mrs. G——, at Nashua, and considers it "*unsuitable in every way.*" The woman claims to have placed out but two children since her arrival in Nashua in April, 1910; one child in Roxbury, Mass., the other child in Hillsborough, N. H."

It is matter of common knowledge in the West End of Nashua that the house on Chestnut Street swarms with children

whose numbers are added to weekly. Always they come and come, and rarely—very rarely—are they carried away.

If Mrs. M—— - G—— - E——'s statement to the Secretary of the State Board of Charity be true it is time that some one demanded in the name of the law *Where all the other babies have gone?*

Think of the needless misery of it, the purposeless suffering, the hopelessly broken or lost lives of hapless little victims! And all because there is no Infants' Life Protection Act!

On July 7, 1910, according to Mrs. M—— - G—— - E——'s statement to Overseer Ira Cross, she was boarding six children whose names and addresses she gave. But the two families of the three children said to come from Somerville, Mass., could not be traced by Somerville Overseers of the Poor (July 19, 1910); and the baby said to belong in Stoughton had, apparently, (on July 27, 1910) no relatives in that town. Assuming that Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— stated their names and addresses correctly (she claimed to have no record book save for board money) four of those six children were, to all intents and purposes, little derelicts. The tiniest two, however, lost scant time in drifting helplessly for they went quite peacefully and uncomplaining, "to the good home" that unwanted babies so often find for themselves. On July 10, 1910, just three days after Overseer Cross' official visit Dr. William Shea, one of the leading Catholic physicians of Nashua, found that the heart-breaking household had been increased by two, there being eight babies, three children about ten, and three adults in the five room cottage. This horrified physician, hastily called because of an emergency, "found one infant actually dying, all the others sick and likely to die, not a healthy child in the house. "The place swarmed with flies and *there was an entire absence of all care!*" Although the doctor's visit was to the actually dying baby and did not, speaking professionally, include the others, he soon received *two* death certificates which he was asked to sign. A few days later came two more, "because he had *seen* the wee waifs as he walked through the crowded rooms."

Needless to say Dr. Shea indignantly refused to be involved in such a plan, and the nurse of transient infants, equally indignant, now sends for another physician to meet the constantly recurring "emergencies."

To the credit of their manhood be it said most of the undertakers of Nashua have been almost equally obstructive. It seems so preposterous, so utterly absurd, to consider such grim subjects in connection with brand-new babies; and yet, the wee wailing things whose eyes are only useful for tears, slip very willingly into the valley of the shadow.

When tiny Nellie Ryan decided on July 24, 1910, that four weeks of this lonely world was all she wanted, a man who said his name was L—— G—— appealed, as his fate would have it, to Messrs. P. Barry & Co., one of the oldest undertaking firms in the city, stipulating a pauper burial. To this Mr. Barry would not agree. "It was not money he wanted, but the poor baby must have a proper coffin. That would cost \$5. The rest would be his free gift." Hardly a fortnight had passed since Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— received the baby and at least some part of the \$50 that constituted its patrimony; but now there was no money to pay for its tiny casket! Grim things to dwell upon, these; ay, grim beyond tears; but without the telling there will be no remedy; and the price of silence will be paid in baby lives.

THE NETS OF FATE

IN the irony of fate it is by their own advertisements that the baby farmers under investigation have been traced through their hegiras. In the column headed Miscellaneous, sometimes listed with the Live Stock or Wogglebugs, more often under "For Adoption," one finds the offerings of the conscienceless men and women who are manifestly willing to hand over helpless infants to starvation and neglect. The wording of these notices in Massachusetts papers is usually more guarded, less openly of money and more of love and care. But the phraseology never varies. Whatever else these iniquitous women may possess, imagination is not part of

their birthright.

"*A Refined Lady* has been seeking to adopt infant on Day of Birth" since 1905, and the addresses so recklessly given have put this writer in direct communication with five different Chiefs of Police. From now on it will be safe to assume that the "Lady" who offers an over-young infant for adoption is secretly connected with an unlicensed hospital, and her case should be promptly called to the attention of the Postal authorities. That a class of persons closely approximating the criminal are ready to "take chances" with a stranger baby is a dreadful fact. Whether the incentive is the bonus often offered; the larger possibility of child-insurance; or the less apparant worth-while-ness of speculating in a child's life cannot yet be exactly determined.

A two line decoy advertisement of

"A Blue Eyed Baby, 2 weeks old, to be given for adoption, full surrender, bonus of \$50,

inserted in one paper on July 29, brought at once twenty-seven responses from all over Northern New England. With equal celerity twenty-seven Boards of Selectmen, or Overseers of the Poor, were consulted in regard to the character and standing of the writers. One of these was found to be a partially unbalanced old woman; one an intemperate widow; two the mothers of families who had appealed for outdoor relief; one a fairly promising applicant "who only wanted the infant for an anonymous friend," and two were women whose licenses to board children had been withdrawn *for grave reasons* by the State Board of Charity. Of the remaining twenty applicants, or more than two-thirds of the total, *not a single person could be found in their respective towns*: their names were not listed; the addresses given were false; even the local police, who co-operated in the search, could not hazard a guess at their identity. One shrinks instinctively from considering the mysterious fate of unprotected babes consigned to the care of foster parents who realized the prudence of assuming an alias. Here is a typical report:

Police Department,
Gloucester, August 8, 1910.

"I have made inquiries into the circumstances and condition of Mrs. — of — Street, this city," wrote the City Marshal of Gloucester, "and learn that she is a woman over seventy years old. So far as I can discover she has no income whatever. I think the offer of \$50 in the advertisement was the cause of her answering it.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES S. MARCHANT,
City Marshal."

One of the good and gracious things about the investigation that has proved so tragic is the hearty, unquestioning co-operation of the local authorities. Catholic priests, Protestant ministers, Selectmen, Overseers of the Poor, Police officials laid down their own work to give time and care and the weight of their authority to securing the desired information.

If this investigation be any criterion, the amount of disinterested, unacknowledged social work done by the Boards of Selectmen and the Overseers of the Poor of New England towns is simply amazing. In answer to the almost five hundred letters sent out by the writer scores of reports were returned; shrewd, observant, practical reports of local conditions; never once—let the words be written in italics for emphasis—*never once* in all that number a careless, carping or ill judged statement! Even in these days of strain or stress the town governments of New England are standing the test.

On August seventh two other decoy advertisements were published, one of which offered full surrender of a newborn baby together with a bonus of \$100. Ninety-two answers were received at once, of which six—think of the unutterable horror of it—six men or women in New England were interested in supplying babies to an unknown "Doctor" for \$25 apiece!

Within twenty-four hours ninety-two sources of local authority were appealed to. Work? Of course it was work: but the associate workers of Boston's Chil-

dren's Institution Department were eager for results. No need to urge their co-operation; to enlarge upon the duty of interstate helpfulness. Bound to their department duties from nine until five they yet gave gladly, eagerly, generously of their limited leisure; writing decoy letters, searching directories, making inquiries; in a word sharing the slow foundation-tasks on which an investigation must be based. To these department associates—practical social workers—no lengthy explanations were necessary to clarify an involved situation—a word, even a hint, was enough.

When the Mayor of Nashua came to the office of the Children's Trustees for a clinching interview, Miss Grace S. Hoogs, Miss Lillian R. Carney, Miss Violet McIntyre, Miss Julia V. Driscoll and Mr. George F. Mulchacy, everyone too busy for speech, yet recognized with silent satisfaction that the coil was tightening at last.

Across the Board Room table, when office hours were over the ninety-two letters were studied. Not only in New Hampshire must a new child-saving law be passed: Even Massachusetts is not yet ready to cope with the "For Adoption" advertisements. Once the subject is presented to the proprietors of reputable newspapers with all its hideous possibilities, there will be an end, swift and sure, to the column "For Adoption." The journalists of the country silently do so much to protect public honor and public decency that no one can believe this evil would continue had the matter been brought to their attention. It is the old, old, story of thoughtless boy clerks who count words they do not read and file the advertisement.

But to strengthen the stand of the reputable journals, to rebuke the careless and to constrain the unscrupulous, the women of New England should see to it that the incoming Legislatures of their several States draft and pass an act forbidding altogether advertisements of this character, making it the business of some public official to see that this law is enforced.

Who, for instance, but a public official, could so quickly get at the facts behind

these applications for a baby: On July 14—Mrs. Laura Whipple, of 20 Lothrop Street, Taunton, "wanted to come for the baby herself."

Report from Taunton: "I am unable to find any 20 Lothrop Street, or any Mrs. Laura Whipple: I think that it is an assumed name. Harry L. Blood, Chief of Police."

On August 7—Mrs. C. A. B. of Hall Avenue, W. Somerville, appealed for a foster baby.

Report of August 10: "We cannot find any one who knows such a person." Selectmen of West Somerville.

* * * * *

August 7—Mrs. B. C. A. of —boro; claiming to be a nurse with a good home is anxious to take the child.

Report of August 11: "The State Board of Charity withdrew this woman's license three years ago for persistently refusing to obey the laws in relation to taking children to board."

James E. Fee, Secretary.

* * * * *

August 7—Mrs. A. B. C., 39 Cedar Street, Malden, claims to have a good home—wants baby.

Report of August 8: "There is no 39 Cedar Street, and we find no Mrs. A. B. C. in that vicinity."

Charles Lincoln,
Clerk of Board of Health.

* * * * *

August 8, 1910—Mrs. C. B. A., of Kennebunk, Me., writes "that she and her husband are well to do, Americans and church members. We would take your baby and give it a good home."

Report from Kennebunk, Me., August 10: "We certainly cannot certify that this applicant is a proper person to have care of any child. This family is being assisted by the Town *now*."

A. A. Richardson,
Chairman of Selectmen.

* * * * *

On July 15—Mrs. C. B. A. writes from Bradford, Vt.: "Would be awful glad to take the baby girl and give it best of care and education. We could do this being well situated."

Report from Bradford, Vt., August 4: "We suggest that these people had better

not take any children until better able to take care of themselves."

John C. Strong,
N. W. Cunningham,
Selectmen of Bradford, Vermont.

* * * * *

On August 8, 1910, in a well written letter, Mrs. B. B. B. of Attleboro, Mass., states that "She and her husband are Americans, Protestants. We have no child of our own and want a little one to love."

Report from Attleboro Investigator, August 10: "The writer is a poor woman with a poor home. Generally considered to be mentally peculiar."

* * * * *

August 8, 1910—Mrs. C. C. C. of Baldwinsville, Mass., writes that she is able to "Guarantee good care. Have a nice home in country and want an heir for my property."

Report from Baldwinsville, Mass., August 11, 1910: "No,"—with the emphasis of a startling explanation.

H. H. Hammond,
Clerk of Board of Selectmen.

* * * * *

This grim list shows what a score of lurid little tragedies might have occurred here in New England within the last few weeks. Even granting that worthy adoptive parents were willing to go into the open market in search of the little children previously denied them, this hap-hazard handing about of wee waifs who so seldom realize their own identity is a grave evil. The unrecorded child is the practically lost child, for in the best of households newer guardians, change of location, the differences that grow with the years, are as weeds on a trail.

We do not transfer property without recording a deed, why are living children—with the future all before them—considered of less moment to the community interest? When the campaign for children (of which this investigation is only one plea) shall have been fought and won, God grant that it may be law in New Hampshire that every infant under two years old boarded apart from its

parents, and not with relatives, shall be under the direct supervision of the public authorities, and its transfer—even from one house to the next—must be formally reported to the State Board of Charity *within three days*. Every child under fourteen, entirely abandoned should have provided by the judge of the Probate a person who shall be held responsible for its care and custody. Under this Children's Charter it will be unlawful for any person not qualified by appointment or official position to place out, or board out a child; and even those having such authority may only select as a boarding house some home or family duly licensed by the State Board of Charity, which shall have power to appoint investigators of all such homes, together with official visitors for all such placed out children. Also, the boarding home of each child shall be a matter of record in the State Board of Charity, together with the reports of its physical, mental and moral development and all the information procurable about the child's family or history.

In these enlightened days it goes almost without saying that, whenever practicable, every child boarded out shall be placed with individuals of like religious faith as the parents of the child. It is not for State officials to make their wards, Catholics, Protestants or Jews; but they are morally bound to see to it that the children committed to their care have every opportunity to grow up *good* Catholics, *good* Protestants, and *good* Jews.

For the Children's Charter assumes that the boarded out child *will live to grow up*. Assumes, remember, and plans to safe-guard that up bringing. But the unwelcome child, whatever its appearance of health, is most often a weakling; pale, ill-nourished, lacking in stamina and endurance; feeble, immature, often the victim of unfavorable heredity; surely the inheritor of uncertain fate.

The baby-farmer speaks grim truth when she declares that it is "happier dead." And the little waif, as if conscious that it is born wrong, frequently loses no time in making its piteous exit.

(To be continued.)

VIRTUE BY VULTURES

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

IT was a wonderful morning of cool, purple shadows under the great trees that everywhere overhung in towering spaciousness the path by which we were climbing Malabar Hill. Behind us lay the turmoil—a picturesque, many-colored, Babel-tongued turmoil, to be sure—of early awakened Bombay.

But now we were setting forth into another world, far from the jarring presence of great, rough-bearded Sikh policemen and of white-helmeted links in Britain's "far flung battle line." We had stepped from modern, well-regulated Bombay into the world of ancient India—the land of introspection and philosophy plus nature-worship run mad. Some such thoughts as these passed through my mind as we began to ascend the hill of Malabar in the early morning, even though I knew that in part, at least, of my speculations I should not include my companion. He, be it known in the beginning, was a Parsee gentleman who had kindly volunteered to show me the way.

Since he was a Parsee and was leading me to the most distinctive example of the practise of his religious beliefs, I should not have classed him, or his, with the native-born faiths of India. Those of his faith number to-day scarcely more than eighty thousand out of the teeming millions of the great peninsula; therefore they are merely a handful, although they are the wealthiest sect—the Rothschilds of the East. Also, they have been in India barely eight centuries and for that potent reason are still aliens, so to speak, in a land where a century counts less than a decade among western nations in the matter of social or economic change.

These things I knew as my Parsee friend strode along beside me and ex-

plained that those of his faith were probably the first of all peoples to worship a single God, and to insist that such a God, as the cause and origin of all things, could not be described or personified. Hence, he said, the worshippers had turned to a symbol and had selected Fire, some 3,000 years ago, as the most acceptable representation of brilliancy, power, beauty and vengeance. Somehow the well-balanced periods of this Parsee, an English university man and a scholar of repute, reminded me forcibly of certain explanations of doctrine that I had heard on occasion from advanced clerical gentlemen in Boston and New York. For that reason, perhaps, I was not giving as close attention as I might to the discourse. It was reminiscent of the "higher criticism" in too many respects, and we were on our way to see one of the "Towers of Silence"—those great stone amphitheatres in which the followers of this religion place their dead to be consumed by the elements or devoured by vultures. Yet the thought of what I had come to see was almost forgotten at times under the spell of the long, green vistas among the trees, whence the morning breeze brought puffs of faint perfume distilled from dew and tropic flowers. Likewise, the modulated English accent of this philosophic discourse on Parsee theology was of a sort to remove one's thoughts from morbid things.

"Our prophet, Zoroaster," my friend was saying, "has taught us to regard all the elements as symbols of the Deity, and has ordained that Earth, Fire and Water shall never be defiled with anything putrefied. The bodies of our dead should be dissipated, therefore, as rapidly and hygienically as possible." What more he was about to say, I do not know.

At that moment I involuntarily uttered some exclamation of surprise and disgust, for as we swung around a slight turn in the path, we "flushed" five great, mangy-looking birds. We had almost stepped upon them before they rose—these heavy, blear-eyed creatures with their bare red throats and swollen crops. They flapped away lazily to a tree a scant fifty yards up the path, where they alighted with much clapping of their thick-quilled wings and scraping of their big, horny claws. From this vantage-point they gazed back at us, their heads tilted to one side and their blood-red eyes scanning us with no apparent fright or suspicion.

I know that following my first unintentional, and possibly impolite, exclamation, I stood for some moments regarding these birds, for they were the first members I had seen of the crew of vultures that live by the Towers of Silence and subsist on human flesh. It may have been that I underwent a reaction from

the enjoyment of the woodland stroll after the long, hot journey across India; but I must confess that as I looked at those unclean birds I could not refrain from wondering what had been their latest meal—the meal from which they even then remained torpid in the lethargy of digestion.

"Come! Come!" said my companion, "Those are only creatures of the air sent by the Deity to do their ordained work, just as you and I are sent here to do ours." He seemed to know what my feelings were, but he did not then touch upon the quickest method of disposing of human clay. He talked of hygiene, and he talked well, citing ancient rights as precedents for measures which we Occidentals are complacently willing to believe have originated only by reason of the advance of modern science. He talked, too, of the glorious history of the Parsees, of their struggle to keep their faith in the face of Mohammed's hordes, and he recounted the Odyssey of their



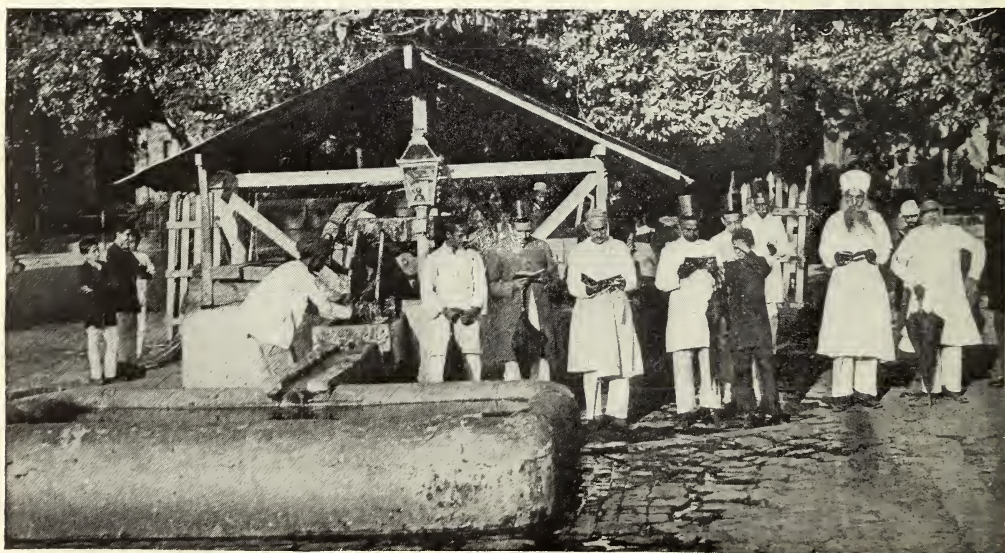
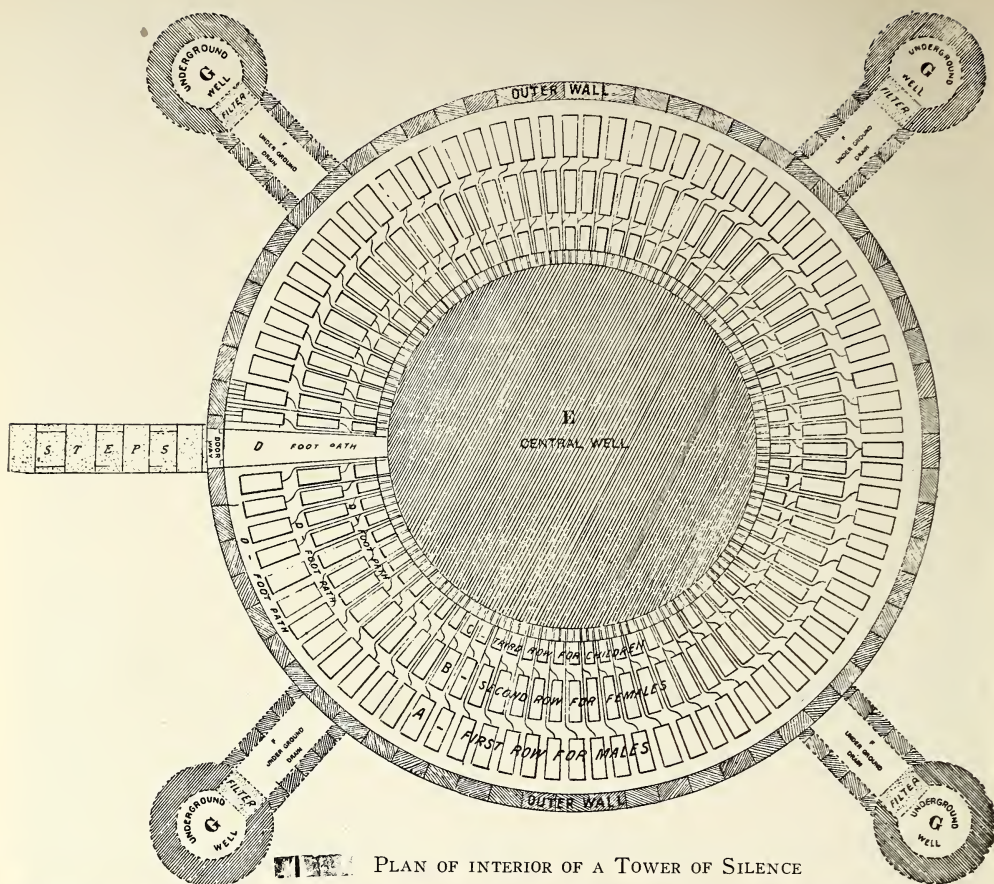
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PARSEES GOING TO WORSHIP THE NEW MOON



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A WEALTHY PARSEE HOME, MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY



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PARSIS WORSHIPPING AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN



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A PARSEE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS CLASS OF BOYS

migration from Persia to India some eight centuries past.

But as he talked, my attention was distracted, for we were advancing further and further into what seemed to be an undisturbed colony of vultures. They were perched in great hunched figures on the trees about us, the ground was white with their spoor, and occasionally through an open space in the roof of foliage they could be seen flying clumsily in twos and threes or in flocks of a dozen or more, as they wheeled slowly against the magnifying background of the deep blue Indian sky. They held a sort of

horrible fascination for me, and though I tried to shake it off as childish, I could not restrain myself from wondering if these connoisseurs of human bodies were appraising us with critical eyes. This thought was in my mind when I looked down from watching an unusually large flock and saw ahead of us, at the end of a sharp rise and in an open space on the summit of the hill, a huge, circular structure of gray stone. My guide did not need to tell me; this was the Tower of Silence. Strange as the comparison may seem under such circumstances, the thought occurred to me that it resembled



MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY

a great gas-tank, made of stone instead of red-painted sheet-iron. Or again, it reminded me of the Castle of San Angelo at Rome.

I knew that I was being granted an extraordinary favor by being brought so close to one of the five Towers, but even this delicate compliment from my friend could do little toward taking my attention from the vultures, and as we drew nearer I noted that a veritable regiment of the birds was perched on the rim of the Tower. Still, I kept the necessarily unpleasant thoughts to myself and tried to forget the vultures as the affable Parsee led me off through the winding paths of an immense park and showed me a temple of his faith. Within it, he said, burned the sacred fire which many of his co-religionists believed had been kindled by a coal from the fire that had first been lighted by Zoroaster. Owing to its sacred character, he told me, it could not be viewed by unbelievers, though an exception had been made in the case of the late King Edward, who

visited India when he was Prince of Wales. At that time, he had been permitted to see the gleam of the fire from a distance.

All this was interesting, while the view of Bombay on the one hand and the Indian Ocean on the other made the trip well worth while up to this point. Yet I was impatient to learn more of the Towers of Silence, and I was rather unexpectedly pleased when we strolled back toward the great whitish-gray mass that once more began to loom up before us through the trees. As we came closer to it, my companion began very carefully to explain the methods of the disposition of the dead. I remember that we paused a few minutes by a clump of flowering shrubs while he showed me a plan of the drainage arrangements of the Tower. A reproduction of that map is presented herewith, and a study of it is remarkable, when one remembers that it represents a system of hygiene thousands of years old.

"You understand," said the Parsee, "that we of the faith believe that we

ought not to contaminate the earth, the air, water or fire. Therefore, to dispose of our bodies when the soul is removed and they are no longer useful, we have provided a quick method. You see by the plan that the interior of the Tower is arranged in three circles or receptacles. They are called 'pavis,' and the outer circle is for men, the next for women, and the innermost for children. The interior construction slopes downward toward the central well. After the creatures of the air have done their duty, these bones are gathered up and thrown into the central well." He paused a moment to answer a question by saying that he was referring to the vultures first, and that the removal of the bones to the central well was done by "Nasr Salors," or "Carriers of the Dead," old men who work in couples and are assigned to toil side by side in each Tower of Silence. He took care to explain that they wore gloves and used tongs in their gruesome labors. Also, he wished to make it plain to me that from the time a person dies until his body is deposited naked in the

"pavis," those who handle the remains must go in pairs. Even the mourners must appear in the same way, and none but the ordained "Nasr Salors" may touch a corpse.

Evidently these details were not pleasant and he turned again eagerly to the plan of the "Tower of Silence." He pointed out that the central well which receives the drainage from the three rows of "pavis," as well as being a receptacle for the clean-picked bones, is drained in turn into four underground wells. These latter are actually filters of alternate layers of sand, charcoal, coarse gravel, fine gravel, sand and charcoal. I was amazed to hear this as being one of the essential principles of an ancient method of disposing of pollution.

"Ah, yes, my dear sir!" said the Parsee with his pronounced university accent, "you see that filtration of sewage is not a new idea. Zoroaster preached it. We have done it ever since. The filter keeps pollution from the earth and when the rainy season washes down through the central pit of the Tower, the water



TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY



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MAGNIFICENT RAILWAY STATION AT BOMBAY AND PARSEES PRAYING IN FOREGROUND

that passes off through the drains into the wells, sinks into the earth and finds its way to the rivers, clean and undefiled. The Towers are all built that way, and now that European and American engineers are using filtration in the disposal of sewage, it seems as if our method has been adopted as sanitary."

I fancied that there was just the slightest tinge of irony in this acknowledgement of recognition, but my friend gracefully steered off the course, in a way, by presenting me with his plan of the Tower of Silence. Also, he told me that such a thing would have been impossible ("nefas," I think he said in classical allusion), little more than a hundred years ago. It seems, according to his story that in the latter part of the eighteenth century, an Englishman climbed to the top of one of the Towers of Silence to see how the place looked. His action caused such a commotion

among the Parsees, who regarded it as sacrilege, or in much the same way as Christians would regard grave-robbing, that the British government took action. My friend did not tell me, but I knew that the Anglo-Indian government would not care to estrange the wealthiest and most highly educated race in all India. But he remarked that as a result of that first "Peeping Tom's" uncanny inquisitiveness, the law was passed which protects all creeds and sects and religions in India from interference. And this law, as I recollect, has been touched upon by Rudyard Kipling in his story of the leper who acted as the agent of retribution against the Englishman who had desecrated the temple of the monkey god.

But all this was "by the way," as my English-nurtured Parsee friend would have put it, and I noticed that we were drifting away down the steeper slopes of the hill. I cannot say that I regretted it,

for I had seen enough and I had no desire to stay about in anticipation of a funeral and the presumable rush of vultures over the ramparts of the Tower. In fact, the vultures had become something of an obsession with me and I wished never to see them again. It may have been for that very reason that I finally put to my obliging companion the question that I had stifled all the morning. I wanted to know if he and other thoroughly Europeanized Parsees did not shudder at the thought of being devoured by those leprous-looking birds. "Why!" he exclaimed, with a gleam of his white teeth in a quickly suppressed smile. "Why, I knew you would ask that, or if you didn't, that you would be wanting to ask it all the while. You see we are laid on the 'pavis' entirely nude, because we believe in leaving the world just as we came into it. That rule applies to everybody—rich or poor. You see, we believe in democracy after death, even if Americans and Frenchmen believe in it only during life. As I have told you, we do not wish to defile fire, and we know that it would be defilement if we should adopt cremation. That, by the way, is why we do not smoke tobacco or opium. If we were buried in the earth, we would defile it because the worms are so slow. Besides that, I do not see why you should

shudder at vultures and look forward to being devoured by worms. Shakespere refers to worms in this connection in a way that is revolting to me, but is evidently accepted by Europeans and Americans without question. Vultures are less repulsive than worms and they do the work more quickly and thoroughly. By this means, we assist in obeying the command that we shall not defile the elements."

We had passed the farthest outposts of the filthy birds and were once more in the park-like stretches of the descent. I was emboldened, therefore, to ask if he hoped to acquire merit by vultures. He corrected me, for that phrase of acquiring merit is peculiar to the Buddhists. "No," he laughed, as we passed out of the shadowy, sun-shot woodland, "we might say that we do our duty in that way. We do not acquire merit in the sense you mean, though we may be accorded virtue by vultures. But at any rate, you and I will be back in town in time for tiffin."

And so he changed from the devout believer and exponent of an ancient faith into a thoroughly Anglicized man of affairs. Yet his remark of "virtue by vultures" has remained more succinctly expressive to me than all his well-meant and clearly-expressed explanation during that morning on Malabar Hill.



GROUP OF PARSEES, THE WEALTHIEST AND MOST POWERFUL SECT IN INDIA

THE BURGLAR AND THE BIBLE

By CARY SEELY

BUSINESS, in my line, has been bad for some time—very bad!

My line is not held in very high esteem by the public. That, perhaps, is one reason why business is so very dull at present. The public has grown a bit indignant and somewhat intolerant. Hence, the police department is especially alert, and this, more than anything else, is the cause of my present business depression.

My line is—burglary!

I am thoroughly capable and absolutely reliable. I served a long apprenticeship under some of the best men in my business; and I could, if required, secure any amount of references from various people, whose houses I have visited.

Though a burglar, I am not a pick-pocket!

This charge I always earnestly and honestly deny. There is something degrading and repellent about that line of work that I have always detested. The idea of putting my hand into another man's pockets while he is wearing the clothes containing the pockets, is, to my mind, particularly obnoxious. If the clothes happen to be unoccupied, then, of course, it is altogether a different matter.

I am sometimes inconsiderately chaffed by my companions in regard to this point, which they term my failing. I always reply to them by saying that dealing in stocks, plumbing, and pick-pocketing is, as yet, beneath me, and I very earnestly hope that I may never fall so low. However, notwithstanding all that, I have done some very neat work in my own particular line—I make a specialty of doing suburban cottages. While I may never make quite so large a haul from them as my professional brethren, who deal exclusively with banks, yet I have never drawn a blank, and so far, have

always been able to bring off my engagements with neither the aid nor the interference of the police. This, to my way of thinking, is quite as distinguishing as breaking even a very large bank and being officially interrupted.

As I have said, business was very dull and, not being given to idleness, I began to look around for other fields and pastures new. Here, Fate gave me a pointer. Fate, I'd have you know, is quite as kind to us as to others, and at times, I might say, is quite as ugly.

While lounging about during this depression, I happened to pick up a rural newspaper that came wrapped around a package of skeleton keys I had just had made. The greatest blessings are often hidden in the very plainest of disguises, I have heard it said. Whether this saying be exactly true or not, I cannot say, never to my knowledge having come in direct contact with a *bona fide* blessing; but I have often found that the plainest people have the most money. In glancing over this paper in an idle way, a local notice caught my eye. It ran like this:

"We are happy to state that Reverend Goodman, pastor of the Baptist Church, has secured the last of the necessary \$1000 with which to finish the church decorations. As soon as the work is completed all debts will be paid. Brother Goodman is to be congratulated on the success of his zealous efforts."

Most people, I presume, would not have noticed that little article, which goes to show that most people are not observant or else their line of business is considerably different from mine. I might have missed it myself had it not been for the dollar mark, *that* always catches my eye.

A few minutes spent in the careful consultation of an atlas showed me that

the town was not very far away; that it could be reached by rail; and further, that it had no bank. If there had been a bank I should have given the matter no more attention, for I do not like attempting banks, even though breaking a bank is considered a praiseworthy thing in the profession. For my part, I have always been satisfied with plain, unpretentious house-breaking. Though I say it, as perhaps I shouldn't, I have saved out of my earnings a neat little sum, which is invested in good government bonds; they may not bring quite so high a rate of interest, perhaps, as some other investments might, but they are safe and respectable. But to return from my digression. As I have stated, there was no bank in the town, so I decided to make the place a visit at once. I am not the man to hesitate in the face of a neat bit of business, and a thousand dollars is not to be picked up every day. Besides all these things, business in the city had come to an absolute standstill. They had doubled the police force and had offered some tempting rewards, which, while very complimentary to me, placed opportunities at a premium too high for adventure.

I packed the few articles that I occasionally use during my visits, in a small hand grip, and put on a neat suit of clothes. I always try to dress well, for a man must put his best foot forward in any business, ours as well as others. Then my journey began and I hurried as fast as the train would take me toward the one thousand dollars, with my mind on a good, safe investment, of which I happened to know, that could be made to double very easily by a man having the necessary thousand dollars.

I had not outlined any particular plan of procedure; that is a thing I never do. I find that a preconceived plan spoils my hand, should difficulties arise—I have seen difficulties arise! So I have fallen into the habit of simply taking things as they come, and quite often they come very easily. They did in this case, for no sooner did I step off the train than a man of the sky-pilot cloth came hurrying up to me saying:

"Ah, this is Brother Jones, is it not?"

I decided instantly to be Brother Jones.

"Yes," I answered, "and you—?"

"I am Reverend Goodman, pastor of the—"

"Baptist Church, yes, I remember."

"Oh, but do you? Well, that is kind of you I am sure."

Then, as we started down the street, arm in arm, he continued:

"Our little hotel is not of the best, I am sorry to say, so it has been decided that I take charge of you."

I murmured a brief thanks. My knowledge of the wherefore of things was too limited for an extended conversation on my part. I knew Fate had done me a kind turn and was staying with me nobly, but I did wonder quite a bit who I could be, and what my business was supposed to be. There are so many Joneses of every line of business, that the name helped me none at all. It was apparent, however, that I was being cared for by some previous arrangement. Once, just once, I had a chill, it suddenly occurred to me that the police might be behind the scenes. This was, to my great relief, quickly quieted by his asking:

"When can you begin?"

"I thought of beginning at once, if everything is satisfactory," I replied, without hesitation, for that had really been my intention.

"Very well," he said, "everything has been satisfactorily arranged." Then as we reached the house, he asked: "Shall I send for your trunk?"

I wondered if I ought to have a trunk, but I decided to stick to the truth so I answered:

"No, I didn't bring any."

"You surely couldn't bring all the things you will need in that small grip!"

"All that I shall need for the present. You see I want to get an idea of things, then I shall know precisely what I shall require."

I had not the least idea in the world, of the things that I was supposed to do, but I think if he had known my intentions, he would have been the more surprised of the two.

"To be sure, that is a very good idea. Now, I will show you to your room and then we will have luncheon."

At lunch, the minister said grace. Evidently I was not a man of the cloth or I should have been asked to perform that ceremony. If I had been asked to do so—well, I refuse to say what I should have done.

After luncheon he took me around to the church and asked my opinion concerning certain Biblical paintings that might be placed there. I began to think, perhaps I was an artist and I was racking my brain to remember if I happened to know anything about art, when he called my attention to an unmounted pedestal—for a moment, I feared I was a sculptor.

During the afternoon, I ranged through three professions, four trades, and twice I suspected business. This sort of thing was worrying to me, for I am a man who tries to get through his business with as few words as possible. When he remarked that it was time for supper, I lost no time in agreeing with him.

At the supper table, I casually inquired about the money he had collected—the thousand I had read of and which had brought me here.

"We had quite a little difficulty getting the required amount," he replied, "but I think we have it safely secured at last."

"It is very difficult to get one's hands on money, at present," I answered sympathetically.

"*Very.*" The emphasis on the one word conveyed a chapter of understanding. Then he went on: "We have arranged not to hold services until after you have completed your work, since it will save a possible awkwardness for those concerned."

To me this was a burglar proof puzzle with night alarm trimmings. I could not get the drift of the thing at all, but I hastened to reply that I did not think it would take me very long. Following this, I remarked:

"It must be very inconvenient not to have a bank in town. It leaves you without a safe depository."

"We rarely have enough money by us at one time to be bothered with the necessity of depositing it," he answered, smiling.

I nodded appreciatively.

Then he drifted off into some talk that

I could not clearly understand. The first of it had something to do with a very valuable Bible. Just why it was so especially valuable was lost on me. I am no connoisseur on Bibles. But I did gather, with a great deal of gratification, that the church owned a safe in which they kept their treasure. Treasure is what he called it and he said that they had lost their combination and could not open it.

I tried not to appear too interested when he mentioned "treasures." Treasures, I felt, were my especial property, and I wanted to hear more about this one, but he had turned onto the Bible again and I could not guide him back.

Immediately after supper I announced that I would like to begin work at once, since it might take me some time and I had already lost the afternoon, "even if it was spent in so pleasant a manner," I added.

He acknowledged the implied compliment gracefully and said that I could begin work whenever I liked. Then he gave me the keys to the church, together with a few directions as to where I should find certain things. He excused himself from accompanying me, on the plea of having to see a committee. Of this, of course, I was glad. It seemed to me that Fate had never played so well into my hands.

I walked leisurely to the church and took my bearings as I went, for I was determined to break their safe, extract their "treasure" and get away as soon as possible. I could not figure out what it was they wanted me to do and perhaps I could not do it if they told me. The situation was too unusual; complications might arise at any moment and I was not prepared for complications, at any rate not for the kind I thought I could see coming.

I found the safe in the vestry room and was very much pleased to find that it was the usual, small, ordinary, suburban sort, with a very simple combination.

Now, I pride myself on my knowledge of small safes, though I know next to nothing about those massive bank and treasury affairs. Suburban dwellers have a partiality for burglar proof safes for which I am devoutly thankful. It saves

an immense lot of time for a busy man like myself, whose business keeps him stirring to make both ends meet and yet save a tidy sum for a rainy day. The reason of my thankfulness lies in this: All the possessions of the house, that are of any value to me, are collected and placed in the safe. These safes yield their contents very readily to a man who knows them intimately, and when I am not rushed for time, a safe that does not yield very readily to me, is as sauce to meat.

It takes a man with touch, experience, and very careful nerves indeed, to be able to tell just how far to turn the knob on the dial and when to turn back again. For the purpose of learning, I engaged to work with a safe company for three months and they allowed that I got on very rapidly.

Well, I sat down before that safe with visions of money in my mind's eye. Sometimes I'd fancy it was gold, then again, greenbacks—greenbacks for choice, they pack well and are not weighty.

I turned the knob to 5 before I felt the slight tick, then on around the dial to 32, tick! then back again to 34, when, to my surprise, the safe door swung open. I had not expected it to be quite so easy. With the opening of the door I saw a flash of gold. I put my hand in and very carefully drew out—a Bible!

I was so preoccupied that I did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps and was entirely unprepared for the visitors that came upon me. It was the Reverend Goodman and a couple of other gentlemen whom he introduced to me as a committee of some sort.

"Oh, you have got it open already, haven't you? Ah, isn't it a beauty?" said Goodman, as he possessed himself of the Bible. "We would have come earlier but we thought it would take you some time and perhaps you would rather work alone."

I caught my breath twice before I could say a word, then I stammered:

"I got through sooner than I expected."

"Was it very difficult?" asked one.

"Not for me," I answered quite truthfully.

"What was the combination?"

"Five—thirty-two—thirty-four."

"There, what did I tell you!" exclaimed Goodman, in triumphant tones. "I knew it was in Deuteronomy."

"So you did. I give it up, I thought it was in Proverbs," one of the others replied.

"I hope you are satisfied, gentlemen," I said, more as a way out of the matter than because I really cared if they were satisfied or not.

"Very well, indeed, and here is your money," said Goodman, handing me a ten-dollar bill. "And we are very much obliged to you, besides."

I thanked them and pocketed the bill.

"I was much surprised to find that your safe contained only the Bible, I thought the church funds were contained in it."

"We have no church funds," said Goodman sadly.

On the way to the station, I met a man who inquired of me for the Reverend Goodman. I directed him to the parsonage, instead of to the church, for it occurred to me that this might be the man for whom they had mistaken me, so I asked:

"Are you the gentleman whom Mr. Goodman is expecting?"

"Yes."

"A minister, perhaps?"

"No," he said with a laugh. "I am being sent down here by a safe company to open a safe for the church. They have lost the combination."

I laughed and directed him to the church.

It bothered me some to know what the reverend duck meant by Deuteronomy, so I borrowed a Bible of a Salvation Army girl and in looking for Deuteronomy, I found it was the fifth book in the Bible. Then it struck me that the 32—34 was for chapter and verse and that they had formed their combination from a text. I hunted it up and this is what I copied onto that ten-dollar bill:

"Is not this laid up in store with me and sealed up among my treasures."

5—32—34

"Treasure!"



THE STONE TEMPLE

QUINCY

A CITY OF PROGRESS

By WILLIAM T. ATWOOD

IN the middle of the reign of the canny Scotch successor of Good Queen Bess, in short—and not to put too fine a point upon it—in the year of grace, 1614, Captain John Smith, of glorious memory, casting his anchor into the chilly waters of Massachusetts Bay, landed to reconnoitre. The spot which he had chosen for a landing place was the site of the city of Quincy, and in spite of the raw March weather, the sagacious explorer was so impressed with the natural advantages of the situation that he marked the location upon his map “with signs of a castle and a cathedral as indicative of its future prosperity and grandure” and bestowed upon it no less a name than London.

Captain Smith, however, was an explorer rather than a settler and we find no white men making their homes in “London” until 1625, when Captain Wollaston with thirty associates took possession and renamed their settlement Mount Wollaston. Wollaston left a year later, entrusting the village to the care of Lieutenant Filcher. Now there was in this band of settlers one Thomas Morton, a renegade lawyer, sometime of Clifford’s Inn, who was all at outs with the pessimistic and dreary philosophy of which the Melancholy Jacques, whom Master Shakespeare had lately created, was master, and which even now the long faced, sour-visaged, psalm-singing folk in Boston were so zealously upholding and was inclined, like the exiled Duke, to see pleasure, at least, if not good, in every thing. Therefore, he determined to found a colony where he could put his pleasure-loving theory into practice. It is unfortunate that the accomplishment of

this end should necessitate the removal of the worthy Mr. Fitcher from his post of leadership, but all great reforms have occasioned some small embarrassments and the Lieutenant was more or less forcibly persuaded to betake himself to other parts.

Morton with a hand of choice and sympathetic spirits who quickly rallied about him, revived the old country customs, and proceeded to “turn night-time into day” with an abandon worthy of a college student after a football victory. We must remember, however, that whatever has been said to the detriment of this crew of merry roisterers was said by their enemies, and many of their amusements were of a most innocent and harmless kind, even as judged by the standards of today. “All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn and wreathed it with autumnal garlands and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration of the Maypole. It has made their time history a poet’s tale.”

“Often the whole colony were playing at Blindman’s Buff, majestocates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scapegoat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were



"DOROTHY Q HOUSE"

seen following a flower decked corpse with merriment and festive music to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times they sang ballads and told tales for the edification of their pious visitors, the Puritans—or perplexed them with juggling tricks, or grinned at them through horse collars, and when sport itself became wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity and began a yawning match."

"At the very least of these enormities," continues Hawthorne, in the Maypole of Merry Mount, "the men of iron shook their heads." Nor was the crime of merriment the only one of the gay colonists' failings at which the stern Puritans looked askance, for these benighted mortals were weak enough to show kindness to the copper-hued heathen and furnish them with firearms, and audacious enough to profane this sanctuary of religious freedom by declaring their faith in and their allegiance to His Majesty's Established Church. Right and Justice must have their way and there is little wonder that when the doughty Standish with his army of seven sturdy warriors came to Merry Mount, he found the sin-fettered knaves most easy victims. Morton was captured but escaped

and returned to Merry Mount. His reign was of short duration for he was again taken, and sent to England. From the deck of the ship as it sailed from the harbor, he could see the flames from his home that had been set on fire by a fanatical Puritan.

I have given the reign of Morton more than passing notice because it and the establishment, in 1637, of the "Chapel of Ease" the only protests against Puritanism to have their inspection on New England soil, were conceived in Quincy.

In 1632, the congregation of Thomas Hooker of Braintree, England, began to "sit down" at the Mount in preparation for the coming of their pastor. Owing to a confusion of land grants many of them left their new homes and went to Newtown, now Cambridge, the remainder named their settlement Braintree. In 1634 it was annexed to Boston. Braintree was not incorporated until 1640.

The civil and religious histories of the colonial settlements are everywhere so closely connected, that the two are often inseparable. The next important step in the development of Quincy, although, strictly speaking, of a religious nature, was nevertheless one of the most important events in the life, not only of the

city, but of the entire New England district. In 1636, John Wheelwright, a classmate of Oliver Cromwell, and a staunch Puritan arrived in Boston. There he found the remarkable woman who had won respect from the narrow and bigoted Puritans, even while she criticised their most sacred religious theories.

The broadminded Wheelwright after much discussion accepted Mrs. Hutchinson's ideas, and when, in 1637, he moved to Braintree, established the first Unitarian congregation. The new church was contemptuously dubbed, the "Chapel of Ease" by the cheerless devotees to Puritan rigor, but in spite of their contempt

cock, father of the Revolutionary statesman, began services in the new building in the year above mentioned. In 1828, the congregation was transferred to the Stone Temple, still standing and in use. This edifice is one of the landmarks of Quincy both as the successor of the first Unitarian house of worship, and as the resting place of two presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams. In 1792, Quincy was incorporated, taking its name from Colonel John Quincy, one of its early and distinguished citizens.

Quincy enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the Union which has produced two presidents. The houses in



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN ADAMS AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

and opposition, the new church flourished and has left a numerous and increasing posterity. The effect of the new religion cannot be overestimated in its tempering of stern Puritanism. Directly and indirectly it has done much in shaping the life of our nation. It was not until 1732 that the first church was built but during that time the following of Wheelwright had increased in strength and numbers and under the leadership of John Han-

cock, father of the Revolutionary statesman, began services in the new building in the year above mentioned. In 1828, the congregation was transferred to the Stone Temple, still standing and in use. This edifice is one of the landmarks of Quincy both as the successor of the first Unitarian house of worship, and as the resting place of two presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams. In 1792, Quincy was incorporated, taking its name from Colonel John Quincy, one of its early and distinguished citizens.

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QUINCY POSTOFFICE

Thayer, the father of West Point, was a native of Quincy before it assumed its present name. Nor must the traveller overlook the "Dorothy Q" house, made famous by Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem "Dorothy Q," written to a painting of his great-grandmother, Dorothy Quincy. The house is owned by the Colonial Dames and used as a Museum of Colonial relics. The old cemeteries contain much that is interesting and valuable to the antiquarian, and the many minor historical points to which the obliging citizens are ever ready to direct the stranger, make his stay in this hospitable city a most pleasant one.

Quincy is a city of spacious parks, spreading elms, and colonial houses, set upon wide, well cared for streets. The surface is rolling and devoid of that uninteresting flatness which so frequently characterizes coast cities. As a place of residence it is ideal. Excellent city water, a splendid sewage system, and shops reaching the highest city standard, the best gas and electric service, all make for comfort and content.

The shore is too well known as a sum-

mer resort to need description, its proximity to Boston both by steam and electric trains makes it the summer home of many a business man whose duties prevent his leaving the city, except as he can run down to the shore over night or for a few hours yachting in the afternoon. The schools are of a high grade of efficiency, both in number and standard of teaching. There are besides the public schools, Adams Academy for boys, and Woodward Institute, and Quincy Mansion School, for girls.

The Y. M. C. A. now housed in a fine building, centrally located, is doing excellent work toward the social and moral development of the young men of Quincy.

The Public Library is one of the most beautiful in Massachusetts and the people of Quincy are to be congratulated upon the unfailing courtesy of the librarian and her assistants.

Quincy has two wide-awake daily newspapers, and two weeklies. The old reliable Quincy Patriot was established in 1837, and in 1888 the publishers began the publication of a daily issue known as the Quincy Daily Ledger. The Ad-

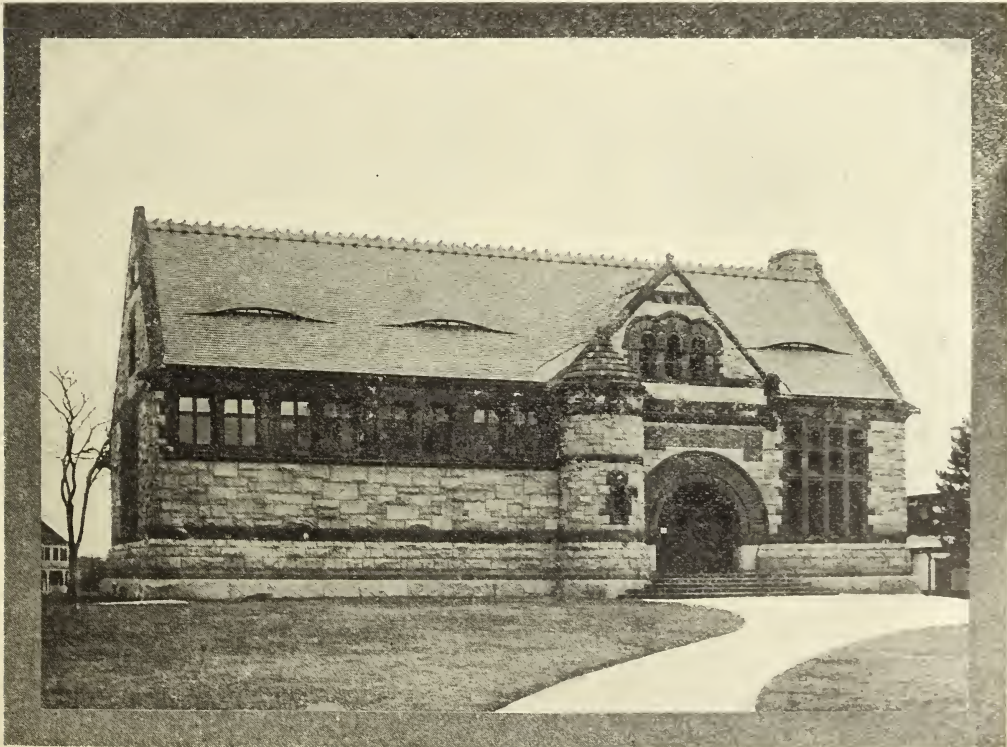
vertiser was started in 1885 and The Telegram in 1909.

The trade situation is in the hands of an active Board of Trade, and a most wide-awake Retail Merchants Association. The recent Merchants' Week Celebration given by the latter has already had its effect in bringing in trade to the retail merchants. But it is, after all, to the granite interests that we must look for Quincy's greatest natural industry.

To speak of Quincy immediately introduces the subject of Quincy granite. It is in this industry that the city stands prominent, for nowhere else can be obtained granite so well suited to fine building and monumental work or so susceptible of a high and lasting polish. And the best of it is that the deeper the quarries go, the better becomes the stone taken from them. Over a million dollars is now invested in the twenty-five quarries, and one hundred and fifty granite manufacturing concerns, and the output reaches every city of importance

in the Union. Yet as one authority says, "The present quarries are but a scratch on the surface." Transportation facilities have been the bugbear against which the granite manufacturers have had to contend, but from the strenuous efforts which the energetic Granite Manufacturers Association is putting forth, great improvements will soon be felt. It is hoped that the excellent water front will soon be developed. Such development would have a three-fold beneficial result; first, as a convenient and inexpensive system of transportation for the granite manufacturers, and a minimizing of their dependence upon the railroads; second, as a promoter of varied manufacturing plants upon the extremely cheap and highly desirable sites now open for such industries; third, as a business of great magnitude in itself and a splendid investment to its developers.

As originally used, Quincy granite was taken from the surface rocks that abounded on the North and South Com-



THOMAS CRANE PUBLIC LIBRARY



A QUINCY QUARRY

mons. The stone was used for building purposes alone and the methods of working it were of the most primitive kind. The boulders were reduced to blocks of the required size by dropping iron balls upon the heated rocks, and if they re-

quired squaring, the work was done with the hammer. The machine operated plants of the present day would be a source of no little wonder to our hard laboring forebears, and perhaps a source of no little envy when they considered how

much they might have saved in energy and gained in purse.

The first building of any architectural pretensions to be constructed of Quincy granite was King's Chapel, Boston, in 1752. The blocks used in its construction were quarried from the boulders in North and South Commons. Other historic Boston buildings of the same material are the Suffolk Court House, and the Custom House.

The great impetus and the development of the Quincy quarries, however, was the erection of Bunker Hill Monument. In 1826 the quarries at Cape Ann proving a failure, attention was directed to Quincy. The unexpected excellence of the stone when procured from below the surface at once advertised Quincy as a quarry town to all the world and secured for it a reputation which has ever been improving.

In passing it may be remarked that the Bunker Hill contract gave Quincy the

distinction of building the first railroad in America. It was a track of wooden, iron-shod rails some three miles long, reaching from the quarries to the Neponset River where the stone was taken aboard lighters and conveyed to Charlestown. The cars were drawn by horses.

It is comparatively recent that granite has come into use as a material for monuments, but with the demand, the manufacturers have brought in sculptors of the first ability and are producing mortuary statuary of exquisite design.

The largest individual concern in Quincy is the Fore River Shipbuilding Company. Covering over forty acres of land and employing four thousand men, it turns into the hands of Quincy citizens over two million dollars a year. The company is equipped to turn out any sort of craft from a lifeboat to a battleship. Four battleships and three cruisers, to say nothing of numerous torpedo boats, and submarines, have been built for the



HIGH SCHOOL, QUINCY

United States government, and the largest battleship in the world is now building for Argentina.

Among the most interesting features of the Fore River Company, is its apprenticeship system. By this system, boys of sixteen or seventeen years of age having a grammar school education are admitted to technical and practical study of his choice of fourteen different trades, receiving during the time a fair wage for his labor, and "is allowed a bonus of one hundred dollars, from which as soon as his apprenticeship agreement is signed, he is permitted to requisition the Company for tools, technical books, drafting equipment, etc., and have them charged against his bonus account, the balance to be paid the apprentice in cash on the completion of his term of apprenticeship." This is a new departure in the economics and ethics of manufacture.

Among other large concerns located in

Quincy and its environs, are: the Baker Yacht Basin, boat builders, the Tubular Rivet & Stud Co., The Boston Gear Works, The Pneumatic Scale Company, and numerous foundrys.

If good Captain Smith were to return to earth and appear upon the streets of Quincy, I think we could forgive him his complacency if he answered, "I told you so" when we congratulated him upon the correctness of his prophecy as set down upon his ancient map. But I believe that the Captain's reply would be this:

"You have developed resources of which my time never dreamed. You have become wizards with powers at your beck and call to improve and transport the products of your soil, which make the heaped up ingenuity of former ages insignificant. My prophecy has not yet come true, you have but made your beginning."



QUINCY CITY HALL



GLASS WORKS WHARF, GERMANTOWN

QUINCY'S WATERFRONT

By FRANK FESSENDEN CRANE

THE waterfront of old historical Quincy, for a lover of history, has many charms. On the west shore, where the Neponset river forms the boundary of Quincy, the first railroad of the United States operated by horse power, sought, as today is sought by the great railroads of the world, an outlet to the sea, and built wharves and facilities for loading granite on board the stone sloops that transported it to Boston and to other points on the Atlantic seaboard. This railroad was operated first, October 7th, 1826. To the north Squaw Rock, Squantum Head, Moswetusket Hummock from a historical border to old Squantum that juts into Boston Harbor, and even in our busy world of today the lover of the old Indian legends finds time to visit and enjoy these landmarks of the days of the Massachusetts Indians. Following the shore towards the east from Moswetusket Hummock, is a beautiful boulevard just completed by the State of Massachusetts, and forming a fitting border, with its fringe of blue water to the old historical Massachusetts Field, where the Massachusetts Indians had their home and planting

ground. The shore drive passes the Squantum and Wollaston Yacht Clubs and leads you into a magnificent park, a gift to Quincy from one of its most honored sons, Charles Francis Adams. Still going eastward to the southern boundary of the park you come to an inlet, at the head of which, where the salt waters of Wollaston River or Blacks Creek, as it is now called, joins the waters of a beautiful brook, Edmund Quincy in 1706 built the house now known as the Dorothy Q. House. This historical house on Quincy's waterfront is owned by the Colonial Dames and is used as a museum. Still going toward the morning sun and crossing the creek, you enter the spacious grounds of Mrs. John Quincy Adams at the foot of the hill known as Merry Mount, where one Thomas Morton, of Colonial days, erected a May Pole and danced and caroused with the Indians to the horror of the Puritans of Boston and Plymouth. The Adams Mansion stands on the brow of this noble hill and the land slopes to the sea, one of the most beautiful spots in New England. Still coming toward the east, along the shores of Quincy Bay, you finally reach the furth-

est point of the northeastern shore of our city, known locally as Nut Island, where formerly the Algier Foundry Co. of Boston tested cannon. This island was formerly a hill sixty feet above sea level, and a few years ago was taken by the State of Massachusetts and the hill levelled, a pumping station erected and a wharf built on the east side.

What was formerly known as Nut Island bar is now a good road above the sea level, which you cross at all times instead of waiting for the bar to show above the water, as Quincy people were wont to for the past forty years. At the inshore end of this road, over the old Nut island bar, rises Mears Great Hill, which stands like a sentinel and guards the entrance to

compared the sunset views from this point with those of that far famed bay, and have felt that they not only equalled, but at times excelled them. From the foot of this hill at the northeast, a thirty-foot natural channel runs to the sea, and a twenty-seven foot channel up Weymouth Fore River which bounds the southern shore of Quincy to a short distance above Quincy Point bridge, which joins the city of Quincy to the town of Weymouth. On the south side of this hill the Quincy Yacht Club has its commodious building, with large floats, and house accommodations for over four hundred members, assembly hall, grill room, ladies' room, billiard room, shower baths and lockers, while its race courses in Hull Bay can



THE QUINCY YACHT CLUB

Quincy's southern shore. If you really love the water, climb this hill on a summer evening and look westward toward the Blue Hills, watch the amber and gold of the sunset change to crimson-red and then really glare at you across the bay, through eyelids of lead color, with face of amethyst and head of turquoise blue, with hair of fleecy clouds that wan and wave. Those of us who have been favored with a personal glimpse of the celebrated Bay of Naples, have often

be easily seen from its wide piazzas. Every Saturday the boats of this club race at some point in Massachusetts Bay, from May to September, and on the home courses the young men of the club practice the science of boat sailing, in order to maintain the prestige of the names of Charley and George Adams, Henry M. Faxon and William P. Barker, whose skilful hands at the wheel have carried the flag of the Quincy Yacht Club to the front in many a hard fought yacht

race. Going southwest up Weymouth Fore River, at Quincy Point, just north of Quincy Point Bridge, Town River branches from Weymouth Fore River and runs northwest to the foot of Merry Mount on the south side. On its easterly shore at its mouth the old hamlet of Germantown lies, with all its historical interest, and southeast on the opposite shore of Weymouth Fore River was the old settlement of Pilgrim Days, known as Wessaqussett. A ship was built at Germantown in 1789.

Germantown derived its name from its early settlement by a colony of Germans, who built a Glass Works and a wharf

glass works wharf and about 100 acres of land, with the bluff known as Phillips Head, which extends into the river above the glass works wharf. Across this headland is a row of immense old willow trees said to have been planted by the Indian, King Philip, and here his tribe feasted and had clam bakes.

The Sailors Snug Harbor is a well endowed institution and here any sailor who has sailed out of the Port of Boston for five years, and is poor or disabled may find a home for life. Francis Bacon, Thomas Motley, Albert Fearing, Leverett Saltonstall, Thomas E. Perkins, John Quincy Adams, John M. Forbes and



YACHT CLUB RACES

which still remains, the works having departed long years ago, and the remains of the old glass works cellar are all there is to be seen of the ancient industry, and here if the relic hunter unearths a bit of old pottery he feels well paid for his usually strenuous labor. At Germantown in the old days, was kept for many years a young ladies' seminary. This property was purchased by some of Boston's wealthiest merchants, who built, just north of the school building, a substantial brick building known as the Sailors Snug Harbor. They purchased the old

Com. R. B. Forbes were the founders of this noble charity. The old sailors sit on a bench in front of the weigh house on the old glass works wharf, and criticize the amateur yachtsmen as they sail up and down the Quincy River. They also have a large rowboat at the wharf and row the summer visitors at old Germantown across to Quincy Point for five cents, and acquire on good days much tobacco money. Near the wharf are many moorings and the yachtsman who comes in and shoots his craft for one of these and misses it, often hears cries of

derision from the old critics, and the winner of some of the scrub races on the river is greeted with strange congratulatory oaths and much thumping of canes.

Following Quincy river up on its northern side we come to Quincy woods, part of the estate of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, and here C. C. Hanley has purchased land and erected a large boat-shop. Hanley is known and celebrated as a builder of fast catboats. The originally built boats at Monument Beach down on Cape Cod, and the names of Harbinger, Magpie, Opeeche, Almira, Dartwell, Iris and Clara are familiar to every lover of this type of boat as representing good, honest, reliable, safe boats, constructed in the best manner, and the fastest of their type.

Now we come to the head of navigation of Town River at the foot of the southern slope of Merry Mount, and less than one-half a mile from the waters of Wollaston River and Quincy Bay which borders Merry Mount on the north and west and turning to follow the river back to its mouth on the west shore, we find the large and up-to-date plant of the Quincy Electric Light and Power Co. John Cashman for President and Henry M. Faxon Treasurer and General Manager, this company keeps abreast of the times and gives good light and service, many of the stone sheds using its power.

Here we arrive at the entrance to the old canal, with the old Southern grist mill at the dam, now used by the Johnson Lumber Co. for a planing mill. This canal was projected in 1824 to allow the sloops, that were used for transportation in those days, to come to the centre of the town, to load granite, lumber, and grain. This canal cost \$10,000, and was completed in 1826 by a company known as the Quincy Canal Company. The principal business was the transportation of granite. These vessels were from 60 to 100 tons burden, carried four hands and made three trips a week.

At the mouth of the canal going down the river is located the Johnson Lumber Co. with ten acres of water front land and large wharves having a 13-foot

channel. This lumber yard was formerly a ship yard and in 1815 John Souther built vessels here, the ships Tisga, Comet, barques Prescott and Hadley, brigs Alfred Hammond and Souther, sloops Hamilton and Gem. Yacht Bloomer and others were built here. Adjoining the Johnson Lumber Co. down the river is the boat-yard of William Gavin where many yachts find winter quarters, and below is the yard of Barrows & Sprague, a live up-to-date boat-building firm who build and repair yachts. Just below this yard the city of Quincy has a large park on the water front with bath-houses and floats, and adjoining the park is the Baker Yacht Basin, with its railway and shops. This concern is building every season yachts, tugs and small vessels, and is a busy up-to-date concern, one of the best equipped plants for storing, refitting and repairing yachts in the harbor and its nearness to Boston by water or rail is of great advantage to the yacht owner.

We have now arrived at Quincy Point, noted always for its ship building. At Quincy Neck which is really the farthest point south of Quincy water front, in 1696 was built the Unity on land, now owned by the Fore River Ship Building Co., from 1806 to 1835 Oliver Jenkins built vessels at Quincy Point, in 1820 the Bark Mt. Wollaston was built for Edward Creft. President John Adams took great interest in her construction, and some of her timbers were hewn on his land. From 1834 to 1860 Pelig F. Jones built vessels at Quincy Point, from 1825 to 1857 three different people, Nathan Josslyn, one Sawyer, and a man named Cushion, built vessels just above Quincy Point Bridge, on land now owned by the Fore River Shipbuilding Co. On a point of land where Quincy river joins Weymouth Fore River was the famous shipyard of Deacon George Thomas. At this yard was built the ships King Phillip, 800 tons; the ships Shakespeare, Magdelin, Athena, Gerbain, Logan, Upton, E. H. Taylor, Manitana Dexter, C. Tulin, Mawrin, Geo. Griswold, Belle Creole, Imperial, Northern Light, Triumphant, America. The brig J. L. Bowen, the schooners D. H. Betts, J. L. Newton,

Nellie Brown, Addie Walton, Angie Amesbury, Lucy D., and Montana. At the ripe old age of 82, in 1877, Deacon Thomas built the Red Cloud, a ship of 2200 tons, which made many world famous records.

On the site of this shipyard is the power plant of the Old Colony Street Railway Company which furnishes the power for the street railways of this section and has large wharves and coal pockets. Now we have come again to Weymouth Fore River, with its 27-foot channel to the sea, and here at each side of Quincy Point bridge just above the power house are the coal pockets of J. F. Sheppard & Sons and F. S. Patch, the coal merchants of Quincy. About 120 thousand tons are received annually at these wharves.

Above Quincy Point Bridge and occupying a point of land of about fifty acres is Quincy's greatest water front industry known in all parts of the world, the Fore River Ship Building Company, representing a capital investment of over \$5,000,000.

With a representative of one of New Englands sturdy old families for its president—Admiral Francis T. Bowles, Admiral Bowles has recently returned from abroad with a contract for two battleships from Argentina, bringing to Quincy and the State of Massachusetts honor and profit won in fair competition with the ship builders of the world, twenty-two million dollars of foreign business won for this city and state by the skill and persistent efforts of Admiral Bowles. Quincy is justly proud of these great ship-building works proving to the world that the largest battleships can be built or repaired on our water front.

The Fore River Ship Building Co. is the last industry on our southern waterfront, occupying a large peninsula between Bents Creek and Haywards Creek, so called, and at the head of Haywards Creek the town of Braintree joins the

town of Quincy. Here are the wharves and railroad track of the old Mitchell and Wendell Quarry, (the track) leading into the one hundred acre tract of quarry land. This great property is owned by the F. S. Patch Co. and only used for ice pond property. millions of tons of wharf stone right at the water front only waiting for the coming of the Narraganset Bay to Boston Harbor Canal or some like enterprise, to be shipped away. We have now bounded the city of Quincy on its water front and hope we have demonstrated to you that Quincy's water frontage offers to the history lover, the vacationist, the artist, the yachtsman, or the business corporation advantages unexcelled by any part of the harbor of Boston. Our terminal facilities for any railroad line would not require as in many sections, millions of dollars spent for dredging but with our 30-foot channel to the open sea coming directly to our shore, a railroad need lose no time and could get down to business at once. New industries are looking at Quincy's water front locations and the future seems bright with the promise of a busier and more prosperous Quincy.

Since this sketch was written Quincy has been making history. The first successful Aviation meet in New England, if not in the country, was held on the Harvard field in this city from September 3 to 15, attended by hundreds of thousand of people. American records for duration and distance were established by Ralph Johnstone, who remained in the air 3 hours, 5 minutes and 40 seconds, and travelled 101 miles, 389 feet. Johnstone also made a world's record for accuracy in alighting on skids, 5 feet, 4 inches. A \$10,000 prize was won by C. Grahame-White, who travelled 33 miles in 34 minutes, 11-5 seconds. The record for altitude was 4,732 feet, made by Walter Brookins. An aeroplane flight from Quincy to Los Angeles on the Pacific is proposed for 1911



THE DIP OF THE TAR-BRUSH*

By M. A. H.

I WAS in the park one day, and passed a gentleman I know, in the road. I used to sew for his wife.

With him were two gentlemen that I had never seen.

When they came near enough to speak he said, "Hello, Millie!" The two men with him raised their hats, and looked at him in surprise that he had not touched his. Then he laughed, and said: "Well, that's one on you, boys."

They asked what he meant. "Oh, nothing, just a little dip of the tar-brush," he answered.

They both turned quickly to get another look at me. "A very light dip, then, I'll swear!" said one, and they all laughed again. They made no effort to lower their voices. Nothing could have been more amusing than for me to show that I was hurt or offended by their words. The sensitiveness of the colored race is always a joke.

I got hot from head to foot and my face turned red in spite of myself. I am so white that the red shows plainly under my skin. But I was not angry; I was just miserable. If it had not been for my mother I should not have lived to face another day.

It might be better if I were black—though I am more thankful for my creamy skin and my straight, fine hair, and my red lips—they are not a bit thick!—than for all my other blessings. I know I am pretty. I have heard it all my life. That is why it is so hard to be a nigger. Your beauty is only a curse usually.

Besides we have inherited the white man's tastes, ambitions, intellect, pride, and, alas, prejudices. The two races are forever at war within us. No white woman feels more repugnance at coming in close contact with the dirty, black,

unclean type of negro so prevalent in the South than I. Yet, I must sit by them in cars, church, school; wherever I have the entrée, they have. But I shall never, never marry one.

My grandfather on my mother's side was an aristocrat of the bluest blood; my grandmother was a beautiful quadroon—that's where I got my looks. My mother is nearly white, and my father was too; and they were regularly married, which is a great satisfaction to me; so many of our race have a contempt for the marriage tie.

My quadroon grandmother was my grandfather's wife's maid. How odd that sounds! But it seems odder still that he was Miss Jessie's grandfather too. His picture is in the hall. I am always wondering if she and Mr. Charlie and all of them know these things. But when I ask my mother she tells me to hush; she is really horrified. She is proud of her "white folks" and is always telling about the glories of the past. But she never speaks of her white blood. I learned it from others.

Before my grandfather died, my white grandfather, he gave my mother a nice cottage and plenty of land, so that we are better off than most negroes. Of course we work for our living, but we are lucky not to have any men in the family to support.

I don't know why it is, but colored men don't feel under any obligation to support their families as white men do, that is, the majority of them. Of course there are many exceptions. Nearly all of our neighbor women take in washing, or work out to keep bread in their children's mouths. The hopeless part of it is, they don't seem to expect anything else; which may be one reason the men are so worth-

*The term used in the South to designate a strain of negro blood.

less. Of course their children run loose in the street.

Professor Andrews, at the university, used to say that if the men of his race would work and take care of their families, and give their wives a chance to keep the children at home and teach them to work, or send them to school, there would be very little left of the race problem. He says good citizenship is the solution of it, and it is in the black man's hands.

I told Miss Jessie about that and she told Mr. Charlie. He said, "That nigger's got a level head on his shoulders, but he won't last long out there; they don't want to hear that kind of gospel."

I guess he was right, because Professor Andrews was not re-elected. The better class of colored people wanted him but they were in the minority. There are both white and colored teachers in the college—and they talk a lot about "equality," instead of teaching the boys and girls to be honest, and self-respecting, and not afraid of work. Professor Andrews says that they gain nothing and lose much. He is so smart, Professor Andrews; I wish he wasn't so black—for I know he is fond of me. Mr. Charlie used his influence to get him appointed to the public schools; he says his field of usefulness will be much larger there.

As I said, his skin is black, but it is fine, and smooth, and he has not one feature like a negro's; his hair is not at all woolly. He is a Southerner, and his parents were slaves. He does not care who knows it. His master was kind to his slaves, as my people's masters were, on both sides. It was the cruel ones that caused all the trouble.

I should not have thought of sending any thing I wrote to the magazines, if I had not seen stories they have sometimes by butlers and cooks and others of that class.

It seems odd that people who read should care for them, or have the slightest interest in the views and experiences of people in that position. But they must, or else the great magazines would not publish them. Still—they were not colored people; that may make a difference.

Mother might beat me if she knew I

was writing like this—as she did when she found Mr. Charlie running his fingers through my hair. She almost beat him too, for she really "raised" him, as she says, and says whatever she pleases to him. My mother is nearly sixty, and I am nineteen.

We sew for a living; I do all Miss Jessie's fine sewing; and she says I do it better than anybody she ever saw. But I am studying to be a teacher; there are lots of things I would like to teach my people. I say "my people" over and over to punish myself for hating it so!

I can't help my foolish dreams though; I often dream that I am white—sure enough white—and dressed all in soft, shimmery silk, with spool-heel slippers the same color, and diamonds in my hair and at my throat. I live in a beautiful house with white people around me, and negro servants. I dance with Mr. Charlie and his friends—and they take off their hats to me when we meet! But it is all the worse when I wake.

I know what heaven will be: a place where I shall be white and loved by Mr. Charlie—not as black girls are cared for by white men—but as his equal.

Some times, when the day's work is over, and I am sitting alone on the gallery in the cool dusk, watching the lights come out, one by one, in the big house on the hill, I love to think of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and the sweet things he wrote. He had some compensation for being a negro; he had talent. But I wonder if he was not glad that his way was short. It seems so to me, when I read that pathetic little verse he wrote when he was so rapidly nearing the valley of the shadow:

"Because I have loved so fondly, because
I had loved so long,

The Master in infinite kindness, gave me
the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly, and sung
with such faltering breath—

The Master, in infinite pity, offers the
boon of death."

He was a negro, too, and he had a beautiful soul. I wonder if he minded, as much as I do, the "dip of the tar-brush!"



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THE SPIRITUAL ADVISER

SOUTHERN SILHOUETTES

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

A LACK of the democratic instinct has been one of the faults attributed to those of Southern blood and heritage by Northerners who have written copiously concerning "Southern characteristics" and "Southern temperament" from the moment that the classes of Americans known as Northerners and Southerners began to seriously contemplate the difference existing between themselves and their neighbors, and so much stress has been laid on this particular trait, that the Northern point of view has generally been accepted throughout the North and in Europe.

To a certain extent this may be true, as a result of sectional institutions, but a close study of the earliest English colony will show that, in spite of aristocratic pretensions, Virginians had from the earliest days of Colonial Government a jealous love of their rights and prerogatives that outweighed the instinct of aristocracy and held in it the seed of republicanism.

The gallant, young Devonshire Knight, who preserved "the fancy of a poet and the chivalry of a soldier," Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord and Chief Governor of Virginia, had in the year 1584 secured a charter in which it was provided that the colonies of Virginia should "have all the privileges of free denizens and natives of England, and were to be governed according to such statutes as should by them be established, so that the said statutes or laws conform as conveniently as may be to those of England," and when in 1619 the General Assembly was convened that body flatly refused to give their records to the royal commissioners for inspection. Their clerk, however, disobeyed them, prompted, no doubt, by

fear of the possible consequences of disobedience to the direct command of royalty, and as a result of his prudence had one of his ears cut off and was put in the pillory. This fearless body, shortly afterward, passed statutes limiting the power of the Governor to levy taxes except through itself—the General Assembly. The love these early Virginians had for the House of Stuart was devotional in its intensity, yet when Charles I. claimed a monopoly of the Virginian tobacco trade, such a vigorous protest was made by the loyal colonists of the old Dominion that Charles deemed it prudent to yield the point. Afterwards, when Cromwell sent a governor to them, they straightway deposed him but re-elected him to show the new ruler from over seas, that the representative of the Commonwealth might act only by their authority.

With romantic devotion they offered their beloved dominion to the dissolute but fascinating refugee, Charles II., that he might make Virginia his Kingdom, yet when he made a grant of the Northern Neck to Lords Culpepper and Arlington, they showed unmistakable evidence of a fixed resolution to revolt.

In Thomas Nelson Page's "The Old South," we find a paragraph which is illuminating: "Now and then," he says, "the lines crossed, and, with intercourse, gradually the aristocratic tendency of the seaboard and Piedmont became grafted into the patriarchal system of the valley, distinctly coloring it, though the absence of slaves in numbers softened the lines marking class distinction."

Here we have in the last dozen words, the reason, in Mr. Page's mind, for strongly marked lines of class distinction, in the proportion of slaves in a given sec-



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REMINISCENCES

tion of country. Sir Walter's ineffectual effort to colonize Roanoke Island, off the North Carolina Coast, which was made in 1585 and the years immediately following, had discouraged enterprises of a similar nature, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century that part of the new world inhabited by white men was within the limits of the Spanish settlements of St. Augustine in Florida and Santa Fé in New Mexico. Here those of De Soto's blood ruled by cross and sword. Here amid the almost tropical glades of that land where "no sound of insect or of plundering bee breaks the noon tide

siesta,"

"Where all sleeps beneath the great
Sun burdened trees,
Where through the foliage sifts down a
light

Like sombre velvet soft as emerald moss,"
the fierce blooded, courtly mannered Spaniards held possession of this corner of Columbus' discovery, little dreaming that their hereditary foes, the English, would within a few years wrest from them the land founded by their fathers, the lords of the wonderful river that was the grave of their great leader, De Soto.



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PLAYMATES

In one of Heredia's most dignified and beautiful strophes, Spanish conqueror and American river are equally immortalized.

"The Redskin and the bear disturb him not,
A common grave became not such a death:

No conqueror of the Indies of the West
Has all the Mississippi for his shroud;
In deep bed carved by virgin waves he sleeps.

What matters the funereal monument,
The tapers, psalm and masses sung by
vow?

Since the North Wind among the cypresses

Doth ever chant and moan eternal prayers
Calm the stream where great De Soto lies."

In 1607, those destined to be its possessors planted Great Britain's flag on Virginian soil. This was two years before the Half Moon sailed down Hudson Bay and thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, at that time included in what was known as Virginia. On the thirteenth day of May the word sent out by the London Company furrowed the waters of James River and anchored off



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"BETWEEN THE ACTS"

the northern shore, a peninsula that jugged from the mainland—the crew and passengers aboard the fleet of three small vessels under Captain Christopher Newfast, included one hundred and four men, fifty-two of whom were "gentlemen." Of these "gentlemen" some unfortunately had come in search of gold rather than to establish a new home and government. The wise administration of Captain Smith sustained the scanty remnant of the hundred, which had been reduced to one-half of their number by pestilence during the first dreadful summer, and it

was his return to England, on account of an injury from a gun explosion, that brought the colonists to the direst straits. Sickness, famine and attacks from the Indians, fell in rapid succession upon the little colony. The feud known as the "Stormy time" had broken their energies as well as their hopes, and they were about to abandon the colony when Lord Delanace sailed up the James with food and a well equipped expedition and changed the fate of Virginia. The land, which had hitherto been held in common, was divided among the colonists, each one

being given a little farm of his own. Governor Dale, now in office, instituted a wise, though iron rule of government. The lack of industry disappeared when the people worked for themselves individually instead of for the common storehouse of the community. Four years later the Virginia colony had established a great industry—John Rolfe had started the cultivation of tobacco, which immediately found a market. It became the fashion to smoke this weed in London. Jamestown was saved. The great agricultural industry of America had its inception before another settlement had been made in English America. Then came, in the same year, 1619, the simultaneous events which were to neutralize each other—in August 1619 a Dutch vessel sailed up the James river with a cargo of “twenty negars” who were sold to the settlers as slaves.

In the same year, the Virginians, now numbering four thousand souls, demand-

ed a voice in the management of their affairs. The London Company, seriously annoyed and perplexed by the strenuous appeal of the Colonists, sent to them Sir George Yeardley and yielded to their importunate demand. The eleven “boroughs” of Virginia, convened as a law-making assembly in the choir of the little Jamestown Church July 30th of that year, and the first legislative body of America was formed under the name of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is an interesting thing to note, in passing, that of these members was a planter by the name of Jefferson, whose descendant, one hundred and fifty years after the meeting in the Jamestown church choir-room, drew up the American Declaration of Independence.

Curiously enough, the first absolute step towards practical republicanism—a legislative body—and the inauguration of slavery, a complete reversion to feudalism, occurred in the same year in pre-



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THE NURSING-PLACE OF MINSTRELSY

cisely the same place! But of this it may be said that the first and nobler act was the result of the Virginian colonists love and respect for liberty, independent of any outside influence. The second ignoble act was not wholly a matter of the Virginians' effort or plans, for the slaves bought by them were sold by traders in the employ of their neighbors. With that first disastrous barter of humanity began, not a sectional, but a national crime.

There two antipodal occurrences are the foundation roots of two opposing elements coexistent since that time in that region of the United States known generically as the South—the inherent struggling towards a democracy, and the feudal aristocracy which grew out of slavery.

"There is indeed," says Edgar Gardner Murphy in "Problems of the Present South," "a deep note of responsibility, which sounds through the words of an intensely Southern publicist in an address delivered in Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, the late

J. K. M. Curry, May 9, 1900. 'The negro,' said Mr. Curry, 'is a valuable laborer; let us improve him and make his labor more intelligent, more skilled, more productive..... Shall the Caucasian race, in timid fearfulness, cowardly injustice, wrong an inferior race, put obstacles to its progress?..... Unless the white people, the superior, the cultivated race, lift up the lower, both will be inevitably dragged down.' This sense of responsibility that Mr. Murphy speaks of is the *noblesse oblige*, which has largely dominated the development of Southern life. Mr. Murphy admits that there is a very distinct assumption of the colored race's inferiority, but he dwells also upon the equally distinct assumption of that race's "improvability," possibility for nobler, higher things, and upon these two assumptions rest the South's obligations—its sense of its own responsibility.

The federal policy which followed the Civil War had for its aim the reconstruction of an aristocratic society into a democratic society, which was in itself a denial of democracy, because democ-



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"DRIVING AWAY DULL CARE"



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BEAU BRUMMEL

racy is an instinct of life before it is an organization of society, a something that must come from within. Freedom, he adds, cannot be inaugurated by force, nor can a democracy be created by martial law, and sums up the matter by saying, truly enough, that there "has, therefore, never been a cruder oligarchy than that represented by the reconstructive governments of Southern states."

In Professor Hart's exhaustive and masterly study of Southern conditions, "The Southern South," we get the view of a Northern writer, who has made this section of the Union a matter of investigation for twenty-five years. Professor Hart does not think that the fact of its enormous negro population and the attitude of the races toward each other,

makes the only difference between the Northerner and the Southerner. "The negro," he says, "does not make all the trouble, attract all the attention. In every part of that section there is a Caucasian question, rather a series of Caucasian questions, though always along with it is the 'shadow of the African.'" And Dubois remarks that the stranger, a visitor in the South, always "realizes at last silently, resistlessly, the world about flows by him in two great streams; they ripple on in the sunshine, they approach and mingle in seeming carelessness,—then they divide and flow wide apart."

Each year there is an influx of Northern visitors to that region of America where one of the few really picturesque



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A GEORGIA FIELD HAND AT WORK

elements of American life, the negro in his primitive simplicity, may be seen—the visitor going thither in search of health or recreation finds much that amuses and entertains; the student of sociology and economics finds more to puzzle and interest him, perhaps, for in spite of the truth of Professor Hart's statement that "always along side of every other question is the shadow of the African," there is still a certain inalienable sort of fellowship between the Southern black man and the Southern white man. In Richmond, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Charleston, there is a class of Afro-American citizens and a class of Southerners who are still under the influence of three centuries and a half or more of the mutual interdependence of the slave system, which in its best aspects, though *per se* a great wrong, accentuated the best traits of human character—generosity, a sense of protection on one side—loyalty, patience, endurance on the other, and in a majority

of instances, mutual affection.

About the streets of these Southern cities turbaned black "mammies" promenade with their white nurslings, telling them stories of "ole times when yo' pa un' ma wuz li'lle same as you is now, befo' de wah, chile," white, round eyed, curly haired children beg for more stories about those old times that were so grand and beautiful according to mammy's account.

A little further on, iron wrought gateways, among the most beautiful in the world, it is said, shut in almost tropical gardens and vine embowered mansions.

In Charleston, S. C., the morning or afternoon caller rings not the door, but the gate bell, according to a distinct old Charleston custom, and awaits the ancient butler who comes to the gate, card tray in hand, to usher in or speed on her way the would-be guest, with the calm dignity and gentle courtesy of the old time Southern servant. Within the fragrant seclusion

of garden walls, the lady of the house is usually sitting among her flowers or on the wide verandah, calm as the lilies blooming about her, and full of that graceful repose that belongs to the chatelaines of Southern homes, where family life and the social duties contingent upon householders are still the most important things in a matron's life.

Some old family servant is watering the thirsty plants in a corner of the garden, while "mammy," still the autocrat of the nursery, snatches a moment while her small charges are taking their morning nap, to gaze with fondly reminiscent eyes upon the faces in the well-known group of "Abraham Lincoln and his family." Faithful to her duties and responsibilities, full of devoted, self-sacrificing affection to the children she nurses and those she serves, "Mammy does not forget Mars Lincoln, who set the culled folks free." There's no bitterness in the kindly old face, only tender and grateful recognition. "Mammy" is indeed one of the philosophers of her race.

It is only when one goes South that one begins to understand some of the peculiar and distinctive traits of the Afro-American citizen.

The sort of freedom side by side with absolute respect that the old fashioned negro servant manages to mix up in his intercourse with his employer is a constant surprise to the Northern visitor. Aunt Phoebe, here in the picture, for instance, sometimes resents a rebuke to her charge from her mama. When the visitor one day told little Amorette to be quiet, that she was disturbing the family, Aunt Phoebe turned her turbanned head defiantly as she left the room, exclaiming quite caustically, "Taint no wonder Amorette talks er heap. Her ma ain' tongue-tied."

The black citizen is omnipresent in Charleston and other Southern cities. He's as much a part of the landscape as the trees and flowers, and adds a picturesque charm wherever he is found, driving his ox cart along some dusty high road, a happy pickaninny by his side in the wagon seat, the "branch" in a "tip cart," harvesting the bean crops for Northern markets, or gathering fagots in

the forest as some negroes and "Po' whites" find it necessary to do.

Sometimes the toilers of the field remind one of Millet's figures. The kneeling woman here in the bean fields has a certain touch of pathos in her face, engendered maybe by the care she must take to keep ashes and sparks from falling from her pipe into the basket before her. Among no people is the pipe such a joy and comfort as with the Southern negroes. Sitting on her door step, a pipe in her mouth and her hands clasped about her knees, Aunt Kizzy knows the full enjoyment of rest after toil. Aunt Kizzy belongs to the class known as "fiel han'." Her turban lacks the dignity of the head gear worn by the mammies and old fashioned *ante bellum* house servants, who were as particular about the fold of their white or bandanna turbans as were their mistresses about their "water falls" and "chignons." Among the younger negroes the happy-go-lucky philosophy that takes no thought for the morrow is a predominating characteristic.

In the seclusion of the barn or stable the fascinations of "seven up" are very alluring, and in the midst of such primate diversions, common place "shines" and their contingent nickles are forgotten. Love of amusement is born in the Southern negro. "Craps policy" and horse-racing pale before the charms of the cock-pit, and a pair of fighting cocks is a temptation beyond the spiritual grace of the average small ducky. He is addicted, however, to more reputable diversions, and the boy who owns and can play a fiddle, always has an ecstatic group of admirers around him. That the love of and talent for music is indigenous to the soil and the soul of the Southern negro, is the conclusion of anyone who has heard a fiddler make his banjo or fiddle express all the pent up unrecognized sorrow of a naturally happy-souled but unfortunate race.

The Southern feeling of caste is not confined to "white quality" and "po' white trash," but is shared by the negroes who have their own class distinctions as well as their dominant neighbors. There is a subtle distinction between "corn fiel'



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THE SPORT

niggus and "cotton fiel's niggars," house servants and field workers, guinea niggers and those of Nubian descent, that is very amusing to the outsider but very real to their sunny tempered, but not always inconsequent children of the tropics.

If you have ever seen a "culled swell" getting a shine, you will understand what Southern social distinction means. The humble, adoring admiration of the blackie for his patron, effulgent in the splendor of cast off raiment is an epitome of the fallacy of the inherent natural

democracy in man. There is no foolish effort on the part of the "poor white" to step across the line society has drawn between the educated "gentleman born" and the sturdy, self respecting, untutored toilers of the soil. If one of the latter is born with intellect and character enough to make him lift himself up to a position of honor and responsibility, the man born on the other side of the line accepts him gladly as one of his own by the Gift of God!

In the domestic relation there is usually a very happy feeling. The old nurse

loves as her own the little white girl whose caresses to "mammy" are never considered bad form by even the stately of the stately Southern dames. Mammy is one of the household authorities, whose dictum is rarely controverted by any member of the family. One little girl in Dixie used always to say, "My mamma is the prettiest woman in the world and mammy is the next," which proved her to have possessed a taste of very wide range, but a very warm little heart. No matter how deeply absorbed mammy may be contemplating the photographs of "old marster and mistress," when they were very young, or her own progeny who have wandered away to those distant regions generically described as "up Norf," she is never disturbed when two arms suddenly imprison her head while a pair of tiny hands blind-

fold her and she is ordered in imperative tones to "guess who this is!"

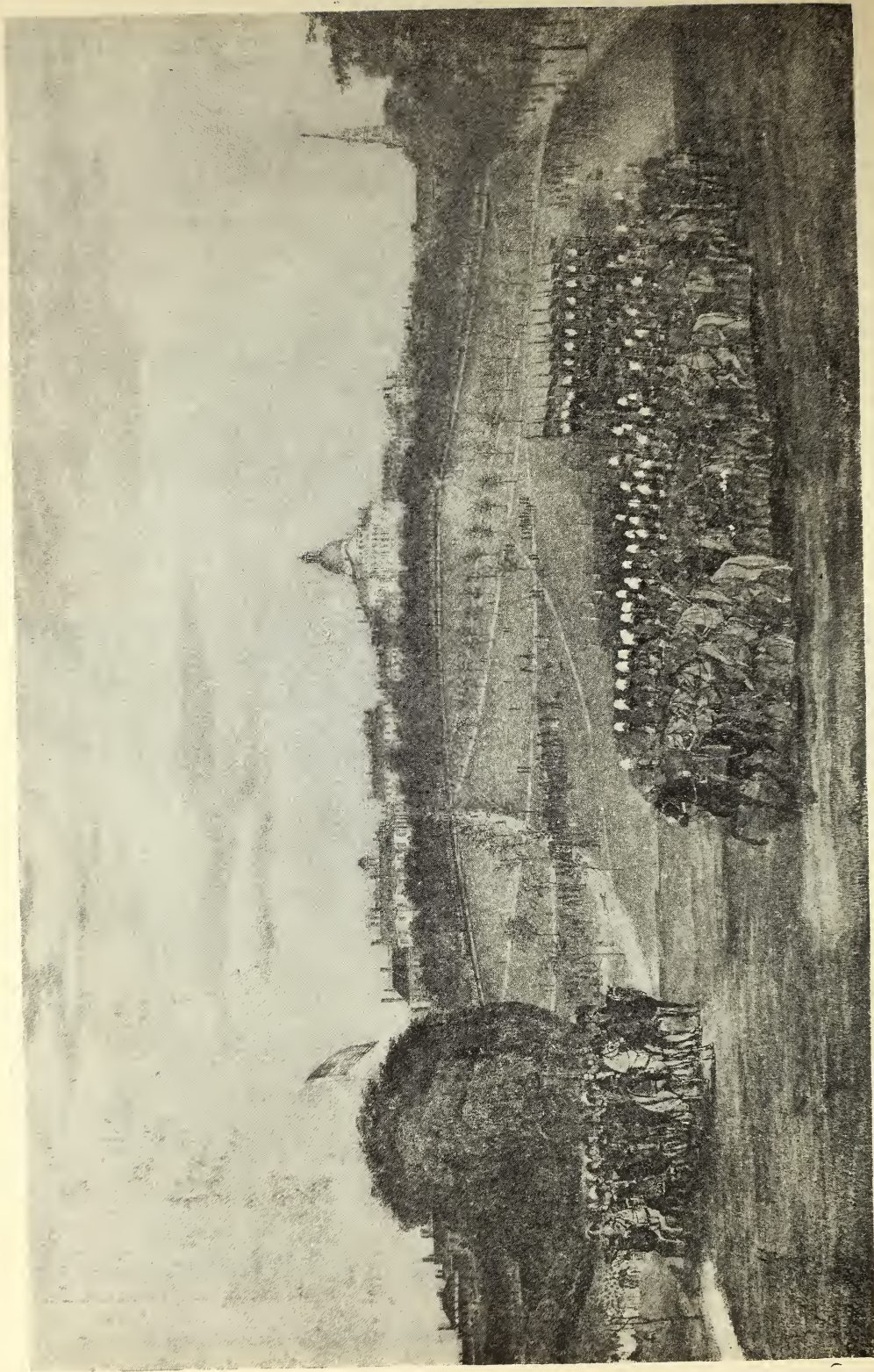
The old woman in her spotless turban and kerchief is really a good influence in the child-life of "de little white lady," in whom she inculcates rather severe doctrines sometimes, but a very genuine reverence for the holy things of life. Kneeling at the knee of some pious old negress, the little white child partakes in a faith as simple as her own.

The old woman has held to her belief in the wisdom and love of God through toil, danger, bondage, and as little Amorette finishes her "Our Father" and whispers, "God bless Mama, Papa and Mammy and take us all to Heaven together when we die," Mammy's "Amen, honey, bless de Lord," may contain the best solution after all of the great Southern problem!

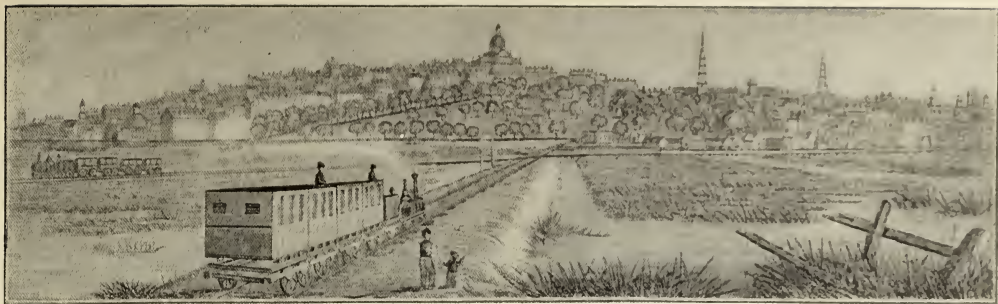


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A RELIC OF THE OLD SOUTH



Courtesy of Shawmut National Bank THE NATIONAL LANCERS WITH THE REVIEWING OFFICERS ON BOSTON COMMON, AUGUST 30, 1837



Courtesy of the National Shawmut Bank

PROVIDENCE AND WORCESTER RAILROAD CROSSING IN 1840

HISTORIC HAPPENINGS ON BOSTON COMMON

IV.—FROM TOWN TO CITY

By MARION F. LANSING

THE story is told of Harrison Gray Otis, one of Boston's early mayors, that an acquaintance said to him one day : "Brother Otis, why is it that your name is in the mouth of everybody as being such a fine man, such a perfect gentleman, such a good man, and so forth? Now please tell me what you have ever done to entitle you to be so praised?"

"The thing is very simple, Brother Ben," replied Mr. Otis ; "go up to Colonel Messinger's and you will see by his books that every year he orders four hats for me, and only one for you. I bow to everybody I meet, and *you don't*; hence I wear out four times as many hats as you do."

That was in the town of Boston, the town of less than three thousand dwelling houses; the town from which we inherit our crooked streets, which is described at the beginning of the nineteenth century as having "97 streets, 36 lanes, 26 alleys, 18 courts, a few squares, *besides some short passages from wharves and from one street to another*;" but the town as well, where few houses were without garden spots and orchards; where it was the custom of the quality to go in bathing on summer afternoons from the "hand-

some clean beach" at the foot of the Common; the town, moreover, where dwelt such courtly and distinguished gentlemen as Harrison Gray Otis and Josiah Quincy.

Bostonians are accustomed to speak of their city as old, and so it is relatively. But people of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's age realize that the American city is a very recent product. To the historian no phase of national development of the nineteenth century stands out so clearly as the transformation of the towns of twenty-five and thirty thousand people into cities of ten and twenty times that number. A whole science of city living has come into being; and a new system of political machinery, believed by many to be the ripest product of our democratic ideals, has been developed in the solution of the problems of efficient city government. Today for the first time we are venturing out along these new lines, but we do it with the experience of fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred years behind us, and with the example of our neighbors' experimentation for a guide. The city came upon the men of the first half of the nineteenth century almost unawares. They were settling their affairs in town meeting, and suddenly the town

meeting became unwieldy and unmanageable. Bostonians clung to theirs until it was almost a riot, and then reluctantly changed to a representative system of municipal control. They were pasturing their cows on the Common, and behold, there were too many cows! First they fenced in the walks that pedestrians should not be inconvenienced, and then they had to take away the right of pasturage altogether. The cherished custom which British muskets had not been able to break up, the city fathers must abolish by a vote, and the Common became the index of the progress of community life, as it had been the slogan of independence.

Beginnings are always interesting. The beginnings of city life in Boston, with the quaint pictures of days which were slipping away, and the foreshadowings of the metropolis which was to be, are fascinating. The people protested so violently against changes which seem to us so obvious. Josiah Quincy had, for instance, the greatest difficulty in getting a fire department of the most primitive sort organized. It had been from time immemorial the duty of every citizen to rush to the scene of every fire, carrying with him buckets and "a bag in which to rescue valuables." Boston had been swept again and again by fires which had carried away whole streets of her pine and oak houses until in 1801 the rule had been made that all new houses more than ten feet high should be built of brick or stone. At that time, it was the pride of the city that besides its four stone houses, it had one fine brick house standing on Beacon Hill overlooking the Common, the home of John Phillips, the first mayor. Even this rule, however, and the presence of every citizen with his bucket had not prevented many disastrous and wide-spreading fires. Yet what a storm of opposition was raised by the proposal of Mayor Quincy that the city should establish a fire department. The suggestion of engines to be owned and operated by the town was tolerated; but that cisterns be placed at convenient intervals and lines of hose be arranged to supply water from these cisterns,—that was absurd and impracticable. Ambitious poli-

ticians spent their time for many a month denouncing these cisterns as useless holes in which an extravagant mayor was foolishly sinking the city's money. But it was not many years before the papers were full of proud references to the creditable performances of "our firemen," and, after town water was introduced, the firemen's drills on the Common on the evening of Independence Day drew even larger crowds than the feats of the imported balloonists.

This introduction of town water was one of the greatest events that was ever celebrated on the Common. It was the first miracle of modern engineering to be wrought in the city which was to create a fashionable residence section out of its marsh land and to anticipate even New York in its system of underground transportation. "The greatest day of this generation," says a contemporary account, "was the October day in 1848 when the channels and aqueducts were completed which were to bring water from Lake Cochituate, twenty miles away, and distribute it throughout the sandy peninsula. Four million dollars had been spent, and years of time had been consumed. Today the feat was accomplished. Today from the Frog Pond on the Common, that familiar spot, which had been repaved and enclosed for the occasion, Cochituate water was to spout forth as fresh and clear as though it had made no long journey at the bidding of man through artificial channels. From all the neighboring towns, people came to see this marvel, and at the bounds of the Common they were met by inscriptions erected on the gateways assuring them in Bible language that the prophecies had indeed come to fulfillment. "Streams shall run in our streets, and play about our gateways," read one, and "The springs of the hills have come to refresh us," was emblazoned across another. As the long procession of dignitaries marched through the passage reserved for them between the crowds, the Handel and Haydn Society led them, singing a hymn composed for the occasion. They gathered about the Frog Pond and there was a hush while prayer was offered. Then hundreds of school

children joined in singing the "Ode to Water" which James Russell Lowell had written for the day.

"My name is Water: I have sped
Through strange dark ways untried be-
fore,
By pure desire of friendship led,
Cochituate's Ambassador:
He sends four royal gifts by me,
Long life, health, peace, prosperity."

When the echo of the last verse had

different shapes, spout up toward the sky. Then they turned to their homes where this "royal gift" of Mr. Lowell's Ode was to become their common property.

It is pleasant to think that the spirit of Boston was truly displayed in this distribution of water. In many places where town water had been introduced, it had been brought at public expense only through the streets. Each citizen must decide for himself whether he could afford to connect his house with the sup-



Courtesy of the State Street Trust Company

CELEBRATION ON BOSTON COMMON OF INTRODUCTION OF COCHITUATE WATER INTO THE CITY

died away, the mayor, after a word of explanation from the Chairman of the Water Commissioners, turned to the people and said: "Citizens of Boston, it has been proposed that pure water be introduced into this city. All who are in favor of this proposal will please say 'Aye'!" A unanimous and hearty shout came from the crowd, and in response to this popular summons, a column of sparkling water, six inches in diameter, leaped seventy feet into the air. It must have been a wonderful moment. Long after the exercises were concluded the people stood motionless, watching the jet, which was made to play in seven or eight

ply. Boston had lived up to her heritage of democracy and had sent the water at public cost into the home of every citizen, rich and poor alike. It was doubly appropriate therefore that the people should gather on the ground which their forefathers had reserved for common use, to celebrate the coming of this new and universal blessing.

The Common has proved to be a trustworthy barometric index of the city's progress. In its celebrations we see the great events recorded; in its rules and regulations we find those tiny indications which show so clearly the changes that were taking place. The restrictions are

so significant. The first mention of the Common in the city regulations, after the charter was adopted, is to the effect that there must be no more shaking of carpets anywhere in the city except on the Common, and even there not within ten rods of the public paths. Then there is that law of 1802, relic of the old Puritanic Boston which was passing away, that Sabbath-breakers, bathing at the foot of the Common on Sunday, should be punished, which called forth in the Sentinel the impertinent retort of "young Boston," which was beginning to assert its right to free speech:

"In Superstition's days, 't is said,
Hens laid two eggs on Monday,
Because a hen would lose her head
That laid an egg on Sunday.
Now our wise rulers and the law
Say none shall wash on Sunday;
So Boston folks must dirty go,
And wash them twice on Monday."

At last after many epidemics, the city fathers waked up to the danger to the health of the community, of the marshes which came up to the Common's edge, and after many delays the ropewalks were finally bought out, and the swamps were drained which were soon to be converted into the Public Garden.

It took a long time for the town to grow up into the full stature of a city, and we almost regret the changes that marked the transformation, though they were inevitable. The holiday-makings, when the Common was covered with booths and stands and wandering showmen, are so much more spontaneous and attractive than the carefully planned programs of the next generation. We envy Mr. Hawthorne his Fourth of July in Boston in 1838, when he wandered here and there over the pleasure ground, studying the people with his kindly, yet penetrating glance; and we envy the small boys who were sailing their boats on the Frog Pond, the honor, which they did not at all appreciate, of being watched by the quiet, dark-haired man, who entered so sympathetically into all the adventures and misadventures of their brigs and schooners and men-of-

war on that mimic sea.

It was the event of the year to go to Boston for Independence Day. Small boys, and even their older brothers and sisters, saved their money for weeks in anticipation, and spent it with careful and judicious consideration on those shows and dainties which promised most from their flaming signboards. The whole border of the Common was lined with booths and tents where food and drinks were temptingly arranged. Gingerbread, sugar-plums, confectionery, spruce beer, lemonade, molasses candy,—these enticed one in the early hours of the day; and there beyond were larger tables with more substantial viands, "groaning under the weight of ponderous hams and tender pigs," from which the father of the family could purchase the supplies for the noon meal. But one must inspect with care before purchasing. Here were huge chunks of gingerbread, to be sure, but up at the other end of the line were gingerbread figures, solid and substantial, in the shape of Jim Crow or of some of the political celebrities of the day. It requires a whole day and an unlimited purse to exhaust the charms of the Common,—to see the mammoth rat, to test one's fate on the wheels of fortune, to tease the monkey who was perched on the top of one of the booths, and best of all, to visit and revisit the wax-work show.

"The Statuary," as the wax-work display was called, was the craze of the period. But if you think you are about to see the tame and ladylike originals of Mrs. Jarley's famous company, you will meet with a surprise. The glib showman whose voice greets you as you enter the tent and invites you to come a little nearer, that you may appreciate better the truly lifelike appearance of these wonderful reproductions, is descending on the story of Pirate Strong and Mrs. Whipple, who together with the display of a most fiendish skill and cunning, murdered the husband of the latter. This next figure to which he calls your attention is Captain Kidd, the pirate, and your blood runs cold as he recites the tale of bones buried in the sand on desert isles. Should you wish

to refresh your memory on these incidents, printed histories of the characters may be obtained at the door, as you go out. That the reproduction is so perfect in every detail that the family of the hero would hardly know the difference, he assures you, as he holds the candle higher that you may admire the details of costume and feature. Pirates and murderers, murderers and pirates,—such is the repertoire, with here and there a familiar group like the Siamese Twins. So it goes on hour after hour, and the showman reminds you in the intervals between his moral discourses on the dreadful crimes here disclosed, and the sins of their perpetrators, that a thousand persons have already viewed the figures today, and more are waiting outside at this very moment. The taste for melodrama is evidently not a product of modern life. Yet we sympathize with those who lamented loudly when the booths must needs be given up because the crowds were too large and unwieldy for even the broad acres of the Common, and who found music and fireworks a tame substitute for this varied entertainment.

It was natural that the same factors which changed Boston from a town into a city should bring it into a new relation with the nation, and of the occasion which was the token of this out-reaching, the Common was the centre. Three years after the Water Celebration there was held the great Railroad Jubilee of October, 1851, which marked the completion of the last and longest of seven railroads connecting Boston with the outside world. Other enterprises had been local, bringing added comfort and convenience to the city; this was a national, even an international affair, as was witnessed by the presence of the President of the United States and the Governor General of Canada. To appreciate its significance we must review, as did the speakers of the day, the events that led up to it. Hardly twenty years had elapsed since the first shovelful of earth had been moved for the construction of any railroad track in Massachusetts; the first locomotive engine had entered New England in 1834; and now at

an expense of fifty-four million dollars the State had constructed within her own limits, twelve hundred miles of railroad, and had established beyond her borders, connection with thirteen states of the Union. The occasion of this Jubilee, the completion of the Boston and Montreal system, brought within easy reach northern New York, the Great Lakes, and Canada; and at this same time, the first line of American-owned steamers between Boston and Liverpool was opening its service with four steam packets, "not one of which was less than 1500 tons burthen, the costliest ships ever owned in Boston."

"BOSTON AND THE CANADAS, UNITED BY BONDS OF IRON."

So read the inscription on the arch erected over the track by which the distinguished guests entered the city, and the motto within the great Pavilion tent on the Common carried the idea still further.

"THOU SHALT LOVE THY
NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF:
TORONTO, MONTREAL, QUEBEC,
BOSTON.
HONOUR TO THOSE WHO HAVE
BROUGHT US TOGETHER."

The circle of Boston's "neighbors" had indeed extended its circumference in two decades. The thirty-five hundred people who sat down to the Jubilee dinner in the huge pavilion could have testified to that, had it not been demonstrated to them in the great railroad map which lined the roof and stood, a silent witness to the wide area from which the guests had been gathered. Of one hundred and five towns and cities, Massachusetts had only twenty-five which were not directly connected with Boston by one or another of the seven railroads; and of these, thirteen were seaport towns, easily accessible by water, and the remaining twelve were adjacent to towns upon the railroads.

The dinner on the Common was the closing exercise of a three days' program. It was the largest affair ever undertaken by the city and had been most carefully

and artistically planned. The whole interior of the canopy was lined with flags of different nations, those of Great Britain and the United States occupying the place of honor behind President Fillmore's and Lord Elgin's seats. In the centre of the pavilion, amid gay lines of bunting, there hung one faded, tattered flag, reminder of the past, with the motto, "This flag waved in the time of the Revolution over the Liberty Tree." One wonders that it should have been placed there on this occasion when American vied with Canadian in drinking the health of the Queen and extending the hand of brotherhood, but Bostonians were tenacious of their history and their hard-won independence.

The speeches were many, and the sentiments expressed were mutually congratulatory. The dinner, we are told, was excellent; the menu sounds substantial and appetizing, with roast beef, ham, tongue, oyster pie, lobster salad, fruit, pastry, melons, ice-cream, *and so forth.*" Darkness fell before the festival was over, and the guests were forced to adjourn to the streets without, where brilliant fireworks were illumining the town.

With the coming of the railroad and the steamer, the modern city of Boston was fairly launched. Later occasions were merely repetitions on a larger scale of what had been begun. In the three centuries of its history, Boston Common has surely justified its origin,—its setting apart as a central and uniting possession of all citizens. The symbol of community life, it has been a convenient means by which to take the pulse of the village, the town and the city. Has it not proved throughout, to be the symbol of the same spirit, that best spirit of Boston, which has persisted through all the changes? We treasure the memory of

good Deacon John Sullivan who paid the town-crier to go up and down the streets ringing his bell before every school, and inviting the scholars to come over to the Common and enjoy the hay which he had just mown. And we open the Common on hot nights to the tenement dwellers who would otherwise suffer in their crowded sleeping-rooms. We remember the courtesies of Mr. Otis of the four hats a year, and are glad when our city fathers decree that for two hours at noon, lines of benches on the Common shall be vacated that tired shop-girls may have the benefit of the coolness and shade. In our histories we read how John Lucas and Oliver Smith, distressed by the neglected appearance of the public land, went from house to house in 1784, and got subscriptions amounting to two hundred and eighty-five pounds with which to grade the slopes of the Common, repair the fence, and care for the trees. Then we turn to our newspapers and learn of the large bequest left by George Francis Parkman, the income of which is to be expended for the maintenance and improvement of the Common, "in the hope that Boston Common shall never as a whole or in part be diverted from its present purpose, as a recreation ground for the citizens of Boston." Even our city council has a sentiment about this historic park, and takes pleasure in occasionally reiterating with unanimity and emphasis, as it did in 1891, the provision of early colonial documents, resolving that "it expresses the sentiment of the people in declaring that they will forever resist the surrender of a single inch of the sacred soil of Boston Common for any purpose other than that for which it was originally dedicated; namely, for the use of the common people forever."





THEODORE H. BAUER, GENERAL PRESS REPRESENTATIVE, BOSTON
OPERA HOUSE

THE FINE ART OF GRAND OPERA ADVERTISING

By THEODORE H. BAUER

WHEN the Standard Oil Company decided to establish a publicity bureau as a permanent feature of its business, an official stamp of approval was set by one of the world's greatest enterprises upon the profession of the press agent, in fact it was an admission that the so-called promoter of publicity has become an important factor in the business life of the world.

It is comparatively but a few years ago that the man who tried to make the public acquainted with the most salient features of the enterprise he was connected with was looked upon with manifest disfavor by the editors and was consigned to the Ananias club by the readers in the rare cases where he succeeded in inducing the grouchy journalist to award him a few lines in the newspaper.



Electrograph by Clicken

ALICE NIELSEN

Today the editor who is alive to news values looks upon the press agent as a valuable member of his official family, and the public, while unconscious of the fact that many of the most enjoyable moments derived from reading newspapers have been due to some promoter of publicity, has learned that even the most enthusiastic press agent sees in truthful statements his principal weapon

for attracting the public's attention.

The Standard Oil Company was slow in learning that secretiveness leads to enmity, that frankness prevents hurtful exaggeration, and that to become more or less intimately acquainted with those who levy a contribution on it, is what the public thinks to be its inalienable right. The theatrical manager, on the other hand, was ahead of times when he first

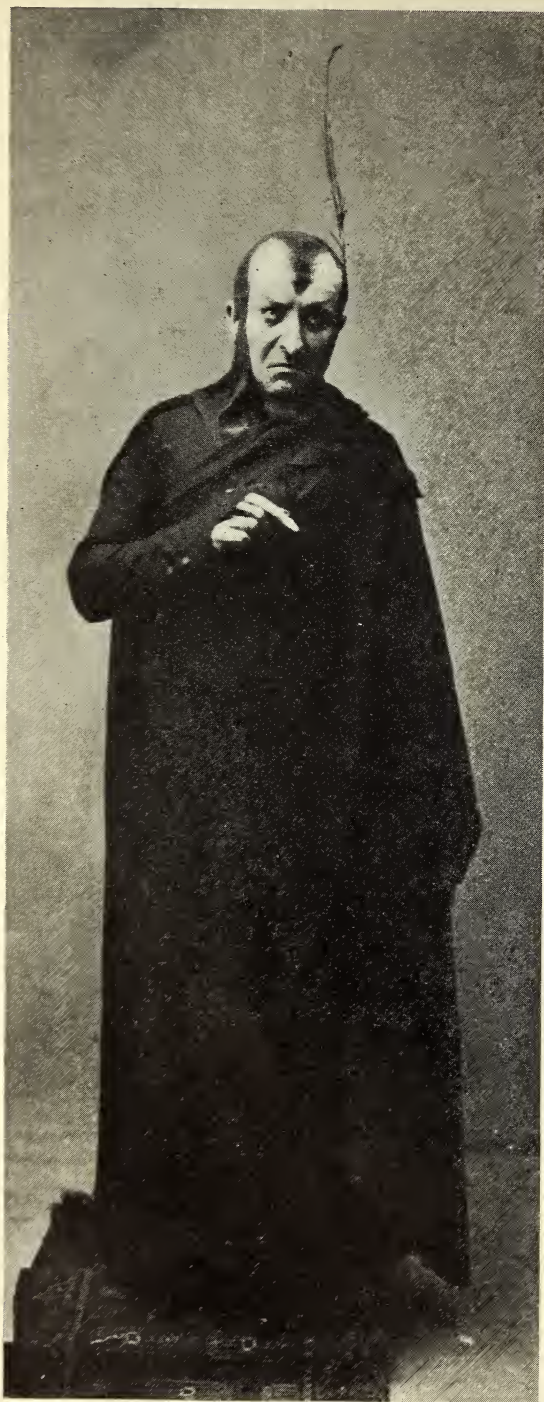


GEORGE BAKLANOFF

guessed the true value of publicity, and the first press agent had to contend, besides his other difficulties, with the public's unwillingness to admit its eagerness to know the "human interest" side of an enterprise.

Stageland is full of throbbing interest to the average person, and so are the men and women who people it. For years and years, very bitter and rather

fruitless years, the press agent was knocking at the doors of the newspaper offices asking the editors to open the columns to the stories he was offering. Today he is greeted with a welcoming handshake, for the editor knows that politics and police court news can not fill a paper catering to a large clientele, and that the press agent is far above the ordinary value to him in this respect.



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MAURICE RENAUD

The editor who once refused to print the news of an actress' death because the notice came from a press agent would today be looked upon as a curiosity even among a multitude of circus sideshow freaks.

The more an actor or actress, (and under these words I include everybody purveying entertainment from the stage) becomes a favorite with the public, the more insatiable grows the public's desire to know all about this favorite. The editor admits this to be a fact, the press agent rejoices in it, and everybody is pleased. It would seem that all that a press agent, or press representative as he is called at present out of deference to his new position and unwillingness, prompted by politeness, to refer to his past, has to do is to loll back in an easy chair in front of a rolltop desk, smoke a cigar and answer telephone calls from editors frantic for news, but in reality his path in life is far from resembling a path of roses, and his work never ceases.

Every profession produces an average type of man or woman, and the existence of the average type, no matter how romantic the surroundings, presents after all a dully gray aspect that is only occasionally relieved by flashes of the unusual. To watch for these flashes and to be able to detect them when they occur is no easy task, and one's attention must never flag. But this is but a small part of a press agent's duties.

A press agent must plan his publicity campaign, much as a general would plan his battles, and while the *deus-ex-machina* act is of inestimable help to him, he little depends on it in his general calculations. In an industrial enterprise such a campaign is comparatively easy, and one possessing a fair knowledge of newspaper work and endowed with common sense can steer his ship without any fear of rocks and shallows, for routine work forms the principal means of the publicity onslaught. It

is vastly different when the enterprise happens to be a grand opera company, in which there is a galaxy of stars, all famous, all eager to let the public know of their greatness, and all nearly equally interesting to the public. The work then teems with difficulties that would make the diplomatic moves in Balkan affairs seem child's play.

Within the short period of one year the Boston Opera House has come to be looked upon as an integral part of the life of the city, so much so that it shares the place of honor with Boston's other art institutions such as the Museum of Fine Arts, Symphony Hall, etc. Much as Bostonians are noted for their culture and their love of the artistic, it would have been next to impossible to make them accept the new home of grand opera as one of their city's achievements were it not for the liberal publicity policy pursued by the founders of the Boston Opera House.

Let us suppose that Mr. Eben D. Jordan and his associates had adopted the tactics of aloofness that manifest themselves in the customary attitude of the man who is certain of doing a big thing, and who refuses to let anybody into the secret until the work is completed. The Boston Opera House would have been erected, the famous singers engaged and there is no doubt that the artistic results would have been as great as they were last year, but would the Boston Opera House have been looked upon as a city institution, would it have aroused civic pride as it did, and would it have succeeded in making the whole civilized world recognize Boston as one of the world's greatest operatic centres? It might have, but it is very doubtful. No enterprise that combines art and education in its purpose can reach the pinnacle of its aims without the impelling force of public approval, and such approval can not be ob-



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CARMEN MELIS



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MARIA GAY

tained unless the widest publicity in plans and aims prevails.

From the very inception of the project to give Boston an opera house of her own, the people at large knew every step that had been contemplated, and the result is that even Bostonians who have not as yet set foot within the portals of the Boston Opera House are so intim-

ately acquainted with all that takes place within and in connection with it that they have a feeling of being part-owners and participants in the conduct of its affairs.

What the Boston newspapers did towards this achievement is now a matter of history, but with the best of intentions on their part they could not have done it



Photograph by Chickering

LYDIA LIPKOWSKA

without the aid of the publicity department of the Boston Opera Company that crystallized all that was of interest to the public, supplied the editors with the material, stood at the beck and call of anyone who wanted information, and worked day and night in the effort to bring the opera house and the public into the closest possible relation.

Aside from all that, the publicity department served and serves as the ready reference department in everything appertaining to opera. Is a new production contemplated? Weeks before, the story of the opera, all the information about the music, the author's ideas, the artists' conceptions of their parts, the director's plans, are condensed into



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FRANCES ALDA

precise forms ready for the perusal of the men at the head of the musical departments of the newspapers. Is a new artist to appear? His or her biography with such glimpses of personality as would be of general interest is at the elbow of the editor long before the initial curtain rises. Are the directors contemplating a new move? No time is lost in making this known to the public

together with all the reasons and explanations that could be demanded. In a word, the press department is, as it is intended it should remain, a branch of the newspapers of the city, always willing to serve and frequently anticipating the requests.

Nothing that could be of use to the newspapers at any time is overlooked in a department of this kind. Portraits,

clippings, everything appertaining to the opera house and the opera company are to be found on the files of the press bureau, and all this is placed at the disposal of the newspapers whenever they think it necessary to acquaint the public with some phase of the opera house activity.

The press department never rests. The heads of an enterprise expect this department to make the chief effort to win the public's friendship, and the responsibility is much greater than it seems to be at the first glance. Quick judgment, an abundance of tact, and a "nose for news" are indispensable in men connected with such a publicity bureau, and these are only a part of their stock in trade, for the press agent who can not "write a story" in a variety of styles, that can not adapt himself to the demands of the different editors he comes in contact with, to put it briefly, one that is not a top notch newspaperman, by instinct if not by profession, and in grand opera, one that is not a linguist, with five or six languages at the tips of his fingers, will vainly hope

for success in his chosen field.

Perhaps in Boston conditions were somewhat exceptional owing to the ready recognition accorded by the newspapers to the Boston Opera House project from the moment it was first broached, and it is needless to reiterate that without such newspaper cooperation the press department's activities would resemble the fruitfulness of Sahara. If Boston prides herself at present on the possession of a world famed opera house, next to the princely generosity of Eben D. Jordan and the genius and the indomitable will of Henry Russell, she owes her thanks to the men at the helm of the various newspapers who never wavered in their allegiance to the project, and who have again and again given proof that where the city's welfare is concerned space plays but a small part.

If the press department has been successful in promoting the interests of the Boston Opera House, its chief pride lies in the fact that it has succeeded in being of real service to the editors.

AFTER YOU HAD DIED

By FLORENCE KIPER

Often when life about me flushes red
When youth is strident with glad rioting,
When love and light and laughter have their fling,
Softly I muse "How fares it with the dead?
Have they pale comfort in their narrow bed,
Lie they too still to stir at call of Spring,
Or do their spirits still rejoice in sting
Of high endeavor urging heart and head?"

But this I know, if action be the law,
If the good warfare wages there as now,
If strife and clamor be on battle-field,
Then art thou there, a sword, a flame, a shield,
A perfect knight, unsullied, without flaw,
With high resolve still glowing on thy brow.

THE COMING YEAR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

By ETHEL SYFORD

HERE are so many reasons for saying that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the paramount artistic, American achievement that the assertion needs no proof. The unique temper, as it were, of the whole situation becomes an instantaneous intuition, even to the before uninitiated visitor. Its steady insistence as to artistic standard, the atmosphere of its audiences and its performances makes for the most exhilarating and stimulating of the experiences which musical culture can afford.

This bids fair to be a year of some especial advantages. Perhaps the most notable of these is the coming of Mr. Anton Witek as concert-meister. Mr. Witek is a Czech and was born in 1872. He studied in Prague under Bennewitz and in 1894,—twenty-two years old—he was made concert-meister of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. He has remained in this position until the present season when he comes to America for the first time. It is likely that his will be a most forceful presence in the orchestra. This is the thirtieth season of the Orchestra and it is, for the first time, to exceed one hundred players. Mr. Fiedler has raised the number of bassoons from four to five and instead of three trombones there will be four. Also, the return of Mr. Schroeder, cellist, will be a notable event. Both Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Warnke will appear as soloists. As regards soloists, there will be fifteen of them; six singers, two cellists, four violinists, three pianists. The singers are Mme. Melba and Kirby-Lunn from Covent Garden, Miss Farrar and Emmy Destinn from the Metropolitan, Gilibert from the Manhattan, and Mme. Jomelli. Busoni, who was heard last season in the Emperor Concerto, is to return this season,—this time as composer and

pianist. His orchestral suite "Turandot" is to be given. Mr. Josef Hoffmann, who has not appeared in Boston for some years, will also be heard; it is said that he has developed wonderfully, both technically and temperamentally. Mr. Carlo Buonamici of Boston, will also appear as pianist with the Orchestra. The order of violinists will be represented by Francis Macmillen and Mischa Elman, Mr. Anton Witek, and Mr. Noack, who played so admirably last winter. Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Warnke will each appear as cello soloist during the season. Melba's only appearance in Boston will be at a pair of symphony concerts.

But it is not the "personal equation" which carries the preponderance of weight in the instance of a Boston Symphony concert, and it is with the utmost interest that we scan the plan of campaign already advanced by Mr. Fiedler. He has most judiciously chosen classics that are old and established and classics that are younger and romantic and also classics from which he must have shaken several inches of dust because they are so completely overlooked. Out of these latter Mr. Fiedler has chosen a composition of Beethoven's latter years,—a Fugue for string orchestra,—also an Adagio and Fugue by Mozart.

The list also includes a Suite and Two Concertos from Bach, two Handel Concertos, a Haydn Symphony, two Symphonies by Mozart, including the "Jupiter," and the second, third, Pastoral, seventh and the Choral Symphonies by Beethoven, as well as his "Leonore," "Coriolan," and "Egmont" overtures; Mendelssohn's Overture to "The Fair Melusina" and his Italian Symphony; Schubert's Symphony in C major; Schumann's in D minor and in E flat, also the Overture, Scherzo and Finale to "Man-

fred;" and the "Freischutz," "Eury-anthe" and "Oberon" overtures of "Weber." The list of more modern classics includes Berlioz's "Carneval" and "King Lear" overtures and his "Harold Symphony" and fragments from his "Damnation of Faust" and the "Love Scene" and "Queen Mab" scherzo from his Romeo and Juliet music; Brahms will be represented by his "Academie" over-

man," Rimsky-Korsakoff's Oriental tale of an Arab hero, "Antar," Tschai-kowsky's symphonic ballad of "The Voyvode" and his Second Suite.

Perhaps Liszt's "Dante Symphony" will be awaited with curious interest because it has not been heard here for twenty years. The work is dedicated to Richard Wagner, who considered it a masterful creation of great genius. He



ANTON WITEK, CONCERT MASTER, BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ture, one of his Serenades and his first and third symphonies; Saint Saens "Dance Macabre," "Omphale's Wheel;" Goldmark's Sakuntala Overture; Tschai-kowsky's "Pathetique" and "Manfred" symphonies, his Suite for Strings and his overture to "Romeo and Juliet;" Wagner's Venusberg music in Tannhauser, the apotheosis of Siegfried in "Gottterdammerung" and the "Good Friday Spell" in Parsifal, the Kaisermarsch and the Siegfried Idyll; Cecar Franck's romantic tone poem, "The Wild Hunts-

man," Rimsky-Korsakoff's Oriental tale of an Arab hero, "Antar," Tschai-kowsky's symphonic ballad of "The Voyvode" and his Second Suite. Perhaps Liszt's "Dante Symphony" will be awaited with curious interest because it has not been heard here for twenty years. The work is dedicated to Richard Wagner, who considered it a masterful creation of great genius. He

periodic structure. The thematic and structural treatment are unorthodox. Liszt has kept in mind the poetic idea and expressed it sincerely in tone. This symphony is, therefore, not chaotic or formless merely because it does not adhere to the dance form structure of the conventional symphony. In fact, the poetic concepts of the *Divine Comedy* would not wear the dance-form clothes of the regular symphonic structure with fitness. The motives are very impressive and strikingly characteristic and definite in conception. The work is in three divisions, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Perhaps the most impressive moment in the *Symphonie* is at the very beginning where the Brasses read out the inscription over the gates of Hell. Liszt refused to write a program for the work, but from the insistent recurrence and dramatic manner in which the monotonous phrase "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*" interrupts and comments upon the episodes of the poem, it is evident that Liszt interpreted Dante's ethics to mean that the inhabitants of the *Inferno* were forever conscious of the hopelessness of their state. The *Andante amoroso* which depicts the *Francesca da Rimini* episode is certainly one of the attractive moments. This is in seven four measure, and for the most part, with muted strings. And this episode is suddenly interrupted by a solo horn whose muffled tones of eternal despair chant the "*Lasciate*," etc. The principal theme of "*Purgatory*" begins in choral style and at its close gives place to a "*Lamentoso*" in fugal form, the instrumentation and treatment of which are remarkable. At the climax of the fugue, the choral motive previously given is most impressively introduced but gradually fades away, now and then interrupted by bits of mournful recitative, an unseen chorus and a solo voice to which the chorus responds, intone the *Magnificat*. This portion is full of mediaeval *Palustrina*-like effects and the whole work ends in a victorious transport of joy. It is remarked that the "*Inferno*" is the most interesting portion.

Schopenhauer said that Dante constructed a very respectable Hell because there was so much material for it in this our actual world but that he encountered insuperable difficulties with heaven and its joys because this world contained absolutely no material for such a thing.

Henry Labouchere said, "Liszt's Dante music reminded him of the scenes of heaven and hell carved over the western doors of Amiens Cathedral. Here the devils have a fine time of it frying the damned. But heaven is a poor and dull affair. Directly Liszt gets out of hell he ceases to be interesting." At any rate, it is a powerful work. There is a solemnity and massiveness about this Dante Symphony which is bound to be profoundly impressive and the more so because it is so rarely given.

Among the contemporary composers are "*Don Quixote*," "*Heldensleben*" and "*Tod und Verklarung*" by Strauss; Reger's "*Variation and Fugue*" and "*Serenade*," Macdowell's "*Indian Suite*," Sgambati's *Symphony in D major* and an orchestral *Te Deum*; Glazounow's "*Suite*" and "*Scenes de Ballet*;" Reznicek's overture to "*Donna Diana*" and Humperdinck's "*In a Moorish Café*"; Debussy's *Nocturnes*, *Petite Suite*, two of the "*Images*" for orchestra, both for the first time; Strauss's tone poem "*Macbeth*," will also be heard for the first time, also D'Indy's "*Istar*." One of the most interesting works, also new to Boston, will be Rachmaninoff's *E minor Symphony*. After the almost reverential admiration and enthusiasm which this Russian deservedly evoked last year, any mention of him awakens interest, for he is as thoroughly sane as he is great. Another work of much interest will be Mahler's great second symphony for orchestra, chorus and solo voices. It was recently given in Munich—"The new piece, quite a gigantic affair is said to represent the first serious attempt since Beethoven's Choral Symphony to combine with a purely instrumental interpretation realistic vocal effects. A German musician who has examined the score, describes the work as a symphony



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GERALDINE FARRAR, SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

with a vocal obligato wherein human voices blend with the instruments in an altogether novel and harmonious fashion. The symphony consists of two parts, the first based on the hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," composed by the Archbishop of Mayence, while the Finale is a setting of the closing scene of Goethe's "Faust." In the ranks of the choir, numbering eight hundred and fifty singers, will be found the three choral societies of

Vienna, Leipzig and Munich. There will be an immense orchestra of eighty-six strings, very full wood-wind, celesta, harmoniums, organ, mandolin, and many instruments of percussion."

Last year we heard a rendition of "Paris" by Delius and found it full of rich imagination. This winter we shall hear the variations on a negro folk song, "Appalachia," with chorus, a "Dance Rhapsody" and two Rhapsodies, "Briggs



MADAME MELBA, SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Fair" and "In a Summer Garden." Delius is spoken of as an Englishman but his parents were Germans. If one be judging him by his tastes and musical tendency it would be more fair to speak of him as a cosmopolitan. He is now about forty-eight years old. He studied with Jadassohn and Reinecke but is not at all enthusiastic over their assistance. He has many compositions of interest. Several of his operas are spoken of as

very dramatic, among them being "Romeo und Julie auf dem Dorfe." He has also written a piano concerto for Busoni and a Danish set of songs with accompaniment for orchestra and also has made some settings for some poems of Nietzsche. He has been spoken of as having imbibed a good deal of the Debussy spirit, but it might be possible that nature endowed him with much the same kind of interpretation and that he



EMMY DESTINN, SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

did not imbibe it. At any rate his operas follow no tradition but his own conviction and inspiration. His orchestration does show the same influences as those which moulded and dominate the modern French school. August Spanuth calls him a half brother of Charles Martin Loeffler. In answer to the assertion that he has traits in common with Puccini and

Debussy, a letter which Delius wrote to Mr. Spanuth may explain: "I am not the sort of man that would deny his musical parentage and therefore it will interest you to know that the first note I ever heard of Debussy was his opera, "Pelleas and Melisande," given in the spring of 1902 in Paris. My work, "Romeo und Julie auf dem Dorfe," was

then entirely finished and had been in Rome for three months in the hands of Schmitt, who did the piano score. I have never yet heard a note of Puccini's music. The resemblance with Debussy can only come from us both being influenced by Chopin, Wagner and a little by Grieg."

We are to hear, for a second time, the second Symphony of Sibelius and "Finlandia" and, for the first time, "Karelia," the incidental music to Strindberg's fairy play, "Swan White," and the tone poem of "The Swan of Tuonela." Bantock, the Englishman, will be represented by three "dramatic dances"; Bossi's "Intermezzi," two rhapsodies by Enesco; the orchestral sketch, "Baba Jaga," by Liadow of the neo-Russian cult; Hadley, the American, in "The Culprit Fay"; Halm, a concerto for orchestra piano and organ; Mandl's "Overture to a Gascon Comedy." Nicodé, the Belgian composer, will be heard in two Scherzi from his orchestral and choral piece, "Gloria." Noveni was heard in a set of variations several years ago and this time it will be in a Suite for orchestra; another called a "Finnish Suite," by Palmgren. Scriabine, the Russian, will be represented by an "Ecstatic Poem." There is also a serenade of much charm by Leo Wiener.

Mr. Fiedler also announces the tone poem after Maeterlinck's "La Mort de Tintagiles," by Charles Martin Loeffler. Aside from Debussy there is no one alive who is so sensitively appreciative through the processes of tone of the mystic subtleties of Maeterlinck. The drama, "La Mort de Tintagiles" is terrible and tragic but it is beautifully tragic, not baldly so, and Loeffler is acutely, sensitively attuned to this intensity. It would seem that he had assimilated the substance rather than translated the concept to tone. It is the strongest, most intense passion and the more so because it is crystallized. The work ends with a most enchanting and exquisite tenderness which is a sort of after effect, as it were, of the spell he has already cast. Though it has no analogue in the drama it springs from Mr. Loeffler's intuitive insistence upon unified and absolute and rhythmic beauty rather than upon

realism. His complete responsiveness to Maeterlinck,—mystic, symbolist and repressionist,—mark Mr. Loeffler as a unique tone poet. The only trouble is that, like Maeterlinck, his genius is so sensitively refined to the essence of things that the realist who demands the accidents of ordinary life for his intellectual manna has no point of tangency.

Mr. Fiedler has chosen with discretion. The list is interesting and representative,—representative of the various schools and of orchestral history and of Mr. Fiedler's taste for the graphic romantics. He brings every detail of Richard Strauss to the eye as well as to the ear. I have neglected to say that father Bruckner is not to be slighted and we shall hear the "Romantic Symphony" in its best light.

This will make the third consecutive yearly performance of Beethoven's ninth or choral and colossal symphony,—but it must be remembered that this is America and that opportunities for this work to be heard in this land of ours, at least in an at all competent way, are few.

The list of moderns is very generous and includes the most of the newer talent of which we are all curious to know something. It will be noticed that Macdowell's Indian Suite, Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles" and Hadley's Rhapsody represent the American constituency.

The orchestra will give one hundred and seventeen concerts in all and in addition to the regular Symphony concerts it will give three concerts in connection with the Cecilia Society, one upon December first, one on February sixteenth and one on Good Friday, April fourteenth. At each of these concerts the entire orchestra and the entire Cecilia Society will appear and each performance will be conducted by Mr. Fiedler. At the first concert, the work to be presented will be Bantock's "Omar Khayam," at the second concert the "Children's Crusade by Pierne," and on Good Friday, Bach's "Passion According to Saint Matthew."

As will be noticed, the choice of soloists for the regular Symphony concerts affords a list of artists every one of

whom for various and many reasons, will attract compelling and enthusiastic interest. As usual they are all artists of established international reputation and in several instances are chosen from the choirs of the orchestra itself and in the case of Mr. Buonamici, of established local recognition. The coming of Mr. Witek, the return of Mr. Schroeder, the increasing loyalty and admiration of Symphony audiences for Mr. Fiedler's ability, the increased size of the band of

musicians, the presentation of works which will without doubt excite the utmost interest and many other reasons warrant the assertion that this will be a year of exceptional and enthusiastic concern to the scholarly musician, the amateur or the music lover,—it matters not which, for in the presence of refined and authoritative and artistic musical production real enjoyment is bound to be in store, even for the uninitiated.

WHITHER

By CLARENCE H. URNER

Ah, who may tell me where
The music floated to its death?
Can it have perished as the breath
That woke the mute reed from despair?
Will it forever more forbear
To rouse the slumbering air?

And tell me whither went
The fragrance of the flowering spray
Dropped lifeless in the garden way?
When will the gale come back to scent
The bloomless plant where time is spent
In dreams of discontent?

When loosed from Slumber's hold,
In what far clime do dreams abide,
And where do fleeing rainbows hide?
Can they return in selfsame mold,
And dew, dissolved, once more unfold
A Heaven of blue and gold?

And when the prophet's gift,
From steadfast gazing, yields to sleep,
And visions from their mooring sweep,
O'er what strange ocean do they drift
Where sunlight gleams, or shadows shift
And vapors never lift?

Ah me, not perished quite
The music stilled, the fragrance shed,
The vanished dream, the rainbow fled:
Their spirits haunt the day and night,
And fill the poet's soul with light
Past reach of outer sight.

SAINT LINCOLN

By ALICE M. HEAVEN

IT was the hour of vespers in the little village of Prato, Tuscany. The harsh bell was clanging from the Campanile in the piazza where rises the great Duomo. A group of toothless hags, wrapped in shawls, an assortment of old men, some on crutches, some blind, some palsied, knelt on the stone pavement near the lamp-lit altar. Four or five ragged children crept toward the shining light gleaming from the silver statuette of the Virgin which glittered amid the soft glow of flickering waxen candles. The cathedral was cold and dark, save where here and there before a chapel or a shrine, a lamp burned. Little Angelo, and his foster brother Carlos, were in attendance today at the altar, upon Padre Christofera, who mumbled the service between the pauses made by the whining organ up in the loft. The two acolytes, robed in crimson, with their torn chausables of priceless lace, bobbed their courtesies mechanically, before the altar. Angelo had long ago confided to Carlos that he did not believe the Holy Madonna cared for him. After all why should she? Was he not a comparative stranger in Prato? Had he not come from the great Hospital of the Innocents in Florence, brought to Prato by the good old Padre Christofero and lodged in the home of Carlos' father and mother? Now that he was old enough to be helpful, he lived with the priest in the room behind the sacristy, and polished the silver sconces, swept and dusted the cathedral, and showed the visitors the wonders enshrined there; the peeling frescoes, the great vellum-bound music books, and above all the miracle-working "Cintola," or girdle of the Holy Virgin herself, one of the most famous relics in all Italy. Angelo loved the cathedral, every nook and corner, every bit of carv-

ing—every inch of it, but his prayers were no longer dedicated to "La Virgen de la Cintola." The time had been when he had spent many of the *soldi* given him by the rich American and English visitors, to burn candles before her shrine, but she had never answered his prayers, she had never revealed to him the whereabouts of his father and mother, or shown him where he might find the only toy that he had ever possessed, his beloved wooden donkey, Pasto, which had been stolen from the altar in the chapel of Saint Stephen where Antonio had carelessly left it one day. No, the lonely child had not found the Virgin of the Girdle responsive; probably she was much too busy to attend to the petitions of a little foundling, but long ago, three years ago now, Antonio had made a great discovery, and since then all his sceptical thoughts had been routed.

One by one the beggars and market women, the toddling *bambinos*, and *ragazzos*, the soldier with the wooden leg, old Marco, the potter, and Mercedes, the straw plaiter, passed out into the square. Antonio and Carlos scrambled up on the altar and extinguished the two tall white candles, threw a dirty cloth over the silver statuette, and fastened the doors of the beautifully wrought iron screen before the altar. Their chores done, Antonio was left alone in the great, cold, bare cathedral where now but three lights burned. The child, however, knew exactly where to go. Holding up his long, crimson skirts, he groped his way along by the row of cane-bottomed chairs in the side aisle, past the deserted chapels, to a niche in the wall close to one of the side entrances. It was a door rarely used except upon a great *festa*, such as that of the Corpus Christi, when the carved panels were thrown back to allow

the peasants with their lighted candles to enter in the procession. In the niche was a statue. Long, long ago, a piece of the cornice from the organ loft above had fallen, and had taken with it the saintly nose, lips, and cheeks of the figure, had broken off the outstretched hand, and had amputated one of the large toes protruding from the sandalled foot. There was no one in Prato who knew the name of this mutilated saint. His history had been forgotten, his symbol evidently had been held in his lost hand, but whether it had been the palm of martyrdom, the pen of erudition, or the scroll of revelation, none could say. Alone, neglected, spurned, stood the poor saint in his dark niche by the barred door, until the day that the foundling Antonio, grieved by the neglect of the great Virgin in her glittering shrine, had discovered him and claimed him as his own. What could be more appropriate? For this saint, nameless, poor, despised and neglected surely could understand the heart-aches of a companion in misfortune, the saint without a crown or symbol, the saint who, like the little Antonio himself, was forgotten by the world.

There was never a day in the year that the shrine was left without a votive offering. In August, a garland of poppies made a bright bit of color against the grey stone. In October, a cross of wheat or a bough of ripe olives lay upon the pedestal, but in winter most often a candle gleamed there, set in a straw Chiante flask which Antonio had ingeniously secured with a string to the ankle of the saint. No one guessed the boy's secret love, for he crept to the shrine only when the cathedral was deserted.

Padre Christofero allowed Antonio a small allowance from his earnings every week. The boy was scrupulously honest, for it would have been very easy for him to have kept back some of the money which the tourists gave him. In the spring season when visitors came every day in the little steam tram from Florence to visit the old city, once adorned by Pisano and Donatello, he earned as much as five and six francs a day. Antonio had plenty of use for his money, although he was fed and clothed by the

Padre. He spent every cent that he could scrape together upon his music, for it was his ambition to become an organist, and perhaps some day he would be able to play sublime masses for the repose of souls, as he had heard them played in the church of the Annunciate in Florence now two Easters ago, when he had gone thither with old Giovanni, who had to be guided through the crowded streets. Yet, Antonio did not neglect his saint, and to-day he hurried forward full of excitement, for in his hand he held a wonderful candle which he had commissioned his friend Lorenzetto, the silversmith, to buy him in Rome, a candle which had cost him two *lire*.

"Ah, amico mio!" exclaimed Antonio, as he scratched a match on the stone ledge, "Buon Giorno. See, what I have brought thee—a new candle, Signor, a candle from the great city of Rome, where His Holiness lives. Securamente! Thou canst not see it poverino, therefore I will describe it. It is long, amico, let me see, three times as long as my middle finger, and rather thin, but listen, amico. All the way up the stem are roses in pink and yellow wax, with tiny green leaves, Signor, roses but no thorns. It burns delightfully, and smells most sweet. Now I will say an Ave, but first let me remind thee again, oh, powerful saint, that thou hast not attended to the little matter of which I spoke last week. Has thou perhaps forgotten, that it is necessary for me to obtain the consent of Padre Christofero before I can spend two hours every morning at the organ? Only a miracle can induce old Mercedes to pump the air for me. I might suggest that there are many idle children in paradise, or perhaps in purgatory, who could assist her. The pictures in Florence showed many such, but pardon me, Signor, for my great impatience. It is not for my self alone that I wish to become a great musician, but that in that way I may earn money, so that some day I shall be able to take thee from this dirty niche, and restore to thee, all that thou hast lost, the sight of thine eyes, the use of thy hand, and the worship of the people. I know that it can be done, for in Florence, many artists live by per-

forming miracles upon the ancient saints.

The candle-light flickered over the still figure. Grotesque indeed it appeared in the dim niche, an almost shapeless mass of stone, and yet in that outline, there lurked still the mystery of a great artist's ideal. The child pressed his little cheek against the cold robe, and caressed with his warm glance the beautiful candle. In his heart surged a great love, untamed and fierce which, restless as the ocean, beat forever against this rock.

Looking back upon that cold Autumnal evening, it seemed to Antonio that it was the dividing line between two distinct lives, for the following day who should surprise Padre Christofero but his idolized nephew, Francesco Bimbi, who five years ago, had run away to America. He had been a merry, rosy-cheeked, curly-haired lad, always darting in and out of the old sacristy like one of the swallows who build their nests beneath Donatello's wonderful pulpit, adorned with singing children placed high on the facade of the Duomo. Since his departure, two letters had been received from him, one stating that he was in New York, employed in a fruit store; the second, that he was near Boston, and had taken a wife—a wife at twenty years of age.

The truant's mother, a widow, still lived in Prato, a straw-plaiter. At any hour of the day, one could see her standing in the doorway of her dark little hut, with the roll of yellow straw tucked under her arm, and her fingers moving mechanically between the intricate strands. Mona Teresa was thrifty and prosperous, but she constantly mourned her son. It was on the day after Antonio's long intercession in the cathedral, that as Mona Teresa was standing at the fountain awaiting her turn to fill her copper pitcher, a tall young man had touched her on the elbow, asking in English, "May I have a drink of water, Mamma?" Mona Teresa turned to see her son, six feet, broad-shouldered, merry-eyed, with the same roguish smile that he had had when as a small boy he had chased the pigeons in the square.

The mother and son rushed over to the sacristy to acquaint Padre Christofero of the return of the Prodigal. Then

there was a feast of many good things which Francesco paid for in bright American gold, and during the long afternoon the group, including, of course, the spell-bound Antonio, sat about the hot fire of rosemary in the room behind the sacristy, and the wanderer told a marvellous tale to his audience of three, while Mona Teresa plaited furiously, her lips pressed together.

It seemed that the son, so long neglectful, wished now to make some amends, and take his mother to America, to the cottage by the sea; but no, Mona Teresa was inflexible. She would never live with a daughter-in-law, nor in a country where she could not say her prayers to the Virgin of the Cintola, nor where there was no such common necessity as Chianti, or red wine. All the eloquent pleadings of Francesco were in vain.

But Padre Christofero was not so obstinate. He listened intently to his nephew's tale. For some time past, the mind of the old priest had been greatly perplexed as to the future of Antonio. He could not swallow his pride so far as to send the boy to the village school organized by his enemies, the Liberals, who had closed the great monastery, and set the poor brothers adrift in the world, the Liberals who had humiliated and scourged the Church, which Padre Christofero loved far better than his life, and moreover, what future was there now in Italy for a son of the Church? He put many keen questions to Francesco. Yes, the young man assured him that there was every religious advantage in America, the missionaries had evidently reaped a great harvest of souls, for churches rose everywhere, some with pointed spires, some with noble columns, some were of brick, some of marble, and some only of wood, but what did that matter to the one true God? and as for schools! there in the village of Granite Cove was a splendid school which prepared both boys and girls to enter the great universities in Boston; a school entirely free to the public.

Antonio was dazed when Padre Christofero put the proposition before him. Go to America, leave the Padre and the

cathedral, leave his playmate, Carlos, and old Giovanni, leave his dear saint alone in his niche? Yet, there is in the heart of the young, a leaping flame, and suddenly, Antonio yearned to go forth to the great land across the sea, where Francesco declared there were no beggars, no blind, nor lame, and where there was gold and food for everyone.

It was a sad hour for Antonio which he spent on the afternoon before his departure for Naples and for America. He knelt long before his adopted saint, while hot tears fell one by one upon the cold grey stone. "Thou hast given me an answer to my prayer, amico," he sobbed, "and I should indeed be ungrateful if I refused thy bounty. Thou hast provided the passage, the raiment, the companion even, for my voyage to America, and such a miracle assures me of thy great love for me, unworthy as I am, amico. One thought fills me with deep sadness. When I am gone who will minister to thee? Thy niche will be unadorned with flowers, no candle will flicker upward. Thou will be alone—alone—yet dear saint, never, never will I forget thee. Listen attentively now, dear amico. I go to a small village by the Atlantic, near the great town of Boston—many ships go there. The name of the village is Granite Cove, see, here, have I written down the name and that of Francesco. I will place them here in this crack so that there will be no chance of any mistake—for dear saint, Padre Christofero tells me solemnly that the saints can easily go to America if they will—that many have already found their way there. Think me not presumptuous, but there is no one here in all Prato, signor, who loves thee as I do, no one, no one." Suddenly the child clasped the feet of the statue and broke into a passion of tears. "Promise, promise," he murmured again and again, "that thou wilt come to me, amico?"

And now a new life began for Antonio. The wonderful sea voyage over, he arrived in the city of Boston, the immensity of which bewildered the village boy. It was a city far, far larger than Florence, and yet there was no great cathedral there, while the campanile in

the public square was but an imitation! The boy was shocked, and disturbed, by this evidence of paganism. After wandering about the city for a few hours, he and the lively Francesco were borne away by train to Granite Cove. The child found an exquisitely clean New England village, where every street led to the rocks by the great, green sea. Oh, that sea! Could anything be more wonderful, more fascinating, and at times more terrible?

Antonio developed a passion for the sea. It was that alone, he learned, which divided him from Italy, from Prato, and the shrine in the great cathedral, where alone now, and neglected, his only friend waited for his return. In the heart of the little child, lay latent a passion for comforting, for sustaining, and it was not the loss of a counsellor that he mourned so much as the agonizing certainty that his saint was suffering in loneliness and isolation. He would creep to the edge of the cliffs and gaze with yearning over the tossing waters, whispering softly, "Patience, amico, patience, I will soon return!"

What a consolation it was to the imaginative child when he made friends with the old keeper of the lighthouse, and was allowed to climb the steps of the tower where the great revolving lamp burned, casting its searching ray athwart the cruel reefs, a guide to the vessels that sought the shelter of the harbour town. "Some day, perhaps," argued Antonio, "my friend will see this light, and he will understand."

Antonio thought that he had never seen anything more delightful than the house in which Francesco and his pretty wife, Martha, lived. There were soft, bright carpets everywhere, and bright lamps; the heat came into every room through a grating in the wall, so that even in winter when the snow was piled upon the porch, the interior of the house was like summer. And the store too, was splendid, situated on the Main street facing the Common, where everything happened. It was stocked with choice foreign fruit, but there were many other commodities sold there as well; jars of glistening canned fruit, fine groceries and

candies, and in summer, Antonio learned, the marble fountain overflowed with a delicious beverage known as "soda water."

The child was entered at once at the big public school, where at first all was a babel of sounds, but he was quick and attentive, and the strange English words soon percolated through his brain. At the end of the first term, he was able to take his place among boys very little younger than himself, for by nature he was far above the average intellect.

Then of course there was his religious life, which once had been his one absorbing interest. Antonio attended the services of the church with a devotion which excited the ridicule of his more unemotional companions. To be sure the building itself did not please the boy's artistic sense. It was frame, with a painted spire surmounted by a golden ball, the pride of the village. The windows of plain glass looked into an old graveyard where the monuments were of granite cut from the rocks by the sea. There were no pictures, no carved stalls, no lighted candles to be seen within the church. A great stove shed a ruddy glow of light upon the glistening pews of painted pine, upon the crimson carpet and the two high-backed chairs in the chancel. Antonio had no idea that he was now a member of the Methodist Episcopal church of America, for the boy had never heard of the many roads leading toward Truth. To the child, no glimmer of suspicion darkened his mind as he sat Sunday after Sunday with Martha in the big pew, and after counting the buttons on the back of the white shirtwaists so tantalizingly exposed to view along the rows of pews, and speculating as to the reason that the minister cleared his throat so often, his mind wandered far away to Prato with his beloved saint.

But as time went on Antonio's mind was puzzled. These Americans seemed to be so indifferent to his friends, the Saints, that mysterious company, who in reality formed his most intimate kin and acquaintance. And as for a native saint, such a thing evidently had never been heard of!

Antonio's most prized friend in Granite Cove was a certain boy called Bartholomew, an American. The boy's progenitors had lived in New England since the days of the witchcraft delusion in Salem, for it was then that with many others, they had fled the crazed community of the Salem township, and had taken refuge in the caves upon the commons, dug beneath the boulders by the terrified refugees. Later, the family had settled at Granite Cove, and had for generations, lived in a picturesque, gabled house, facing one of the quarries. Perhaps Antonio had been drawn to the quaint, reticent Bartholomew because of the strong contrast between the natures of the two boys. Bartholomew was independent and pugnacious, extremely practical and clever and was bent upon the earning of money. He too, had an ambition. It was to become a cod fisher, and sail out with the white-winged fleet northward, courting death, to return with the gleaming nets weighted with silver-scaled fish.

One day in March, the two boys went out on the downs to seek for some sign of Spring. The wind was sweet and fresh, and the snow lay in patches in the crannies of the granite boulders, but in the low, swampy ground were quantities of blue hyacinths, and these, the children gathered with delight.

It was upon this occasion that Antonio broached the subject of American sainthood.

"I don't know what you mean," retorted the freckle-faced Yankee. "Saints! You say there are hundreds in Italy. How do they live mostly, by fishing?"

"Well," replied Antonio thoughtfully, "the first saints were fishermen, but the saints don't have to think about earning a living—they help people."

"What kind of help?" asked Bartholomew sceptically.

"Why all kinds. You pray to them, and bring them flowers and burn candles before them. In Italy the saints live in the cathedrals, and outside they are all stone or marble, like statues."

Bartholomew looked frankly puzzled, and then a sudden idea struck him. "Oh, certain! We have saints here in New England, only they live out on the Com-

mon—it's healthier I guess. Our saints always fight for the country before they die, and then they have statues put up to them—why certainly."

"No, no," persisted Antonio. "That's not what I mean at all. These are different. In Italy, we have statues of Garibaldi in every town, but Padre Christoforo says he was a wicked man, and loved power. Saints live just for others, they are always doing wonderful things that no ordinary man could possibly do for himself—"

"Gee, I know!" exclaimed Bartholomew. "Why didn't you say it the first time? You're talking about congressmen."

Antonio looked intensely interested.

Congressmen," continued Bartholomew, "do a lot for folks—that's why we 'lect them. My father, you know, is on the town council. I heard him tell my mother that Lawyer Steele was elected to Washington last fall 'cause he promised to present a bill before Congress asking for the new pier. You see, the granite cutters were all out of work—"

"Perhaps you are right," returned the courteous Antonio. "But in Italy, before you can be a saint you must be dead hundreds of years."

"Gee!" retorted Bartholomew. "Our country isn't as ramshackle and rickety as yours. Everything is brand new and up to date here. You must be talking about ghosts, and mother says it's wicked to believe in them."

Antonio walked home in the violet twilight. Never before had he felt so homesick. Suppose his dear saint should come to America! Where could he find a refuge? The boy felt dimly that there was no soil here for the precious root torn from Italy to thrive in.

Summer came to the North Shore. The bleak winds gave place to the fragrant, salt-spiced breezes which rustled the swaying branches of the stately elm trees bordering the roadways. In every garden bloomed the clustering rambler roses of crimson and pink, tall hollyhocks nodded over the hedges, crimson poppies glowed by the stone walls, and the joyous notes of the song sparrow rose from the pungent wild bay which

crowned the boulders scattered over the rolling downs by the sea.

Antonio was more contented, and his days passed swiftly. He spent hours rowing through the coves gathering seaweed, and setting his lobster pot, which he owned in partnership with Bartholomew. There was a great demand for all sea food at the big hotels along the coast, and Antonio was tasting the intoxicating experience of independence now, for he was beginning to earn enough for his own support. Money was plentiful at Granite Cove during the summer season, and came to the boy through many channels. Sometimes he hired himself out to the owner of the Sweet Pea farm, and would carry baskets of the many-hued blossoms to the piazzas of the hotels, where the gayly dressed visitors flitted by, intent upon wresting from the fleeting summer all the health compatible with a merry vacation. Sometimes he was a caddy, and earned a goodly sum by carrying the bag of clubs for some golf enthusiast along the course bordering the sea. At this rate, it seemed to Antonio that he would soon be a millionaire and would be able to realize his dream of returning to Italy to spend the rest of his life in the joy of music, and in the care of his saint.

Shortly after Antonio's introduction to Granite Cove, one of the townspeople died, a rich widow who had returned to the village by the sea to spend her declining years. There was no one in Granite Cove who did not mourn the death of Madam Laurence, for there was scarcely a soul there who had not in some way felt the influence of her noble nature. It was she who had lifted the crushing debt from the little church which Martha and Antonio attended, who had collected funds for the public library, and had equipped the gymnasium of the "Young Men's Christian Association." It was Madam Laurence who had warmly espoused the cause of the strikers in the Granite Quarry, and had maintained many of the families of the Italian and Welsh cutters during that long siege. It was she who had sent the little son of Timothy Blake, the sail maker, to Baltimore, where he had been cured of his

lameness. Antonio heard upon all sides tales of the generosity of Madam Laurence. "Surely," he said to himself, "here is doubtless one who will in time become the patron saint of Granite Cove," and his heart was greatly cheered, although he decided to keep the suspicion from the sceptical Bartholomew.

When the contents of Madam Laurence's will was made known to the town, there was great excitement, and much amazement. To the Life Saving Station there was left a generous endowment, but the rest of the money bequeathed to the village was in the cause of art. A statue of Abraham Lincoln was to be erected upon the Common where, as the will read, "every child could look upon the face of one whose work and life were sacrificed to the highest in American nationality."

Antonio heard all the gossip of Granite Cove concerning this bequest which was looked upon by many as eccentric, and by some as actually extravagant. He had many sources from which to gather it: from the docks where the fishing schooners were moored; down at the ship building yard where the graceful racing yacht, the Viking III., was being modeled day by day to lift the cup in the Marble-head races; down at the old forge where the patient horses stood to be shod by cross old Peter. On all sides, the attentive boy collected scraps of information upon a subject which had all the charm of novelty to him, and his active, tireless mind like a mosaic worker picked up a fragment here and there, until at last the boy had before him a wondrous pattern, the pattern of the greatest life of which he had ever conceived, that of the Emancipator.

There was everything in the history of the martyr president to attract the boy. Lincoln too, had spent a childhood of obscurity and poverty, yet as a resistless flame, that heroic spirit had fought upward toward the altar of Truth, where sacrifice and surrender, faith and labor, are the immortal pillars. In the heart of the sensitive Italian child a great ardor burned to emulate that life. To Antonio, the dramatic incidents of that career seemed miraculous. Could it be possible

that a ragged peasant could master the rudiments of law, and at last be chosen by his country to guide the fiery chariot of war to victory? This was more tremendous than the history of the great Saint Catherine's leading the Pope back to the deserted Roman See. The heart of the child swelled as the buds swell in the showers of April, and tears, the first tears of a deathless patriotism rained down his cheeks. Antonio had at last found a king to serve.

Antonio's voice was greatly appreciated in the school, and he was among the company of children trained to sing the national anthem which was to form part of the exercises upon the day of the unveiling of the statue, which, so rumor reported, had been sculptured in the *atelier* of a celebrated Florentine sculptor. Antonio felt a great pride in this fact, and answered many questions as modestly as he could concerning the City of Lilies, which it was known he had visited.

The national birthday was the one selected for the great event. The arrangements were carried out with characteristic New England frugality, and Antonio was amazed to find that no garlands were to wreath the streets, no balconies were to be erected for the display of embroidered draperies. Instead a hideous stand draped with rain-washed bunting disfigured the Common, and upon the day of the unveiling, the outskirts of the square were thronged with wagons from which roasted peanuts, popcorn and gingerbread were peddled.

However, the summer day itself was lavish in its decoration. Never had the sparkling sea appeared so blue, never the flashing sails so radiant. The white roads, bordered with their beautiful gardens, reminded the child of his beloved Italy. Flags fluttered everywhere; brilliant blots of color against the cloudless sky. The white dresses of the village children and the gay toilettes of the summer visitors mitigated the ugliness of the stands when at last the great concourse of people was assembled; and Antonio, wild with excitement and emotion, rose as the music broke into the national anthem, and the black-coated dignitary chosen for

the office, lifted the cord attached to the white drapery, veiling the mysterious statue.

What would be the face of the great Lincoln? wondered Antonio, for strange as it may seem, he had as yet seen no picture of the President. He hardly knew what to expect, a Caesar or some such figure as that of the brown-robed Saint Francis, lean and emaciated, clasping a crucifix. Would he wear an imperial toga, or the dress of today? At last the marble stood exposed and the air was rent with cheers.

The statue had been restored, the lofty, sorrow-seamed brow crowned a face that had the beauty of thought, of conquest. The child saw with a throb of delirious joy, that the strong right hand now held a scroll, the scroll of the Emancipation Proclamation, and yet, with all the

restoration, the statue had that subtle likeness to his friend, which is so impossible to define. There was the same length of limb, the identical backward fling to the heavy head.

Suddenly a light broke upon the mind of the astounded child. This was indeed his saint, and yet the saint of America. He understood all now. What more in accord with the life of the great Lincoln, than that he should for a moment of eternity choose effacement, obscurity and neglect in the great cathedral across the sea, if by so doing he should win a son for America?

The waves of acclaim surged about Antonio as he stood in the bright sunshine, and in his heart was a great joy, as he whispered, "Amico, I know your name! My prayer is answered. You are Saint Lincoln!"

THE WONDERING WHERE

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

Where are the dear little boys and girls
 Built of the fibre of long ago?
 Where are the children we used to know
 Glowing of cheeks, with their flowing curls
 Here, in our clime, we can trace the day
 When, 'twas no dream, for to see them so
 Built of the fibre of long ago
 Sun-bonnet heads, as they went to play.

Where is the quiet of woodland dells,
 Wonderful, fragrant and steeped in rose?
 Mayhap, you'll find it, but nobody knows,
 Deep in the heart, when the true heart tells
 Some of it lives, and it's sweet to say
 Far, where the fir, and pine-breath blows
 Wonderful, fragrant, and steeped in rose,
 Rearing anew with each sun-kissed day.

Where may the quaint old paths be found
 Bordered by hedge and the long-lost blooms?
 Where are the dreams and the faint perfumes,
 Look all ye here, to our God-fed ground
 Dear Old New England has kept her charms
 Woven, their charm from the kindred looms
 Bordered by hedge and the long lost blooms,
 Wrapped to the heart, by the Father's arms.

“THE SPECIAL PLEA OF A SOUTHENER”

By ESTHER HARLAN

WITH the majority of Southerners whose political or literary prominence gives their assumption to speak with authority on the “negro problem” semblance of credence, the vindication and protection of Southern womanhood forms the basic argument and most potent appeal. For this reason the attitude of a Southern woman may be of interest and her opinion of possible service.

The writer is the daughter of a Confederate officer and the descendant of many generations of slave-holders. She has lived on both sides of “the Line,” and on both has come into practical contact, not only with broad-minded, public-spirited white and black men and women, but also with the rank and file. Her childhood (passed in an atmosphere so embittered that the name of a much loved relative who, in training at West Point in ’61, enlisted in the Northern army, was forbidden reference throughout the family), was also familiar with the petty personal indignities and injustice of the reconstruction régime. This childhood was followed by quieter years of untrammelled reading and thinking and, later, a period of inevitable decision and action regarding various factors of the “problem.”

The result of all this is a willingness to look facts and their reasonable deductions fairly in the face. The writer feels, indeed, that the obligation to do this and to scorn quibbles, half-truths, prejudice and unreasoned impulse, is a legacy not lightly to be ignored. To do less would be unworthy of her traditions, for it is as a *Southern woman* that she speaks.

To reach any basis for sane action, the requirements of truth and justice, both as to ultimate aim and method of en-

deavor, must be held paramount. At all points, discrimination must be made between fact and feeling; between actualities and all sentiment, fear or desire in regard to these.

It may be protested that all this is too obvious to require so much as mention. The fact remains that the major part of race pressure to-day is due to an utter *disregard*, in practical matters, of just these truisms. That such discrimination is flagrantly lacking in the mass of distinctively Southern estimates and oratory (due, chiefly, to the inevitable lack of perspective) can not be denied. And this alone has done much and not unjustly, to discredit in Northern eyes, Southern honesty of purpose and actual capability to deal with the subject single-handed.

The same fault has characterized the bulk of Northern utterance and action, aggravated by the sometimes sentimental, sometimes venal disinclination to acquire accurate information. The writer’s experience is that this attitude on the part of Northerners has, more than any other one thing, not only retarded unanimity and effectiveness of effort but, by the circulation of half-truths and action based upon these, has directly and greatly increased that race hatred which, presumably, it sought to diminish.

The fundamental facts before us today are: ten millions of negroes; seventy millions of white or at least non-negro persons; and between them an increasing antagonism, not only seven times more extensive in the latter case, but incalculably deeper and more bitter—a matter largely economic, partly temperamental, somewhat, also, in the South, in the nature of “that hate which is impotent fear.”

1. The economic element, in so far as it differentiates from the racial, is thereby

eliminated from consideration here and takes its place merely as one of the factors in the overshadowing problem now ripening for our solution, irrespective of cellular pigmentation, status or stigma of antecedent conditions.

2. Temperamentally, the present feeling between black and white is recognizably a remnant of our common heritage of savagery, the instinct of tribal separateness in tribal infancy as a necessity of self-preservation, augmented by a callousness born of centuries of merely commercial relations—generations of association as owner and chattel only.

3. In consideration of the "hate which is impotent fear," let the reader try to imagine the emotions of the possessor of a poker or a poodle suddenly vested with equal rights in the common domicile. Imagine the animal or the iron, assuming swaggering airs in its newly acquired freedom, ordering its quondam owner about, preempting personal privileges once the latter's indisputable right, steadily increasing in power and progeny and upheld, even encouraged, by the major part of the humiliated owner's own household. Imagine *yourself* this deposed, dazed and helpless owner, and you have some insight as to the emotional status of the average Southerner during reconstruction days and a prime cause of the continuing avid antagonism.

The writer clearly recalls the conversations of representative men and women during the early seventies and her own fierce partisanship. And for this she is increasingly thankful, as otherwise she could not justly appreciate the present situation; could not so deeply and genuinely sympathize with the position of her own people (it is always as a Southerner that she speaks) nor so clearly discern their limitations.

It is fatuous to insist that because the negro is not a chattel in the sense of the poker or the poodle, because the possession of man by man is unethical and inhuman, therefore the Southerner's attitude was and is unjustifiable and therefore inconsiderable. It must be remembered that slavery as a hereditary institution, legally and morally recognized,

was exactly as much an integral part of social and economic Southern life then, as today, both North and South, is the right of private ownership of inanimate things—the legality, for instance, of the reader's possession of three suits of clothes while the panhandler in the street owns less than one. And the mental attitude of the Southerner when forcibly deprived of his possessions was not unlike what the reader's would naturally be today, if relieved by the police of two and-a-half outfits that five panhandlers might thereby be clothed more nearly in accordance with the demands of human comfort—all arguments as to the sacredness of the principle underlying possession of a private wardrobe, the panhandler's inability to appreciate it, so exclusive and personal its cut, the inherent folly and resultant evils of the whole transaction, being inconsequently brushed aside as were the arguments of the slave owner. This is by no means an overstatement of the case, and it is things as they actually were and are from the Southerner's point of view, that must be taken into account, and just discrimination made between intentional inequity and emotional bias due to fixed mental habits and consequent structural limitations.

This mental attitude of the Southerner has been and is a most important factor in the adjustment—or non-adjustment—of the races during the past forty years, and it should be remembered that this "hate which is impotent fear" is in nowise abated by counter hate, derision or coercion.

There are three points in consideration of the relations between the races which the writer regards as of basic importance:

1. Honest investigation will substantiate the assertion that race hatred is circumstantial and superficial *with the negro*.

His desire for political prominence is fundamentally a struggle for personal achievement. That such desires under existing conditions create personal and racial friction and are regarded by non-negro citizens in the light of premeditated insult, is wholly incidental so far as

the negro is concerned. He wants to be clerk or sheriff or foreman or lawyer for the sake of the personal aggrandisement, remuneration, improvement, respect—according to his temperament or mental calibre. Even a desire for or an effort toward social equality can not, on the face of it, be born of race *hatred*. It is, as are his other aspirations, wholly emulatory and in no sense or degree antagonistic.

Under the abnormal influences brought to bear in the period directly following the civil war—cheap politics, conscienceless greed, with a residuum of animal ferocity from the four preceeding years—the negro said and did many things innately foreign to him. Under the abnormal pressure of non-negro feeling to-day, he still departs from temperamental racial tendencies, but in the barest justice it must be admitted, with amazing infrequency, his numbers and the immanent aggravations considered. And blame even for such departures should fall primarily upon the *primary factors*.

The negro is not naturally a hater. He has none of the Indian's constitutional capacity for sustained malice. He is too indolent, if you will; too impressionable to resist the slightest overture of friendliness or fairness on the part of a quondam antagonist. It is this very impressionableness that has led him into much previous error and made him a prey to the unscrupulous, but, demonstrably, is equally amenable to influences of the opposite character. By the most superficial observer only, can this characteristic be regarded as an inherent liability and never an asset. Rather than an organic weakness, it is a racial opportunity in the sense of racial immaturity—an immaturity accentuated just now, it is true, by centuries of dependence and deprivation of any initiative.

That this racial opportunity is, in the existing crisis, fraught with value equally for the dominant race, is a fact of which that race might well make serious note.

2. The writer also desires to emphasize unequivocally, her conviction that the almost unparalleled loyalty on the part of negro men and women toward Southern women and children during

their four years of defencelessness and many years of poverty, and the deep affection and staunch friendships between white and black survivors of that time, are the *direct result of constant and close association of individuals of the two races*.

It was not the mere fact of slavery that fostered these fine qualities, but the daily, life-long companionship with kindness and culture, that brought out and perfected the basic traits of negro character at its present stage of development—affection and fidelity. That this companionship existed within the bounds of slavery, blinded the eyes of the white race to its potency and portent. As a matter of fact the term, "slavery," covered conditions as widely dissimilar as the term, "American." On a single plantation the relations between master and slave varied with each family or group and, indeed, were scarcely identical in any two instances. It was the house and body servants, those who came into direct and continuous contact with "the family," who showed and still show indelibly the effect of this association. The alertness of perception, the resourcefulness and endurance where love and loyalty impelled, the really heroic honesty, all things considered, that characterized countless "mammies" and "aunts" and "uncles," can not by any stretch of perjured imagination be regarded as the result of the bare fact of servitude.

Generations of field hands, whole gangs of whom, both men and women, were constantly changing owners, the thousands on the outskirts of the plantation nucleus, showed no perceptible progress in this strength and refinement of character, though these equally with the others were slaves and chattels.

In so far as slavery meant close contact with culture, slavery was a blessing to the negro; in so far as freedom has separated him from this and its anticipated possibilities tend to widen the breach, to that extent and for that reason, political equality appears retrogressive in its influence.

3. Again, from the plain justice of the moment's imperative demand, must be distinguished most clearly and em-

phatically, the possibly resultant conditions so pyrotechnically insisted and enlarged upon by selfish and superficial partisans. It is perfectly practicable to preserve equitable human relations with individuals and an open mind toward biologic tendencies without disregarding a single rational personal preference.

Among the four million inhabitants of New York City, for instance, the writer's friends number scarcely one hundred. Thousands of immigrants are weekly landing at that port of whom few might prove desirable close companions. Yet she has lived in New York for long periods without becoming aware of any point in which the resident millions or the incoming crowds imperil individual choice as to the personnel of that small circle of friends. Nor has she ever deemed it necessary to her comfort or safety to exclude even from that circle all whom she would not consider as matrimonial possibilities. Unquestionably she fails to see the sanity of protest against the mere residence in her vicinity of persons whom she is convinced she would not care to "invite to her table."

And in like manner she could if she so desired live with peace and self respect in the midst of millions of negroes—or Philippinos or Siamese—with as little danger of disastrous social complications. And her common sense rebels when impassioned writers denounce equal political, educational, with all circumstantial opportunities for the negro, as conducive to the production of a "negroid nation" and ask if we are prepared to see "all parlors full of negroes." In this particular connection, it is as pertinent to say "all parlors full of Poles"—or Italians or Lithuanians. If all about us are potentially our peers by all means let them prove it. Who desires a fool's paradise of faked supremacy? Even when proved, no individual privacy or privilege has thereby been disturbed.

In this respect also, we seem to have read the obvious lesson of the old régime wrong end to and up side down. During slavery the relation between thousands of individuals of the two races was of the closest and most intimate nature. Scores of cultured men and women living to-day

owe some portion of their vitality to negro foster-mothers; hundreds can recall the sheltering arms of negro love in their childhood. These did not then pollute us; wherein does the mere existence of nominal citizenship so alter material facts that even the proximity of one of these same people now seems to us intolerable?

For Southerners above all others such a position appears illogical, untenable. To the writer's mind the particular brand of effervescence regarding the protection of Southern womanhood for "the purity of the race" reflects decidedly upon the character and mental calibre of those who must be protected at such a price. Personally, she resents it; and feeling neither fear nor its consequent impotence in consideration of this whole matter, she is therefore not handicapped by that unintelligent hatred, these of necessity engender.

This, then, being the case: that the negro from the beginning—his earliest departure from his African home—has been and still is the victim of circumstances by reason of his own immaturity and the overwhelming economic and social odds arrayed; that race hatred on his part is incidental only, being fundamentally foreign to his nature; that where he has had the opportunity of advantageous associations he has responded phenomenally, all things considered; that it is demonstrably possible to do him social and economic justice without violation of personal preference;—what, now, are we going to do about it all?—we, as human beings, irrespective of North or South; we, as brains and consciences, confronted by the work of our own hands and our fathers'; we, as arbiters of the future, responsible to our children for a legacy of prejudice, and problems whose solution we shirk?

There are clearly but two aspects of the matter to be considered—the biological and the economic, the latter not coming within the scope of this paper. Biologically, theories, except as deduced from experience, are of course inconsiderable. Hence the question is: what are the *facts* before us to-day?

Careful inquiry fails to discover that

among negroes of comparative note a single one is without an appreciable admixture of non-negro blood. But the large majority of these have been of mixed lineage for several generations, implying a continuous association of the races with possibly concomitant opportunities for culture. As the essential tests of time and adequate opportunity have not as yet been accorded the pure-blooded African, distinctively as such, the above facts, though attesting a certain advantage from the negro's standpoint, accruing from racial merging, are of no conclusive value, similar profit from similar association under complete racial cleavage being equally probable. Incidentally, miscegenation has, as is well known but infrequently admitted, been carried on through the white male for generations, all degrees of mixture being, with rare exceptions, relegated to "the quarters." It is the descendants of these successive infusions from the flower of civilization who are, in many instances, in the forefront of human achievement today. (Discussion of such relegation of sons and daughters and the comparative value of the so-called "preservation of race purity" on such terms, is incumbent only upon surviving masculine chivalry and logic.)

Anglo-Saxon, or, for present purposes, non-negro progress may perhaps be conceded as practically limitless; existing facts refute imputation of mental, moral or physical deterioration in those of mixed lineage, other things being equal; it remains then, to be seen what the pure African would evolve. Certainly it behooves those who, with vocal and various violence continuously combat even the consideration of association between individuals of the two races, to leave no stone unturned, by affording the pure African all possible facilities for separate racial development, to prove that absolute and eternal separateness is biologically best for both, for the most cursory glance at human history establishes the fact that evolutionary forces sooner or later effect their ultimate end of the greatest good for the greatest number.

For the individual, therefore, it would seem the part of wisdom either frankly

to admit a preference definitely to shirk all share in the solution of this question, or conscientiously to qualify, by the acquisition of facts and by their just interpretation, for intelligent participation—action or opinion.

An increasing social consciousness and resultant sensitiveness of ethical perception are distinguishing characteristics of the world's elect, to-day. The absence of these, evidenced by desire to evade all possible social responsibility, indicates arrested mental or moral development and should of course be as patiently and leniently dealt with as any deformity.

For those, however, who would consciously qualify for intelligent action, a *first-hand* acquaintance with the facts and factors of *all sides* is of paramount importance. The man or woman who knows and feels the need of knowing but one point of view is manifestly incapacitated to contribute the sum total of wisdom in regard to any matter. Also, the personal equation must be kept well in hand; one's own mental attitude even though unexpressed, is a far from inconsiderable element in determining the attitude of others.

In this connection, the writer would like to make a strong and explicit appeal to her own sex for an adequate, individual mental equipment. Incalculably more valuable than one woman in a thousand yet realizes, will her mental and emotional bias prove to the generation now omnivorously devouring printed statements and opinions, as well as that yet to learn its letters. Existing racial relations are directly traceable to ignorance and ungoverned emotionality.

The writer has for years made a point of acquainting herself with opinion on this subject and to this end has attended conventions and other meetings both of white and black, North and South. In an overwhelming majority of instances in the first-named section, there has been evident an undercurrent of blame and antagonism toward the supposedly apathetic if not actively culpable South of to-day. Within the past year the writer heard a well-known Massachusetts editor, in addressing a large audience, chiefly negroes, in New York City, say: "We have licked

the South once for you and if necessary, we are ready to do it again," and white women applauded. Such utterances are, in the writer's estimation, exactly on a par in criminal responsibility, with that of the upholders of lynch-law in the South. It particularly behooves representatives of certain localities to recall the treatment they accorded Garrison and other wholly idealistic abolitionists, before it was demonstrably certain to the lay mind that abolition of slavery in the South would accrue to the commercial advantage of non-slaveholding sections; also the correlative fact that money received for slaves disposed of solely for the reason that they proved unremunerative in the latitude of New England, formed the bulk of many an abolitionist's fortune, and, with moneys resulting from "war-time prices" and the subsequent economic change of base, the fortunes of a still greater number of contemporary critics of the impoverished South. Many cities and sections of the South, indeed, in which there is much, if not most racial friction today are peopled to the extent of seventy-five per cent and over with Northerners settled there for commercial purposes only, and no small percentage of those reaping the financial fruits of peonage iniquities are neither of Southern lineage nor interests. Such facts, intrinsically immaterial otherwise (as distinctive reference to North or South becomes increasingly inaccurate) are nevertheless constantly brought to mind and emphasized by a certain complacency on the part of superficial critics. They ignore the prejudice daily, actively attested throughout the North toward the negro individually and collectively—it has been but a few weeks since the mere consent of a landlord to prospective negro tenants raised the indignation of an entire neighborhood in Greater New York, the residents sending formal protest and appeal to municipal authority. Such occurrences suggest the propriety of at least tolerance of speech on the part of long-range critics, as the indications are that their actions would differ little from those they now denounce, were conditions reversed. It is not difficult to contribute five dollars, or five hundred or

five thousand, to clothe and educate some one's else undesirable neighbor. To bestir oneself to understand intelligently, sympathize with and assist both the undesired and those thus inevitably neighbored, and if need be to share with both, one's own advantages, is a matter regarding which, some unsparing self-examination might not prove amiss.

It would seem that the great fund of patriotic impulse attested by the increasing number of women's associations of this character, might find legitimate expression and its possessors an enviable immortality as descendants, each of her particular epoch of history or phase of heroism, and *as women*, at the dawning of this pre-eminently their day, by broad, unsectional, essentially patriotic study of this imminent national problem.

Women of today have no small weight in the balance of public opinion. The contribution of intelligent individual opinion, conviction, upon the vital interests of at least the immediate day and domain of her own life, every woman owes to her era. She owes, too, the legacy of a just attitude of mind, adequate mental equipment for the brunt of the battle her successors will inevitably have to bear. The opportunity opened to courageous womanhood by the magnitude and import of this particular question is unparalleled. Womanhood is equal to the demand—but are *women* alive to it?

Especially would the writer appeal to women of the South. Is the sectional charge of apathy, even active culpability, altogether unjust? What are we as distinctively Southern women, doing in regard to this matter immediately confronting us and our children? Do we know more than one side of the question and that our own—purely personal and contingent?

The writer is keenly alive to the South's handicap of poverty and emotional prejudice. In regard to the former, the true dynamo is immaterial, and the poorest of us can contribute a humane intention, a willingness to recognize good when we find it and give it its due. As to the latter, she desires to confess frankly, though not without humilia-

tion, that she herself is by no means free from the ancient instinct of racial separateness, and that not exclusively with reference to the negro. She still shrinks from facts and from actions which her intelligence nevertheless recognizes and her sense of equity impels. Such impulses are not to be annulled by a wave of the hand and nothing is at any time gained by lack of candor. But in her own case, the writer has carefully identified these as *prejudices*, distinguishing them at every point from principles or working theories rationally deducible from facts.

Southern women do not lack mettle. Can not those of us who value our heritage of honor and the *noblesse oblige* thereby entailed—the even balance at whatever cost—face to-day's facts as our forebears faced their foes? Honest, undaunted effort to get at the basic truth of things shorn of all painted terrors and variegated verbiage, could not fail of due fruition.

Personally, the writer feels that common human gratitude toward those to whom she and many dear to her practically owe their lives, impels no small patience with their descendants. There are numerous instances within her own knowledge of slaves having deprived themselves of necessities, going hungry and cold, that the women and children left in their care might not suffer. She recalls a specific occurrence during the closing year of the war: the last half of the last loaf of bread had been reached. It was not safe to stir beyond the immediate house-yard. Foraging, indeed, would have been to small purpose as the whole country-side had been laid waste. Two little children, their delicate mother and the old black Mammy had been living from day to day in the forlorn hope that "something would happen." Otherwise, that half loaf of bread with a very small strip of bacon was all that stood between them and stark starvation. Gray-haired Mammy Chloe was overheard praying in the empty pantry: "De good Lawd

hep 'dis nigga not tech dem vittals!" the tears following in quick succession down her cheeks, the bread and meat on the shelf before her, "Gawd come down an' quell de achin' in dese here insides an' fill em wid de grace o' de Lawd! Hep me wrassle wid temptation forty days an' forty nights," here a convulsive sob was stifled apron-wise, "ef mus' be, but gin me strengt' to cut dat bread an' meat widout tas'in' so much as a crumb!" and the hushed voice frayed off into a sigh of actual physical weakness as the suppliant rose from her knees and laid her hand on the bread knife, preparatory to serving "dinner."

One is almost constrained to say: "Greater love hath no man than this!"

Thousands throughout the South to-day have kindred associations and must feel a like impulse of gratitude and obligation. It was years ago in New Orleans that, upon the impulse of an appreciative white population, was reared the first monument ever given a negro in this country. Generosity is accounted a Southern characteristic. Are we letting our ideals slip through our fingers? Is it fair to expect the immature race to raise alone the standard of common relations? What are we Daughters of the Confederacy, as such, contributing to this, the dire necessity of the land, and to the honor of the traditions, that we so justly love?

And yet what might we not do, working with unanimity of purpose and an ideal above the fog of petty personal aims! Could a more fitting monument be raised to the memory of those whom we revere, those "who never turned their backs but marched breast forward," than the perpetuation of their names thus linked with courage and fair-mindedness?

Women of the South have no mean record for earnestness of purpose, scorn of unfairness and untruth, a capacity for heroic selflessness. We did not shirk our share of yesterday's stress and suffering; are we shirking now?



SLUMBER SONG

(As sung on the old Alabama plantations.)

By MARTHA YOUNG

HUSH, little baby, don't say a word—
Mammy gwine ter buy you a mockin'-bird!
When dat bird begin to sing,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a finger-ring!
When dat ring begin to wear,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a rockin'-chair!



HUSH, LITTLE BABY,
DON'T SAY A WORD!

When dat chair begin ter rock,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
ever'day clock!
When dat clock go, tick-a-tock,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
blue silk frock!
When dat frock begin ter tear,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
golden stair!
When dat stair begin to creak,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
doll can speak!
When dat doll begin ter break,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
caraway cake!
When dat cake begin to melt,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
diamont belt!
When that belt begin to bine,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a
red-rose-vine!

When dat vine begin ter grow,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a coach and fo'!
When that coach begin to ter stop,
Mammy gwine ter buy you a spinnin'-top!
Now den, Honey, hush, hush—
Hush—'sh—'sh—'sh—



WARE'S ATTRACTIVE OPERA HOUSE

BEAUTIFUL WARE

By W. T. WOOD

IT has been said that history is like a diminishing glass. As we look back through its medium the events and the state of society that prompted the consummation of those events, appear, lessened, it is true, by the perspective, but more clear and distinct in significance than they appeared to those during whose life-time they were accomplished. That the rule may not be without its traditional proof, the early history of New England has established itself as an exception, for our forefathers were careless historians and, to continue the simile, the early annals of the American colonies are too often strangely blurred and out of focus.

It is not unfitting, therefore, although a grant of five hundred acres of land in what is now the heart of the town of Ware was granted to Richard Hollingsworth of Salem in 1673, that we should find little historical data except the records of undeveloped grants for more than half a century afterward.

On a mild still day in the autumn of 1729 when the sunshine filtering through the gorgeous foliage of the trees cast a checkered light upon the rustling carpet of pungent leaves, and a soft transparent haze veiled the distant mountains, the little party of Captain Jabez Olmstead scrambled up the steep slopes of the boulder-covered hills which form the rim of the giant bowl that now encloses the town, and from the crest looked down upon the broad valley through which winds the silver ribbon of the Nenamessack. Here and there along the river the smoke of an Indian encampment rose lazily above the trees, and the sound of the voices of the inhabitants as they tended their salmon weirs, drifted to the ears of the listening white men,

with that musical softness which the peaceful air of Indian summer lends to the harshest sounds. They indeed stood upon a "hill that overlooked a land of hope."

If Captain Olmstead had possessed the magic pipe of the immortal Olaffe, he might indeed have been astounded by the vision that would appear in its rising smoke-wreaths. Not being so fortunate, however, and, no doubt, being possessed of that imaginative practicality which distinguished our ancestors, he lost no time in vain imaginings but set him straightway to descend into the pleasant valley and make arrangements for the settlement of his new home. Gathering a few settlers around the grist mill that he constructed at a fall of the beautiful river, he christened the town Wear or Ware from the fish weirs which abounded near this point.

Such was the settlement of the thriving factory town with which this article has to deal. Ware in its bustling business life has not been fortunate in the preservation of colonial relics and a few old tombstones in the more ancient churchyards, notably the so-called Indian cemetery on West Street, are all that remain of the early days of the community.

In 1761 Ware was incorporated as a town, and this incorporation was ratified in 1775 under the then forming constitution.

In 1813 Alpheus Demond built upon the site of Olmstead's grist mill, a factory in which he installed two carding machines, thus establishing himself as Ware's first manufacturer.

Ware has often been described as the "town that looks like a city," and in fact it bears no small resemblance to a city



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH

in spirit as well as in appearance. As one enters from the east either by way of the railroad or by the trolley line from West Brookfield one passes the great mills covering acres of ground alive with the hum of machines. Whole streets of modern brick tenement blocks stretch before him and as the car rolls into Main Street, he steps upon the most modern of paved thoroughfares, lined with fine business blocks and public buildings. The excellence of the shops is due in no small measure to the fact that not only do Ware people do most of the shopping at home, but the town is a trading centre for a population of between thirty and fifty thousand. This large demand results in the keeping of a stock which rivals both in completeness and in quality the equipment of many city stores.

Nor is the business section of the town the only department of Ware's activities

which has earned for it the approval of strangers. It is too often the case in a manufacturing community that the population consists almost entirely of the poorer classes and that the residential advantages consist of huddled tenements set upon dusty treeless streets, littered with rubbish and reeking with the stench of scattered garbage. In the many manufacturing towns which I have visited, these have been the features which have most impressed me.

It is, therefore, no little pleasure to find a town where these conditions do not exist even in the tenement districts and where many of the residential sections rival in beauty and richness the most exclusive suburbs of our great cities. Here on streets embowered with trees, beautiful homes are set in spacious well-kept grounds, cool, restful and inviting. Such, in brief, is the description of Ware.

"Business before pleasure," is an old saying and while I would gladly give a more full description of the town at this point, it is fitting that we should turn our attention to the cause of Ware's prosperity—the manufacturing interests.

Ware now is, and has always been, distinctly a textile manufacturing centre. The three largest corporations in town are the Otis Company, the George H. Gilbert Manufacturing Company, and the Stevens Company.

The first manufactures denims, tickings, shirtings and fine underwear,



EAST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

receiving the raw cotton and sending out the finished garment. The output of this company is valued at over three million dollars yearly. Its plant is one of the show places of the town.

The George H. Gilbert Company, capitalized at \$1,000,000, is engaged in the manufacturing of woollens and worsteds. Their product taking first award at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. The company owns, besides its Ware plant, factories in Gilbertville, about five miles distant. The Charles A. Stevens Company are also manufacturers

plus, and the Ware Savings Bank with deposits of over four million. The possession of these strong financial institutions has been no small factor in the development of Ware's business interests, and the town is to be congratulated upon its possession.

To the manufacturer, the problem of transportation is of first importance. In this respect Ware is in no way lacking. Situated on the Boston and Maine and Boston and Albany railroads, with ample freight yard conveniences, the problem of handling raw materials and products



GRENVILLE PARK

of woollens and dress goods, having a large plant on Maple Street.

Companies more recently organized but of great importance are the J. T. Wood Shoe Company, the Ware Lumber Company, engaged in the construction of house finishings, and other fine woodwork, and the Crip Coupling Company, manufacturing a newly invented pipe joint.

Ware has long maintained the position of a banking centre for a wide stretch of surrounding country. There are two banks, the Ware National Bank, with a capital of \$300,000 and a \$115,000 sur-

plus, and the Ware Savings Bank with deposits of over four million. The possession of these strong financial institutions has been no small factor in the development of Ware's business interests, and the town is to be congratulated upon its possession.

Excellent fire protection is maintained both through the high pressure water system and through the efficiency of a well drilled fire department, equipped with the most modern apparatus, housed in fire houses so situated as to thoroughly cover the very compact town. The police system is one of the best in the state and the alertness of the chief and his patrolmen have prevented any criminal operations of a serious nature



MAIN STREET, WARE

from being perpetrated for many years.

Nor is this all that the prospective manufacturer will find to recommend Ware as a place in which to establish himself. Not only will he find excellent transportation facilities and have his property amply protected, but he will have a choice of factory sites convenient for the handling of freight, and if he desires to use electric power, the Ware Electric Company is equipped to furnish efficient service at a rate lower than is done in most cities. Building materials are available in abundance and skilled

labor is easily obtainable.

The postal service is good, and telephone and telegraph accommodations are a matter of course.

The population of Ware is cosmopolitan, consisting of Canadian French and Poles besides the native born Americans. From these classes may be recruited men for almost any kind of work. Further, experience has proved that they may be developed into skilled workmen in a very short time.

The four modern hotels, The Hampshire House, The Mansion House, The



WARE'S BANKING HEADQUARTERS

Storrs House and The Commercial Hotel offering excellent accommodations for either the transient or the permanent guest have proved invaluable acquisitions to the manufacturer.

Something has already been noted of Ware as a place of residence. Upon this point too much can hardly be said for the town is a pleasing combination of city and country, possessing the advantages of both. The pure air and wholesome water, the ample supply of fresh fruit

and pumped into a stone lined reservoir upon a hill nearly a mile and a half distant. The elevation is sufficient to carry water to any section of the town, and for purposes of fire protection will throw a stream over the highest buildings without the use of the engine. As the depth of water in the reservoir is automatically telegraphed to the pumping station, the reservoir is kept full at all times from the wells that have never yet failed.

The streets are wide, well shaded, and



THE OTIS COMPANY COUNTING HOUSE

and vegetables from the surrounding farms, the facilities for walking, golfing, swimming, boating and other athletic exercises, together with the excellent system of sewage makes Ware one of the most healthful towns in the state. Medical aid in case of sickness is supplied by a number of physicians of the highest rank, and the recently established hospital is available to those who prefer to receive treatment there.

The water system to which reference has already been made, supplies according to the Massachusetts Board of Health, the purest water in the State. The water is drawn from artesian wells

kept in fine condition by an efficient Street Department. Main Street is paved with vitrified brick and this paving is being rapidly extended to the other business streets. Many of the streets are macadamized and others are being treated with the oiled gravel coating which has proved so successful. All the gutters are paved and concrete sidewalks are placed on every street. Many of the residence streets are parked.

The State road runs to Gilbertville along the Ware River Valley and, in the opposite direction, is now being built to Palmer. Both roads extend through a country of great beauty and are much



HIGH SCHOOL

used for pleasure driving and motoring. The streets are well lighted by electric arc lamps of the latest pattern.

The schools are second to none in efficiency and in accommodation. There is at present a corps of about forty teachers teaching in seven modern buildings, not including the district schools. These buildings are equipped with the latest heating, ventilating and sanitary appliances, and through a rigid system of medical inspection the health of the pupils is carefully safe-guarded. The various laboratories of the High School are fitted in the most approved manner.

The parish of the French speaking church, conducts a parochial school with a staff of ten teachers.

Ware is amply provided with railway facilities, being on the Central Massachusetts division of the Boston and Maine, and the Ware River Branch of the Boston and Albany. Fast trains on the main line of the latter, for Boston and Western points may be taken at either West Brookfield or at Palmer, which are quickly reached by electric.

There are two electric railroads; the Springfield and Eastern, going to Palmer and there connecting with Springfield, or

Worcester cars, and the Ware and Brookfield, running to West Brookfield, where it connects with the Worcester and Spencer line, and to Gilbertville. It is expected that the Springfield and Eastern Company will shortly extend its line through South Street, one of the leading residential section. Either of these lines offer excursions of the most pleasant kind to those who are fond of the beauties of nature. Whether your car takes you over the rock bound hills where you overlook the valley far, far below checkered with dense groves of ancient trees and broad patches of pasture, intersected with bits of white road gleaming through the branches of arching elms, reflected motionless in the near-by river, and the whole scene shaded by precipitous bluffs and the more distant violet hills, or whether you glide through cool stretches of forest, you will declare, as many a traveller has done before you, that you have never seen a spot more beautiful.

In mentioning the beautiful spots about Ware, one must not omit the park-Reservoir and the Pumping Station parks have met with much commendation and have long been popular, but

newest of all Grenville Park recently presented to the town by J. H. G. Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert in memory of their son, outstrips them all in size and beauty. Situated upon the shore of the Ware River and laid out in the restful landscape style, it is one of the most beautiful public parks in the State.

The view here shown of one of its drives gives a slight idea of the natural beauty of this great tract.

The religious life of Ware is cared for by eight churches. The East and First Congregational, All Saints, Our Lady of Mount Carmel (French) and Saint Mary's (Polish) Catholic, The First Unitarian Church, Trinity Episcopal Church, and The Methodist Church. All creeds are thus accommodated and the energy and example of the pastors of the various churches, and the hearty co-operation and harmony between leaders of the different sects has done much to promote Ware's prosperity.

That a carefully selected library of fourteen thousand volumes, with reading and reference rooms is appreciated is shown by the yearly statements of the trustees.

The town hall is equipped with a large

and well fitted stage and many excellent plays and musical performances are given here during the winter season.

Many clubs of a social and literary nature have been formed and several have attractive club rooms. The Ware Golf club has an excellent links and club house on the line of the Palmer electrics and the Wickaboag Country Club has recently completed a neat home on the banks of Lake Wickaboag in West Brookfield.

Various pleasure resorts are within easy reach, among them the Forest Lake Park, about thirty minutes by electrics from Ware. This resort has splendid boating and picnic facilities, and contains a dance pavilion, restaurant, vaudeville theatre and attractions of a similar nature. Band concerts, fireworks and other special attractions are furnished by the progressive manager, and it is of interest to note at this time that Miss Rose Pitonof made her debut at this resort.

All in all, Ware is a most attractive town both to the man interested in the development of industry and to him who is looking for a home.

And best of all, the zenith of Ware's prosperity is not yet reached.



PUMPING STATION

THE CONSUMPTION OF GOODNESS

By R. L. BRIDGMAN

ATHENS the Modern has a new opera house, a new Museum of Fine Arts, a new city charter, a new street railway tunnel and a part of another under Beacon hill and a chronic newness of ideas. It is going to have a new city hall and a magnificent civic center sometime. It has a vigorous and effective Boston 1915 movement which will make many, if not all things new. There are perennial and standard sources of goodness besides. There is a long list of philanthropic organizations which advertise in The Transcript. The people have that blessed paper itself. They have memories of Phillips Brooks, of Jennie Collins, the noble founder of Boffin's Bower for working girls, of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the benefactor of the blind, and of hundreds of other worthies back to the days of John Winthrop, no one of whom could say of himself *quorum pars magna fui* regarding the historic, patriotic, scientific, philanthropic, artistic, musical, religious, educational, industrial, commercial or theatrical progress of the city, for any other one might rise up and prove that he himself was a *pars major*.

Now, each and all of these notable and memorable persons and institutions, from John Winthrop to the new opera house, are active producers of goodness. No other manufacturing center of it in the world has such a large and regular output. It has a marked and lasting effect upon the public sentiment of Boston and it is a large element in the force which radiates from Boston to other parts of the universe. The home market for this local product is enormous. Appetite grows by what it feeds upon and this favorite staple of consumption is always in large demand. People inhale it with the air. They absorb it at every pore. It becomes a constituent part of their spiritual fabric.

But many singular features of this universal consumption of goodness, too true to be disputed, yet hitherto overlooked, have not received due attention. They are here commended to the consumers, and, incidentally, to outside spectators.

Perhaps the first peculiarity which would attract the attention of an outside goodness manufacturer who has difficulty in disposing of his product and is prevented by the maximum and minimum tariff arrangements from dumping it into foreign markets is the enormous local demand. He might come to the discouraging conclusion that it was because of the internal badness of the people that the local market did not long ago reach the saturation point and that all this ceaseless product was necessary to keep them even decently good. This is one explanation, but there are two, just as there were two orbits of Neptune which satisfied the conditions of observations of Adams and Leverrier and it was only the chance coincidence, at the moment, when their telescopes were turned to the spot, of the actual and the potential orbits which resulted in the wonderful discovery of the outermost planet. So in this case, the theory of chronic and desperate wickedness of Boston people would account for the local demand for the home product of goodness, just as much water is consumed where there is much thirst. But a better hypothesis, for it fits the facts better, is that the people of Boston are already exceedingly good and are becoming better at a geometrical ratio. "Let facts be submitted to a candid world."

Let the new opera house serve as an illustration. It is a source of goodness which requires many figures to compute. Into the physical plant itself have gone hundreds of thousands of dollars. Into

the training of the gifted singers and musicians have gone many thousands more of money, plus years of constant exercise of patience, ambition and other costly virtues. Into the production of one particular night, the output of the goodness factory for one shift of hands, so to speak, is concentrated a large expense for costly raw material which is totally consumed in the production of goodness as the finished fabric. This vast expense is on the productive, or active side.

But on the passive, or receptive side, have gone many thousands of dollars and many years of thorough, critical training. The process may be likened to the preparation of soil for seed. It is no small or inexpensive matter to cut down the forest, extract the deep-rooted stumps, break up and pulverize the stubborn soil, fertilize and prepare for the seed. So it is long and costly work to prepare the intellectual and spiritual soil on which the seed of goodness is to be sown by the opera singers and players.

It is amazing how the scientific aspects of this subject open up. Speaking broadly, the proposition is one of taking a certain quantity of raw material and delivering at the other end of the apparatus a corresponding quantity of manufactured product. If a given quantity of raw goodness fails to come out as manufactured goodness, after the material has been proved by experience, so that there is no fault to be found with that, then it is clear that there is some defect in the manufacturing process. If good eggs do not make a good omelet the fault is in the cook. Suppose that a man rides in a \$10,000 automobile from his elegant home, with costly paintings and furnishings and luxurious wife, having eaten sumptuously of the fat of the land, to the new opera house, hears a \$50,000 cast sing sweetly and expensively, and then goes home and makes a horrible exhibition of bad temper, or does some other act equally at variance with goodness and light, clearly the goodness of the opera, with all the antecedent and subordinate and tributary goodness has failed of assimilation. That is, his system is disor-

dered. When all the organs are functioning normally, and when he enjoys the soothing susurrance of rapturous rhythm in his seraphic soul, it is as impossible for a man to be otherwise than angelic as it is impossible for a mirror not to reflect sunlight.

Here, then, opens up a new and seductive field for science. How shall raw goodness be made to assimilate in a diseased nature? Evidently the patient is unfitted for the normal form of preparation and needs a special diet. Nature must be assisted. He must have a predigested *Trovatore*, or a malted milk *Lohengrin*, or a peptonized *Aida*. Possibly the disease is too deepseated for such remedies and the problem is how to cure the soul and make it capable of assimilating the normal and healthful forms of pure goodness. Surely here is a new field for medical practice, and there are, and are to be, *Horatio*, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

With certain kinds of goodness the supply seems to be inexhaustible. There is no waste in supplying constant demands. The great painting has just as much goodness for the thousandth man who looks at it as for the first. But with some physical things which are sources of spiritual supply the monopoly by the few cuts off the many. The few are thereby made permanently and exclusively the recipients and beneficiaries of certain inestimable goodness, while the large majority of the people are permanently excluded. That is one of the reasons why these few are permanently better morally than the average of the people. That is the explanation of the superior moral and spiritual excellence of the people who live along the North Shore and of those whose magnificent cottages or palaces dominate the ocean's edge all along the South Shore. It is useless for most of the people to compete with them, for they have not the means of competition.

This is capable of a mathematical demonstration. It is a fair estimate that the coast line of Massachusetts north of Boston to the state line, what is popularly

called the North Shore and considerably more, is fifty miles in extent. It is further a fair presumption that the estates of the wealthy bordering upon the sea average at least 500 feet each. The fifty miles would be 264,000 feet. At 500 feet per family, that would be 528 families to find a place in this monopoly. If five persons be allowed to a family, which is more than the census average for the state, and gives the benefit of the doubt to the families under consideration, for they do not have as many children as other sorts of families, that would be an average of 100 feet per person for 2,640 persons. By the state census of 1905 there were 3,003,680 persons in the state. It is not excessive to estimate them at 3,200,000 at present. Subtracting 2,640 from this number leaves 3,197,360. Now the fact about the entire ocean front of Massachusetts is that for years there has been in progress a steady monopolizing of it by private persons. Even from Chicago, St. Louis and other western places they have come to establish summer homes. Massachusetts people are cut off entirely from the uplift of the sea and are denied access to it, except by consent of the owners, save at the two public reservations of Nantasket and Revere beaches.

Now see how the demonstration works out. The length of Revere beach is 2.59 miles; that of Nantasket is 1.07 miles, or a total of 19,324.8 feet, when reduced to feet and added together. How much space for viewing the sea and absorbing the saline pelagic goodness is worthy a rational and spiritual being? In a theater, the seats are placed as closely as possible, but it would be absurd to say that one could get reasonable enjoyment of the beach on a frontage of only the width of his own body. According to Dickens, a reasonable room for a man is room enough to swing a cat in. Now, the average man, five feet and eight inches tall, will measure 64 inches from tip to tip, measured bird fashion. As to cats, the average tom would probably measure ten inches for tail and sixteen for the remainder, neck straight and nose out. Half the man's spread of wing would be

thirty-two inches, minus three inches for closing the hand when grasping the cat's tail. Half of the tail would be needed for the grip. So thirty-two minus three plus twenty-six minus five would be fifty inches, the radius of the circle within which an average man could swing an average cat. This makes a circle of 100 inches in diameter, or eight feet and four inches. If the aggregate length of Revere and Nantasket beaches be divided by this divisor, it will be found that the total number of cat-swingers who could be accommodated would be 2,318 and enough space left over for a boy to swing a kitten in. That is all of the immense population who could possibly inhale the goodness of the sea and get its spiritual uplift at one time, set as closely as that. If all of them wanted to go at once, there would be 1,374 rows of them back from the beach.

If they should stand sidewise along the beach, in order to take up as little room as possible, and one foot only be allowed per person,—and whether that would suffice would depend upon the skill with which adiposity were alternated with frontal and dorsal concavities,—there would be room for a row of only 19,325 persons, or 165 rows deep of them, if they each wanted as good a chance as the few on the North Shore. Take it another way, if each person be given enough room to swing a cat in and if the day on which they visited the beach were ten hours long, there would be 600 minutes for each one of the 1,374 persons in the row back of each space in which to absorb the goodness of the sea. This would average forty-three one hundredths of a minute per person, or a little less than one and four tenths seconds. They could not change places at that rate, hustle as they might. How utterly absurd, then, to expect that the average people of the state will be as good as those who monopolize the ocean front and shut out the remainder from the magnificent breadth and unlift of nature, except as they get it from the overcrowded public reservations at Revere and Nantasket.

One of Boston's strong points is its

practical philosophy. This has made its name pre-eminent around the habitable globe. To the scoffer, the city is the center of all ologies and isms, and by the use of those terms he expresses his contempt. Boston was the center of the opposition to the war with Mexico, which was popular in the country at the time, but was later denounced by General Grant as "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation," and was also condemned by Guizot, the French historian, in these words: "Never was a nation treated with such injustice, such insolence, such perfidy, such cruelty, as Mexico was by the United States." Boston was the forefront of the anti-slavery agitation, as it is of anti-imperialism. Now this all comes from Boston's philosophy and conscience, and a cardinal principle of Boston's philosophy is that mind and matter act and react upon each other. Mind controls matter, to be sure, but matter has a prodigious effect upon mind and spirit. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is an axiom, and the corpus cannot be *sanum* unless it is well fed.

Hence comes Boston's pre-eminence as a city famous for good dinners. It would be easy to demonstrate that Boston's philosophy, anti-slavery zeal, anti-imperialism and other excellencies are but the transmuted forms of beef and beans, turkey and truffles, capon and cranberries. At all times of the year the reader of "What is going on tonight" in the Transcript will find a list of dinners. It is longer or shorter according to the season,—longer in winter, but always there are some dinners. Every profession and employment of men, and many of women, is organized, and it has an annual dinner, or a monthly, or some other -ly. Gastronomy and goodness, potatoes and progress, coffee and Christianity, beef and benevolence, these are associated ideas among the practical philosophers of the modern Athens.

A public dinner is a perfect symphony of goodness, a transmuter of raw material into love for fellow men, a stimulant of souls. Take a specimen, for illustration. It opens with a scherzo of

grape fruit; then comes an allegretto of Cotuits on the half shell; then a moderato of fried smelts with tartare sauce; then a largo of filet de boeuf avec champignons; then a staccato of Roman punch; a gavotte of widgeon on toast; a penseroso of fruited frozen pudding avec rum, mostly rum, for spiritual effect; then an andante cantabile of salted almonds; then an allegro of camembert and crackers, a finale of coffee, and a dip-fingerozo with cut glass and spotless linen. Various imported liquids and dried, imported and rolled tobacco leaves for burning are mixed or added *ad libitum*.

With such overwhelming forces making for goodness, how, in the name of all that is beatific, can any one who goes through the process fail to become a virtuoso of the first magnitude? The mystery of so much goodness in Boston is solved. If a formula for the manufacturing process of making a carload of beef from Chicago and of vegetables from a Middlesex truck farm into the essence of pure goodness is wanted by any other city, doubtless Landlord Whipple of the Touraine and Parker's can give various recipes, each of peculiar virtue, for the creation of distinct brands, say for courage, perseverance, generosity, and so on, each proved by experience in the case of some illustrious Bostonian and each warranted to succeed if the directions are faithfully followed. For instance, in Parker's old safe in the Parker House there is probably a recipe indorsed "Phillips Brooks," for he has been seen eating there. Mr. Whipple, as successor of Parker, would be justified in saying to any minister who had an ambition to equal Brooks in reputation: "First, eat what Brooks ate; then go out and preach as Brooks preached and do among needy men and women as Brooks did and I will guarantee that your reputation will equal his, or I will forfeit to you fifty thousand dollars."

By a mathematical demonstration the safety of Whipple's offer can be worked out. Suppose that x equals Brooks as nature made him and that y equals the other minister as nature made him. Let

any given definite number, say four, represent the efficiency of Brooks. Then the ratio is this: $x : y :: 4 : ()$, the fourth term of the proportion being the efficiency y must have or Whipple loses his fifty thou. Multiplying the means together produces $4y$, and dividing them by x leaves the quotient for the fourth term the algebraic expression, $4y$ over x . Now let z equal the food which Brooks ate. It is an axiom in ratios that if both terms are multiplied by the same multiplier the ratio is not altered. Therefore the new proportion is $xz : yz :: 4 : ()$. Again, multiplying the means together, the product is $4yz$, and, dividing this by xz , the quotient is $4yz$ over xz , and cancelling the z as a common term of numerator and denominator, the fraction, reduced to its lowest terms is $4y$ over x , the same as before, and Whipple saves his money.

Two other suppositions are possible, for it will be noticed that it is implied, by the fact that y eats Brooks's food, that he is at least as large as Brooks. The supposition that he is smaller and eats as much must be ruled out, for no decent minister would overeat. The original supposition being of equality in eating capacity, x and y are equal to unity, and the fourth term of the proportion equals the third, or four. But the remaining supposition is that y is larger than Brooks. To avoid fractions in the computation, suppose that he is twice as large. Then the equation, putting into each man the same quantity of raw material, is $xz : yz :: 4 : ()$, and it works out that the fourth term equals eight. That is, the same quantity of raw goodness in a man twice the size of Brooks results in twice the efficiency of Brooks, and there is fifty thousand coming to Whipple, if y has a gentleman's appreciation of a square deal.

Take another proposition. Suppose that y 's regular ration is w , of only half the value of z , the other terms remaining the same. Then the proportion works out that the fourth term is only two, instead of four. That is, given a minister just the same as Brooks and feed him only half as well and he will turn out only

half as large a ministerial product. In other words, it is a mighty poor business proposition to hire a minister and not pay him a good living salary.

Comparisons are inevitable in studying the costs and the results of the consumption of goodness. At the rooms of the Massachusetts Bible Society on Bromfield street in Boston are all sorts of Bibles as to print, paper, binding, revisions, illustrations, concordances, dictionaries, glossaries, antiquities, geography, botany, fauna, flora, history and other accessories. There are the King James version, the revision of 1881, the latest American revision, the Twentieth Century Testament, and what not besides. All prices are to be noted, and there is a whole Bible, in excellent type, good paper, and fairly durable cloth binding for twenty-six cents. Now, to give the computation the benefit of reasonable doubt, let it be assumed that the searcher for goodness in the Bible reads the volume through once in a year. That would require a very material portion for every day, doubtless much more than the average Bostonian reads per day, taking the city as a whole, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans and pagans, combined. Once a year would be 26-365ths of a cent per day as the cost of Bible goodness. Compared with the Bible, therefore, the opera, if it justify itself by its product, must prove that its practical, working goodness is to Bible goodness as dollars are to cents. As a financial proposition for the investment of capital, which pays the highest dividend in market value of product, or in beneficence to the community, the twenty-six cents spent for a Bible, or the dollars which are imperative for an evening at the opera?

Statistics of health abound in proof of the wholesome effect of good things upon their subject. Sanitation pays in dollars and "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." For instance, Mrs. Jack Gardner weighs less than some women who weigh more, and this mystery becomes as transparent as a Kellar prestidigitation when it is computed what a physical lightness follows the joy of soul in the presence of masterful paintings,

and especially when the goodness caused by the paintings is transformed into good deeds for the public. That is an incidental effect of the Venetian palace of art and of course it occurs also in all who enjoy her unusual public spirit and rare generosity.

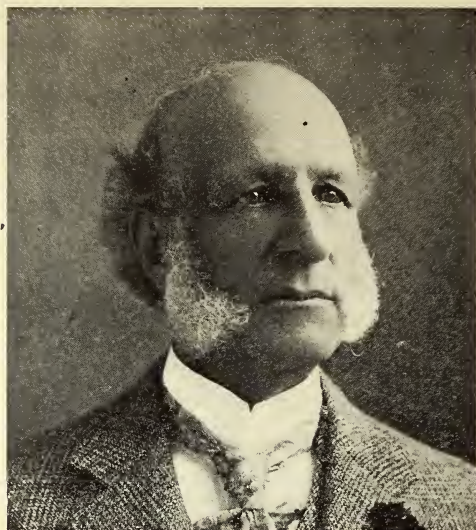
At this point an expert philologist, unprejudiced against the Mosaic dispensation and appreciative of the relation of light and lightness to goodness, could demonstrate the connection between the law of levitation and the ancient levitical law, but such an excursion would be foreign to the present purpose. Major Henry L. Higginson, with his military figure and elastic step, is an illustration in the field of symphonies of the light-some effect of goodness in the realm of music. All who hear the symphony orchestra must be better, other things being equal, than those who do not hear it. Any other conclusion flies in the face of the laws of the transmission of force and the conservation of energy. So one saint helps to make other people saintly and the major's own figure is his crown of glory and honorary degree of appreciation.

Explanation of the common fact that many people are constant recipients of large quantities of goodness and yet never show visible results, but are glum and gloomy to every one, may be offered by saying that they are storing it all up in an inside reservoir. But why should they mystify the public and injure their own reputations? One cannot tell, by looking at a water-tight dam from below, whether there is any water in the reservoir or not. It is a very exceptional dam if some water does not trickle through, particularly if there is great pressure. The chances are that if no water shows, no water is there. But suppose that these persons are really unsuspected reservoirs of pure goodness, which is better, to let the water run all through life, a power for a large manufacturing plant of goodness, bearing fertility also for the watered ground below, or to hold it all back, manufacturing nothing and having the reputation of a dry sandheap?

Now bring some of these truths to a

focus in these days of civic reform and generous philanthropy. On the one hand, take the family which gets, has, or enjoys the full fruition of goodness pouring in upon it from ocean and opera, statuary and symphonies, art and architecture, mountains and music, travel and treasure, paintings and poetry, dress and diamonds, horses and houses, books and beef, drama and dances, carpets and concerts, automobiles and aeroplanes, philosophy and fiction, brains and beauty, servants and silver, vases and vacuum carpet-cleaners, wine and woodcock and the remainder of the alphabet besides, and compute, if possible, how much should be the annual output of goodness from that family, for all within its circle, the city, the state and the world. On the other hand, take a family shut out from ocean and mountains, from light and fresh air, living in dirt and disease, ignorance and vice, whose household goods are all bads, where shin bones and cabbage and like articles supply the raw material of physical goodness, where no pictures are ever seen, no music ever heard, no Bible ever read, no art ever seen, no supplies of any kind to compare with the other family, but only hard work and small pay, with perhaps a drunken father or mother, or both, and how much of a goodness output ought such a plant to produce compared with the other? Laws of mind and of matter operate inexorably in both cases. Cause and effect go on as remorselessly as death and taxes.

As a square mathematical proposition, a question for Harvey S. Chase, reforming public accountant in Boston, or for Charles F. Gettemy, chief of the state bureau of statistics, to figure out on his computing machines, what annual product should these two contrasted manufacturing plants show to the census-taker? Where can money be spent to do the most good in the world as a goodness investment? Is it in trying to make over the poor plant so as to improve and increase its product, or in lavishing more upon opera and automobiles to get more pure goodness out of them? These are practical issues today.



JOHN SHEPARD

MERCHANT prince and lover of horses are the chief characteristics of John Shepard, the dean of Boston dry goods men.

His life has been one of great achievement, of success where others failed, and the many organizations and companies with which he has been connected from time to time have all profited by his rare ability and tremendous energy.

In 1853 he started in the dry goods business under the firm name of John Shepard and Company. A keen business man, he was successful from the start, and in 1861 he bought out Bell, Thing and Company, of Tremont Row, which he continued until 1865, under the name of Farley and Shepard. When he first opened his store on Winter Street, Mr. Shepard saw it would become one of the principal business thoroughfares. At this time, he organized the firm of Shepard, Norwell and Company.

Mr. Shepard is an ardent lover of fast horses, and has owned a number that were world record breakers. In the sixties, his physician having recommended driving as a recreation, he first became interested in horses. He bought the best that money could buy, and his Old Trot was well known to horsemen.



We have the word of Harvard's head coach that the "flying tackle" is to be used when necessary and the penalty accepted. This in spite of its prohibition.

It is this method of interpreting rules that is the real difficulty with the game, rather than the rules themselves. A rule forbidding any action in the game should be regarded as an absolute interdict which it is a disgrace to disregard. The whole system of penalties is wrong. Suppose that in Baseball it should be allowable for a baseman to obstruct a runner by accepting some slight penalty, such as two strikes instead of three at

the bat! The game would instantly become a rough house. The New England Magazine has pleaded from the beginning of the reform movement for few and simple rules, the abolition of the penalty system and the replacing of the referee's minute lordship with a spirit of fair play and true sportsmanship. As soon as it shall come to be felt, as it should be felt, that to win by injuring an opposing player, is unsportsmanlike and low, just so soon will the list of injuries decrease. The present method of legislation is powerless by its very minuteness and exaggeration of control.



A GROUP OF YALE COACHES



Photograph by Aram

BROOKINS IN A WRIGHT MACHINE

THE HARVARD-BOSTON AVIATION MEET

The brilliant success of this first attempt at enlightening the New England public in the genuine achievements and real difficulties of aviation by the aeroplane was a revelation, even to its promoters, of the depth of the public interest.

Mingled with the curiosity is a real eagerness to know, accompanied by a profound faith in the near approach of practical transportation by air-ships of one kind or another. Mr. Graham-White's consistent performances were easily the feature of the meet. Although his personal work was less brilliant than that of some others, he was always doing something to interest those who had paid the price, and his powerful motor gave him the speed that won the principal prize. The need of more powerful and ever more powerful motors, is the lesson that the majority of the aviators themselves carried away from the meet. But it will be well if some of our American experts also learned a lesson that they will not forget as to what is due the

public who pay for an exhibition. Tuning up in a tent does not constitute an exhibition of flying. On the other hand, daredevil feats and thrillers are not necessary to make a "show." The public is quick to recognize skill and nerve, but it requires no extreme hazards for its amusement. When an engagement is made to appear at a public exhibition, the work required is that of giving ample opportunity to all present to see the work of the aviator and his machine, and hanging around a "hangar" does not do that. The consensus of opinion was that the "Wright Brothers" have a wonderful machine, probably the best, and Brookins and Johnson are daring and brilliant aviators; that Curtis was unlucky and could have given a good account of himself in the speed events; that Willard is an aviator of much promise; and lastly that Graham-White did the consistent work that made the meet a success.

AN INTERESTING CANDIDACY

Mr. Cleveland A. Chandler, vice-president of the H. B. Humphrey Com-

pany, of Boston, and one of the most widely known advertizing men of New England, is a candidate for the Republican nomination as representative to the General Court from the Eighth Plymouth district of Massachusetts. When young men of Mr. Chandler's business ability and integrity are willing to become candidates for election to the General Court, the days of professional politics are numbered.

Mr. Chandler is a resident of Bridgewater, and comes of a family long prominent in New England affairs.

MR. FARLOW MAKES A STATEMENT

Editor New England Magazine,

In your August issue there appeared an article by Pauline Carrington Bouve on the Shaker Society, which is very good indeed in so far as it confines itself to the subject in hand, but in it are a few references to Christian Science which need a supplement. For example, it is said: "The Shakers hold as a fundamental doctrine the duality of God, manifesting the masculine and feminine sex

principle in Spirit." Again, "It will be of interest to note here that the identical God Father-Mother idea is one of the fundamental features of the Christian Science faith."

As a matter of fact Christian Science is in strict accord with the teaching of St. Paul: "There is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Christian Science teaches that there is no sex in Spirit, as the word is understood in its current use. It agrees with the Scriptural teaching that God is Spirit and Spirit is the one infinite Mind, the only cause or creator and insists that there is just as much ground to apply the term Mother as there is to apply the term Father to divine Spirit since Spirit includes the fullness of parenthood. God is not only the Father but the Mother of all creation; that is, God does not share his creative power with anything else, but Spirit is infinite, whole complete, all within itself. It is not proper to refer to this doctrine as being peculiar to Christian Science. It is the teaching of primitive Christianity and doubtless the belief



Photograph by Aram

GRAHAM-WHITE IN HIS BLERIOT

of all Christians. Neither is it proper to refer to the doctrine that keeping pure and free the desires of the soul insures health of the body, since the Scriptures teach, "Whether is easier to say: Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say: Rise up and walk?" And the Master said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." All that is essential to the harmony and existence of man will surely follow that state or condition wherein our heavenly Father is recognized as supreme and the righteous conduct which characterizes such a belief is in evidence. Neither is it proper to attach the adjective, "peculiar," to the teaching that "physical ailments can be cured by the application of Spirit power." This too is the teaching of the Scriptures. Jesus and his apostles healed after this manner and the Master said: "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also."

On the marriage subject, Christian Science is not in any sense akin to the belief and practice which this article ascribes to the Shakers. In the Christian Science church, as in most other denominations, the question of marriage is left to individual discretion. It is proper, however, to note that Christian Science demands absolute purity of marriage life and the doom of sensualism may be found on every page of the Christian Science text book. Mrs. Eddy insists that "Marriage is the legal and moral provision for generation among human kind," and that it must be entered into with a view to elevating and happifying the human race.

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED FARLOW.

A PRINCE'S INCOME

Although the Prince of Wales is a boy of but sixteen years of age, he enjoys by hereditary right, without further allowance from Parliament, an income of £87,500 annually from his Cornwall estates. And these are said to be growing so rapidly in value that this income is likely to be enormously increased in the near future. The good Queen had canny foresight in such matters, and a

certain thrift has characterized all members of the present English royal family.

The enjoyment (?) of this huge income by the royal school-boy is not looked upon with favour by thoughtful people. Even outside of the radical ranks, there is very pointed criticism, and a suggestion that the Cornwall estates might well be regarded as sufficient for all the royal children, without the additional appropriations which they severally enjoy at present.



The sharp criticism in a current publication of the trustees of the Boston Public Library for what is termed their overhasty action in awarding the contract to Mr. Bela S. Pratt for sculptures to adorn the long waiting pediments that flank the entrance of the library building afford a pleasant opportunity to speak again of these truly remarkable works of art.

As to the points raised by the critic in the "Boston Common," we do not find ourselves particularly interested. They bear all the earmarks of one of those petty squabbles without which it seems impossible to carry through any masterly enterprise. The good sense of the city of Boston, whatever may be the merits of the minor dispute raised, will not allow such an issue to interfere with the satisfactory completion of a noble public work.

What concerns us more nearly is the attempt to throw a slur on the artistic merit of Mr. Pratt's designs. While it is futile so far as the ultimate opinion is concerned, criticism of this nature may have the temporary effect to disparage the public mind for a work that should be received only with the highest appreciation and most eager welcome.

In his two colossal figures of Science and Art, Mr. Pratt has achieved something of that later symbolism which is the expression of the best thought of our



THE PRINCE OF WALES WHOSE INCOME OF £87,500 IS LIKELY TO CAUSE
SHARP CRITICISM

time. The great symbolism of antiquity can never again be ours. It was the creation of a definite consciousness of the highest significance in natural objects, which had at first been the subject of worship in their crude materiality. The naiveté, the joyousness of that new-born freedom can never be imitated, never lived again in the world-weary consciousness of an over-sophisticated age, but there is a newer symbolism finding ex-

pression among us that is very deep.

Mr. Pratt's figure of Science is not a Minerva from the golden age, nor is it a cold piece of imitative classicism. It is the science whose ultimate achievement has been the knowledge that it does not know. It is full of a brooding mystery, hears the sound of falling water and knows that no formulae from the atomic theory or the law of gravitation expresses its significance. In the reticence

of outline, the subdued edges, the lowered eyes and a modelling too subtle to analyse, Mr. Pratt has told this story and achieved a figure symbolic of our thought of the attitude of our day. The despair of science is the hope of art, and that is present in the first by virtue of this very subduement, and the figure of art shines forthwith as a new hope.

To speak of these two beautiful creations as the critic in the "Boston Common" does as "Mr. Pratt's two pretty girls" is either so shallow or so impertinently flippant as to defeat its own purpose. As to their artistic fitness for the setting in which they will appear, the skill with which Mr. Pratt has met this exceedingly difficult condition is by no means the smallest part of his achievement. On this he has staked a reputation earned by many repeated successes, and the public may rest assured that their beautiful library building, of which they all are justly proud, will not be blotted by an "inartistic mistake."

If the favorable verdict of posterity can be awaited with the same confidence for the decorative work of the interior walls as for this design of Mr. Pratt's, we will have sufficient cause for rejoicing.



One of the most artistically commendable events of the New England musical year is the annual fall musical festival at Worcester. The concluding concert in the Mechanics Hall was an exceptional one. Mme. Yolande Méro, the famous European pianist, Mr. Van Norden, Herbert Witherspoon, Mlle. Dimitrieff and George Hamlin and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were the artists of Friday. The program was an unusual one, Mme. Méro played Liszt's Concerto in A major in a wonderful manner. She plays with virtuosic finish and taste and fairly magnetized her audience. Maud Powell was the artist of Thursday

and played the Saint Saens Concerto in B minor. In the evening, Mr. Mees conducting, Bantock's setting of Omar Khayam was given.

The Orchestra played the Cesar Franck Symphony in D minor as its principal number.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony year will commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Schumann. The overture to "Manfred" and the overture to Genoveva, his Rhenish symphony and his concerto for violoncello with Mr. Alwin Schroeder as soloist, will make up the program of the evening of October eighth.

On October 14th and 15th the orchestra will give Rachmaninoff's Symphony in D minor and Goldmark's Violin Concerto with Francis Macmillen, violinist assisting artist.

Boston Opera Season will open with the production of "L'Enfant Prodigue," by Claude Debussy. This is the work which won the Premier Grand Prix de Rome for the composer. This will be a first time performance and its execution will be entrusted to Andre Caplet, who has already prepared the work under the direct supervision of the composer. The production will be in French.

Another novelty to be given in French is "Habanera," by Laparra, which will also be presented for the first time. This work was presented at the Opera Comique with immense success and will be of especial interest because it represents a new tendency in the modern French school.

Another novelty will be given by arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, "The Girl of the Golden West," by Puccini, the first performance of which will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on December sixth, on a non-subscription evening at increased prices. An immense cost is involved in obtaining the rights to produce Puccini's new opera for the first time in America and the Boston Opera Company will also follow the example of New York and give the first performance on a non-subscription evening.

Mr. Frederick S. Converse will be represented among the list of composers

by the production of his new opera entitled "The Sacrifice," which will be sung in English next February. This work is a real achievement as artistic American opera. The musical direction of this work will be in the hands of Mr. Wallace Goodrich.

The conductors for the season are Mr. Arnaldo Conti, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Mr. Andre Caplet and Mr. Roberto Moranzi. Mr. Moranzi is well known in Italy and has conducted in Milan, Rome and other principal cities.

The Chorus will consist of one hundred and twenty-five singers. Mr. Oreste Sbvaglia has spent the summer months in training a chorus of carefully selected American girls. These singers and about eighty experienced choristers will be under the direction of Mr. Sbvaglia, assisted by Mr. Ralph Lyford.

The Corps de ballet will be under the general supervision of Mr. Bonfiglio who will be assisted by Mme. Muschietto and Mlle. Maria Paporella.

The Saturday evening performances at popular prices will be a special feature next season. Also, popular Sunday evening concerts will be given. The programmes will consist of operatic selections and excerpts from oratorios with the co-operation of the full Boston Opera orchestra.

By virtue of a working agreement existing between the Boston, Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies there is to be an exchange of artists which will increase attractiveness of the list.

The first performance will occur on Monday, November seventh, when "L'Enfant Prodigue," by Debussy, will be given.

The season will last twenty weeks. There will be eighty regular subscription performances.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has purchased a plot in Kingsway on which to build a new London Opera House. He will give operas of all nationalities and of some of them he has the sole performing rights. As to whether London will encourage and patronize and foster the enterprising efforts of this New Yorker remains to be seen.

MAINE MUSIC FESTIVALS

For the fourteenth season the announcement is made of a "Grand Opera Festival." It may truly be so called, as it presents six grand opera stars, and the choral numbers include excerpts from six grand operas. So while there is one special opera night for the production of an entire opera, every concert will present a grand opera program, with one or more star soloists. The artists are all new to the Maine Festivals except Cecil Fanning, who is a festival favorite and will be welcomed for the third season. Each of the other artists has made a name and fame, not only in New York, but in the other musical centers of the world.

This commendable and important artistic event is under the able direction of W. R. Chapman. The list of artists includes Mme. Alma Gluck, Luigi Samolli, Marie Rappold, Marie Desmond, Guiseppe Pimazonni, Estelle Harris, Cecil Fanning and others. There will be a festival chorus of six hundred voices and a New York orchestra.



THE HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

The presentation of "Love Among the Lions" at the Hollis Street Theatre which began last week was doubly interesting because in addition to the bright fun with which Winchell Smith has dramatized Anstey's famous novel Boston theatre-goers also enjoyed one of the cleverest comedians that has ever visited this city. From the moment that A. E. Matthews walked with serious face and diffident tread upon the stage of the Hollis the first night the big audience began to chuckle and from that time on Mr. Matthews who never once smiled during four acts, never allowed his audience one serious moment.

This attraction is followed by the

David Belasco production, "The Lily," with Nance O'Neil and Charles Cartwright in the title roles. Miss O'Neil is one of the most earnest, hard-working actresses on the stage. It was her faithful work at rehearsals that attracted Mr. Belasco's attention and secured for her her present engagement, a five year contract.

With several strong attractions in the leading local houses, "The Lily," is certain, nevertheless, to step to the forefront of popular interest. Miss O'Neil is a favourite with the New England public, and her audiences will include many who will be drawn to Boston to enjoy her appearance in this unusual play.

The engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre is very limited and the play will be seen nowhere else in New England. During this week there will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT IN "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW."

Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) in "The Dawn of a To-morrow" is announced as the attraction at the Schubert Theatre for the first two weeks of October. While the play has not yet been seen here, the reputation that has preceded it is sufficient guarantee that it will prove a welcome treat to local theatre-goers. In it Miss Elliott seems unquestionably to have scored the personal hit of her career. And the play seems one of quite unusual importance. It is by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and many other semi-classics of modern times, and is founded upon one of the most remarkable of her stories, which bears the same title as the play. It was produced at the Lyceum Theatre in New York with Eleanor Robson in the role of Glad and ran many months. When it visited London, Miss Elliott appeared in the leading role and made so pronounced a hit that an American tour was arranged for her.

The story deals with the reclamation of the fast-decaying brains of one of England's greatest men by the revelation of a page of life in London's darkest

slums through the agency of an untutored daughter of God, "Glad," a queer little waif of the streets. There is something quaint and fantastical in the little tale, though it is so artistically handled as to prevent all conflict with the rigid laws of probability. It is much like a comedy of Barries in this respect though it deals with problems more far-reaching than any the Scotch genius has yet attacked upon the stage. A thoroughly adequate production has been supplied by Liebler and Company, said to be conspicuous for the marvellous reproduction of a fog in the scene in the Whitechapel slums.

MARIE DORO AT THE PARK THEATRE

A new play by Mr. Gillette is always a matter of unusual interest, and "Electricity" is his first effort in six years—in other words his first new play since "Clarice," a work which enjoyed one of the most remarkable successes ever achieved in Boston. "Electricity," in its few preliminary performances, has already proved that its author, in his twenty odd years of writing for the stage, has never done anything more amusing. It is a comedy with a wide range of humor, now delightfully human, now whimsical, but always pleasantly balanced by serious moments in which the author is able to give his audience a taste of his American philosophy.

In the central figure of the play, Marie Doro, a young actress of strong local popularity, is said to have a wholly charming role and quite the best opportunity of her stage career. The star will be surrounded by an excellent company, including John L. Shine, Edwin Nicander, Shelley Hull, Harry Barfoot, Francis D. McGinn, Henry Hall, Allan Fawcett, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Ann Murdock, Myrtle Tannehill and Liane de Bellefraie.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER AT THE TREMONT THEATRE

"The Fortune Hunter," with John Barrymore in the leading role, is here for a run. The play won its spurs in



MARIE DORO

New York, where it was received by the critics and the public alike with the utmost enthusiasm. The reasons for this are not hard to find. In the first place, "The Fortune Hunter" is a real play with a real motive and makes a genuine appeal to the better sides of human nature. It is so good a play that it would survive even an indifferent presentation. As a matter of fact it is capitally staged and well acted in its presentation at the

Tremont. On this solid foundation of a really good thing, is built a construction full of vivacity and sparkle. John Barrymore gives us real comedy in these parts, while Mary Ryan is most engaging in the role of heroine.

Realism in scenery is seldom carried further than in the rain storm that deluges the young lovers. Altogether, it is a play from which one goes away heartily pleased, and that is a great

thing. For we go to the theatre, not to add to the glumness of life and the depression of spirit which the day's work is usually quite sufficiently competent to produce, but for the forgetting of all this and the reawakening of mirth and gladness. Because "The Fortune Hunter" can do this for us, it is, and deserves to be, a winner.

"THE ARCADIAN" AT THE COLONIAL THEATRE

In "The Arcadians," which is crowding the Colonial Theatre to capacity, Manager Charles Frohman has shown to what heights of artistry musical comedy may be brought. With a laugh in every line there is never a moment when the fun descends to the vulgar; with more than a score of song numbers there is not one that does not charm us by its originality of theme and treatment and exquisiteness of interpretation. Mr. Frohman has done the seemingly impossible in making every detail of this production contribute to the gratification of the eye and the ear. The beauty of every woman in the company from principal to chorus girl, the wonderful blending of colors in the fresh costumes, the three stage settings that are dreams of the scene-painter's art fill the eye with delight while the ear is charmed by wonderful melodies woven by an unusually well drilled orchestra.

In the selection of an ideal cast for "The Arcadians" there was no more difficult problem than that of finding a young woman whose charm in the role of a sweet Irish lass would not fade against the poetic beauty of the Arcadian damsels but in Julia Sanderson, dainty, sweet as a rose and graceful as a fawn, Mr. Frohman seems to have found the one person in all the world who would realize the author's ideal. To hear Miss Sanderson sing "The Girl With a Brogue" or "Charming Weather," would be worth sitting through three hours of any entertainment, but these are but two gems in a diadem of sparkling, rollicking mirth and melody. Percival Knight's sad-faced Peter Doody is a classic of comedy, while Frank Moulan, Ethel Cadman, Connie

Ediss, Mary MacKid, Alan Mudie, Harold Clemence and a score of other principals, reinforced by a remarkably attractive chorus contribute to a combination of song and fun that has made "The Arcadians" a sensational success.

As "The Arcadians" will not be seen elsewhere in New England the management of the Colonial Theatre has arranged to give special attention to mail orders from out of town. There will be matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. "The Arcadians" will be followed later at the Colonial by that other great Frohman musical success, "The Dollar Princess."



THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH BOOKS

"The Southerner as a type, is very much greater than the Southerner as a literary artist; in fact, nowhere can we afford to lose the man in the writer, so strong is his inheritance, so individual his personality, so typical his action, so peculiar his cast of thought. The art value is in no way to be compared with the life value of Southern literature."

This sentence extracted from "The Literature of the South," by Montrose J. Moses, gives a key to the spirit in which the work is done. The author has wisely avoided the temptation to overdo his subject. Indeed, it is doubtful if he has allowed all that might be to the influence on the world-mind of Poe and Lanier, or that he has claimed Poe for the South in as deep and genuine a sense as might be. We would have willingly seen larger space given to negro minstrelsy and a stronger plea for the real lyric and national character of the best of the war songs, such as "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Dixie." The work of Paul Dunbar seems to have received less attention than its due, and the writings of men who exploit the South as a topic rather more.

But these very criticisms are an indica-

tion of the extreme interest of the book and its thoroughness. Rather a contribution to literary history than to literary criticism, it is yet of no slight value from the latter standpoint, and, in spite of the vast amount of information condensed within its pages, the author has succeeded in producing a most entertaining and readable book. It is published in a large, illustrated octavo volume by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company for \$2.50 net.

FLAMSTED QUARRIES

This is the title of a new book by Mary E. Waller, the author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus.'" Miss Waller is a Boston woman who spends much of her present time in the Vermont hills. She was first known by her charming story of New York street gamins, "Little Citizens." "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus,'" which came out in 1904, has been one of the most popular books of recent years. The demand has constantly increased and it has recently gone into its twenty-sixth edition.

Flamsted Quarries is an American novel of social and industrial problems of conditions of the present day. The scene opens upon a vaudeville stage,—the performance of little Aileen whose earnest little soul so moves a fatherly priest that he succeeds in getting to an asylum for homeless children and a little later we find the scene Flamsted, Maine, among the sweet, plain, wholesome life of the granite quarries' toilers. It is most interesting and human and appealing; the plot is totally absorbing, the character delineation is inimitable in its manner of presentation and its achievement in accomplishing intimate acquaintance with the people of the story. It is a story of self-sacrificing love and of toil and duty and is in every way the best novel of the year. It surely will become genuinely popular.

The book is illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson and published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, cloth \$1.50.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

Under the title of "Louise Chandler

Moulton, Poet and Friend," Lillian Whiting gives us an intimate and charming picture of that much loved and very lovable Boston poet.

Her surroundings, her personality, the life that she lived are brought out in a way that illuminates a most interesting chapter in the history of American letters.

The author worked with the co-operation of the poet's daughter and has been allowed to enrich her manuscript with many treasured letters, correspondence with men and women who lived and moved in the midst of the largest activities of the hour. The volume is well illustrated. It is brought out by Little and Brown and sells at \$1.50 net.

SWITZERLAND

The same enterprising publishing house issue a beautifully illustrated volume on Switzerland by Oscar Kuhn.

Every year Switzerland, long called the "playground of Europe," is growing more and more popular with Americans. On the rivers, lakes, and historic scenes of that country; on the summits of mountains like the Jungfrau, Monte Rosa, and Mont Blanc, now made accessible by mountain railroads; everywhere, indeed, are to be found tourists from the New World by the thousands. One American who has found health, strength, and recreation among the snow-covered Alps during several seasons past has written an account of the land for the benefit of other visitors. The volume, however, is designed also to satisfy the desires of the multitude who cannot see for themselves the places described. The 32 full-page photographs have been chosen with a special view to giving a clear idea of mountain-climbing, travel by carriage road, railways, and boats, the crossing of glaciers, and other activities which are of necessity dealt with. Here is a satisfactory, instructive, and entertaining work for all who would escape from the ordinary routine to the most wonderful scenes in the world.

THE STORY OF WORCESTER

This is a condensed but easy narrative of that interesting city. It has been

prepared by Thomas O'Flynn and is published by Little, Brown and Company. The historian has wisely chosen to dwell on the salient features of his story and omit the more usual antiquarian and geneological data that bulk so largely in the usual town history. The result is a far more readable volume for the library table with, possibly, a little sacrifice of reference value for the library shelf. It is abundantly illustrated and sells for \$1.50.

ON LIFE INSURANCE

In a beautifully printed volume of addresses and papers on life insurance, the public utterances of John F. Dryden, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, are presented to the wider audience of the reading public. The first five of the ten papers included in the volume are on the history and special problems of industrial insurance. They are ripe with experience and full of information on a subject upon which public interest is certain to focus with increasing sharpness in the next few years. The second five of the ten papers on life insurance cover more general problems.

The book also contains a speech in the United States Senate on the American Type of Isthmian Canal and an address on Abraham Lincoln and Alexander Hamilton.

As a collection of Mr. Dryden's speeches it will be a pleasure to his friends that they have been collected in this form, and if we are to have them in no other form they should certainly find a place in our public libraries. But we suspect that Mr. Dryden has been over-modest in the matter. The papers on industrial insurance possess a unique value and might well be separately published as a most informative little volume of wide interest and usefulness.

The speech on the American Type of Isthmian Canal, if published separately, with illustrations and maps, would possess great value as a succinct and lucid summary of the question it discusses and a history of the preliminary stages of the canal enterprise.

If the volume, as it stands, is not

planned to be put on public sale, either that plan should be changed or portions of it put into saleable form and made available for general circulation.

A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS

In this volume Dr. McKim has set down some of his experiences and observations during his service in the Army of Northern Virginia: first as a private soldier in the ranks of "Stonewall" Jackson's army; then as a staff-officer in the army of Gen. Robert E. Lee; and finally as a chaplain in the cavalry brigade of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

He describes his book as "the simple story of an obscure soldier's life in the Army of Northern Virginia." His narrative begins at the University of Virginia at the outbreak of the war, and ends with the close of the great drama at Appomattox. It might be characterized as a series of pen and ink sketches designed to illustrate the life of the Confederate Soldier, on the march, by the camp-fire, and on the field of battle. It has the personal touch throughout—having been prepared by the aid of the author's diaries, containing incidents and opinions jotted down on the roadside or in the company mess, or in the quiescent intervals of battle. Though not aspiring to be a history of the war, the book presents spirited pictures of some of the famous Virginia battles—Manassas, Winchester, Cross Keys, Chancellorsville, Stevenson's Depot, Cedar Creek; and of Stonewall Jackson's wonderful campaign in the Valley of Virginia in 1862. A good deal of space is given to the Gettysburg campaign, and the battle is vividly described, with many interesting personal incidents. The author's sketch of the soldiers' winter quarters brings vividly before the reader the high standard of intelligence and education often found among the rank and file of the Confederate Army; and his experience on furlough in the winter of 1862 introduces us to the conditions of life in the homes of the gentry of Virginia at that period of the war, when the Southern people were as one family.



Beautiful New England

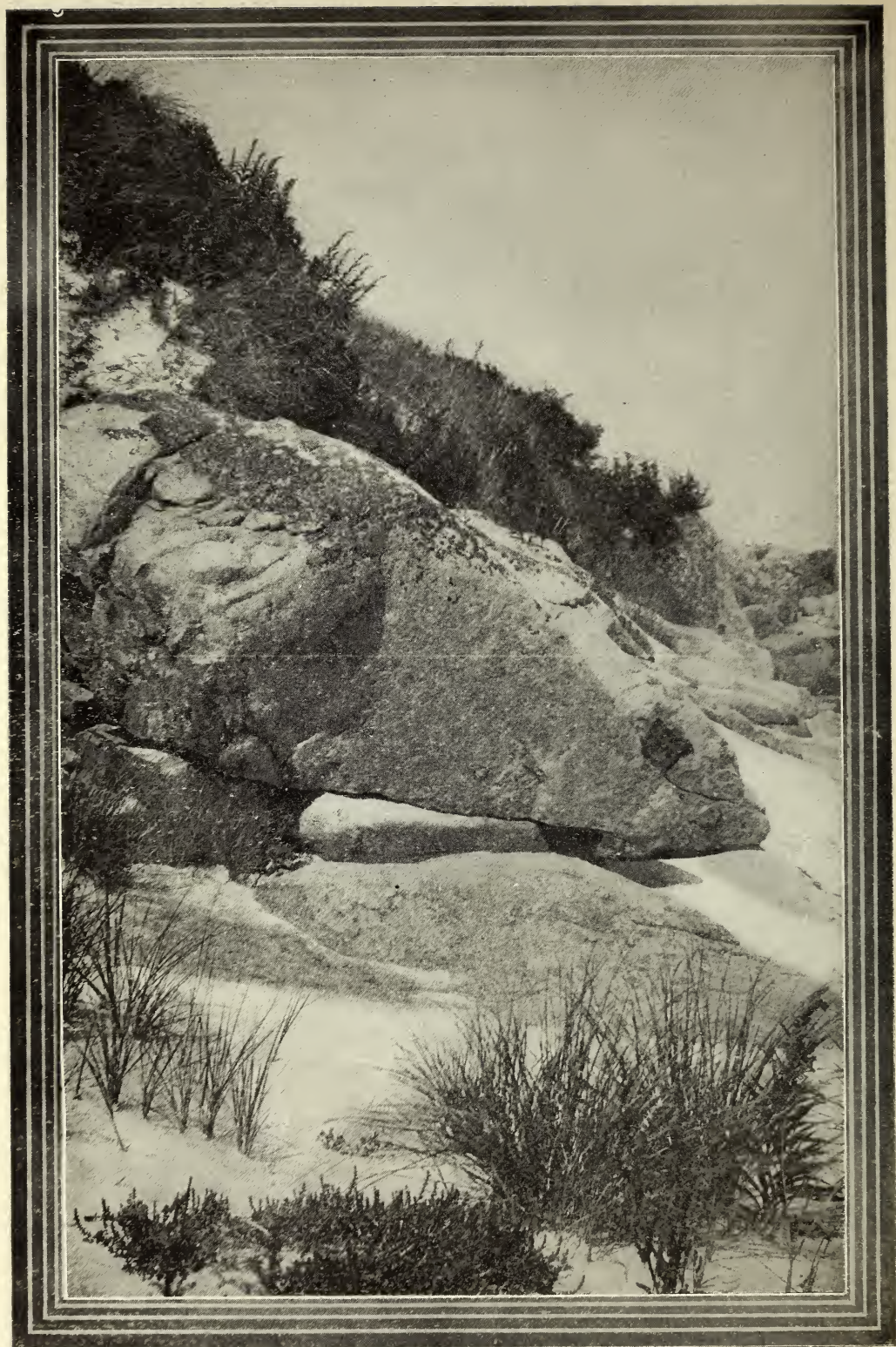




ON THE ROAD TO LOVELL'S POND, SANBORNVILLE, N. H.



THE WAVERLEY OAKS



A ROCKY NOOK



A SILENT SENTINEL



A LEAFY WAY



THE TURN IN THE ROAD



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

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THE FISHERIES ARBITRATION AT THE HAGUE*

By SAMUEL J. ELDER

THE arguments in the North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States were heard in the upper chamber of the Hall of the Knights at The Hague.

The Palace of Peace is not completed; in fact is up only to the second story, and it may be a couple of years before it can be opened for use. The temporary quarters of the Permanent Court of Arbitration were entirely inadequate to accommodate the Tribunal and Counsel in this case, and the apartment in the Hall of the Knights was placed, by the Netherlands' Government, at the disposal of the parties.

Visitors to The Hague will remember that the Hall of the Knights is one of the historic buildings of The Hague, situated inside the second archway of the B. The upper chamber is reached by three spiral staircases in the several towers, two of them used by the Tribunal and Counsel, and the other by the general public which was freely admitted to all of the hearings.

The Arbitration was held pursuant to the terms of the Treaty of January 27th, 1909, which was confirmed by interchange of notes between the Powers on the 4th of March of the same year, and which was concluded in accordance with the provisions of the general Arbitration Treaty between the United States and

Great Britain, of the 4th of April, 1908.

The Tribunal was composed of Dr. Henri Lammasch of Austria, Dr. A. F. De Savornin Lohman of the Netherlands, Judge George Gray of Delaware, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick of Canada and Dr. Luis M. Drago of The Netherlands.

In the selection of the Tribunal it was not found necessary to resort to the method prescribed in The Hague Convention when the litigant parties disagree, but Mr. Root, then Secretary of State of the United States, and Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, agreed upon the constitution of the Tribunal.

All of the proceedings were in English and were followed by the three foreign members of the Tribunal apparently without difficulty, as was evidenced by their constant questioning of counsel.

The arguments were written out by the stenographers during the night following their delivery and were read by all the members of the court so that the impression of the oral delivery was supplemented by perusal.

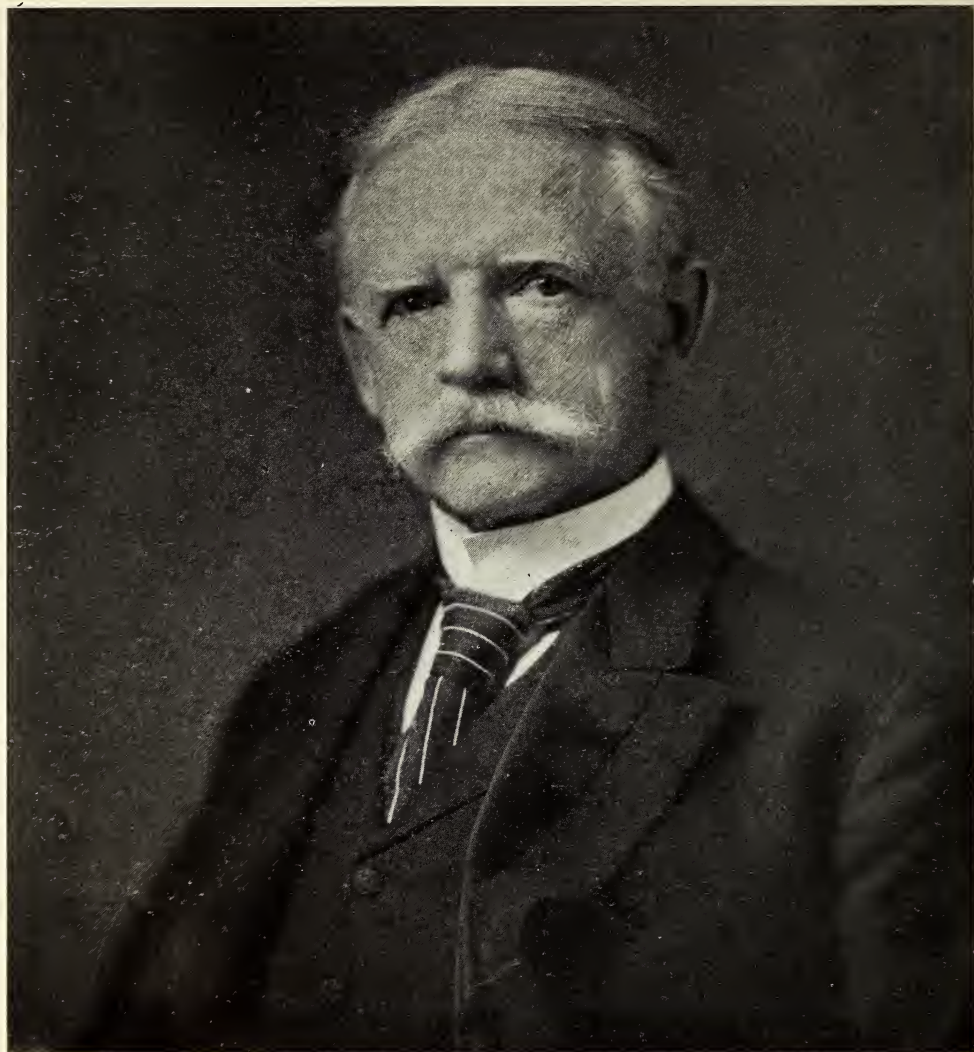
The hearings lasted ten weeks, beginning on the sixth day of June and closing on the twelfth day of August. The sessions of the court were from ten to twelve and from two to four on Mondays and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of each week.

"The arguments of counsel covered

*Editor's note. Important parts of this article appeared in "The Boston Transcript" and "Globe" in the form of an interview with Mr. Elder at the time of his return from Europe.

between five thousand and six thousand typewritten pages. The record in the case was upward of five thousand printed pages and consisted not of the testimony of witnesses, which is with comparative

half of deliberation, and is a document of forty-one printed pages. The award was unanimous except upon Question 5, concerning which Dr. Drago filed a dissenting opinion substantially in favor of the



HON. SAMUEL J. ELDER, NEW ENGLAND'S DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN COUNSEL AT THE HAGUE

ease marshaled and digested, but of treaties, diplomatic correspondence, orders in council, proclamations and legislative enactments covering a period, from first to last, of upward of two hundred years.

The award by the Tribunal was made September 7th, after three weeks and a

contentions of the United States.

"During the last seventy years the discussions between the United States and Great Britain have been recurrently acute and have brought into play the abilities of statesmen of the highest order in both countries. A list of the names of those who have taken part in

these discussions includes names which figure most prominently in the annals of both countries. It is of interest to Massachusetts that its statesmen have borne so large a part in this discussion.

"Taking Boston as a center, we find that within a radius of twenty miles have lived a very large majority of the men whose contributions to the subject matter have been under daily and hourly

the United States, coming both from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, have never for a moment thought or spoken of these men other than as great Americans, and of the fisheries and the controversy as the property of the entire country and part of its history.

"In order to understand the practical importance of the case and the effect of the award upon the fishing interests of



YOUTHFUL NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN TO BE

consideration during the ten weeks' argument. John Adams and John Quincy Adams at Quincy, Mr. Webster at Marshfield, Mr. Everett at Winchester, Mr. Boutwell at Groton, Judge Dwight Foster on Beacon Hill, Richard H. Dana and Mr. Lowell at Cambridge have figured more conspicuously than any others, both in the diplomatic discussions of three-quarters of a century and in the discussion before this tribunal.

"While speaking of this small locality from which these men come one cannot but advert to the fact that counsel for

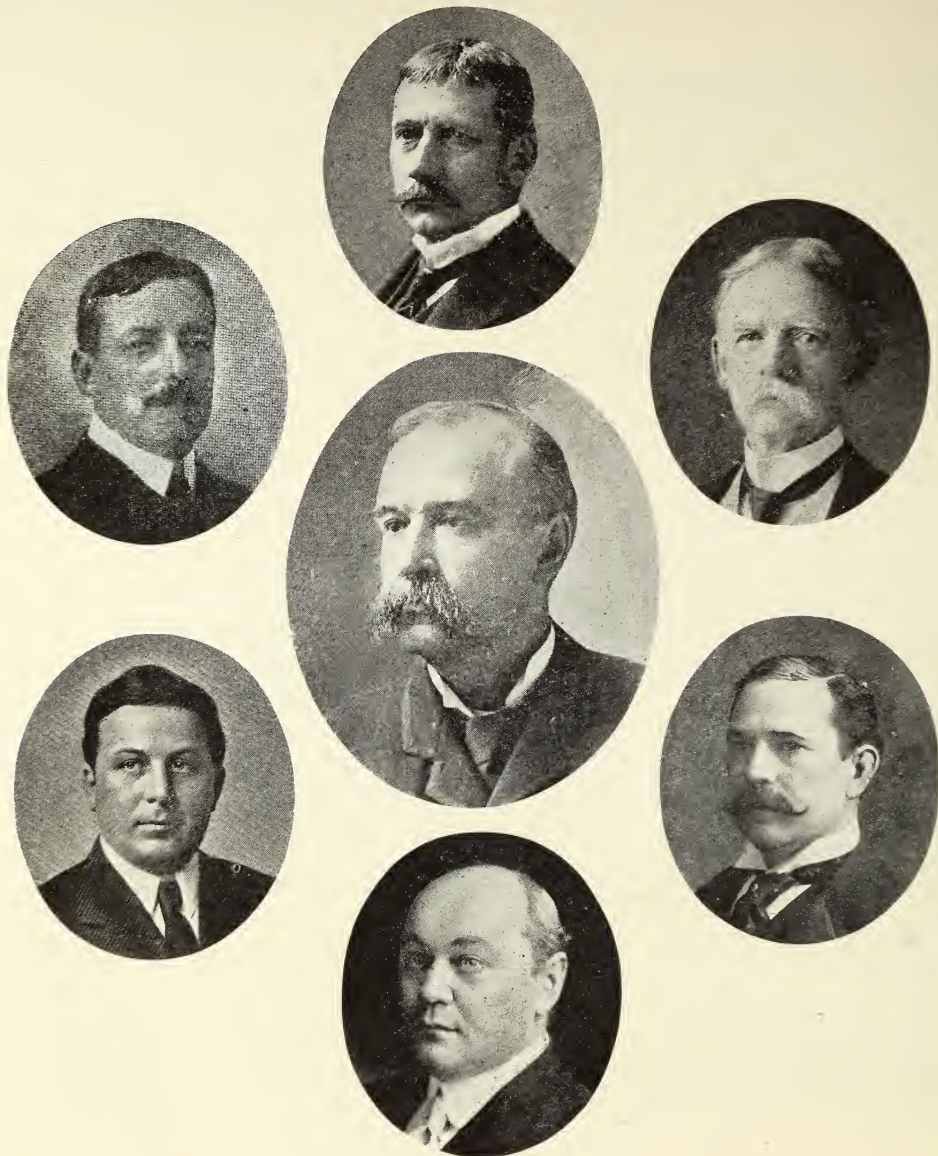
the country, it is necessary to say a word of the history of the question. Nearly everyone you talk with thinks of the controversy as relating to the so-called 'headland theory' or the question of 'bays.' The dispute is, however, more far-reaching than that—that question being only one of the seven submitted to the tribunal, and in practical effect the least important to our fishing interests.

"At the end of the revolutionary war, in settling the terms of peace, John Adams, one of the United States commissioners, insisted that the fishing rights

of the new country should be recognized in their fullest extent. He said he would not 'put his hand to any treaty' which

of the French wars.

"The result was that the treaty of 1783 recognized the right of American fisher-



THE AMERICAN COUNSEL

Robert Lansing, Esq.

Chas. B. Warren, Esq.

Hon. Elihu Root

Judge George Gray

Judge James B. Scott

Hon. Samuel Elder

Hon. George Turner

did not guarantee them. He said that New England had 'spent more in blood and treasure than all the rest of the British empire' in the securing of those rights which had been largely the cause

men to fish not only on the banks of Newfoundland, but gave them the right in the waters of his majesty's dominions in North America, together with the right to dry and cure fish at various

specified points. These rights were as freely exercised by United States fishermen until 1818 as they had been while the colonies were a part of the British empire.

"The extent of the industry at that time and its enormous value, especially

were founded on the fisheries of that period.

"After the war of 1812, it was claimed by Great Britain that these rights were abrogated under the principle of international law that all treaty obligations terminate with a declaration of war.



ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW PALACE OF PEACE NOW BEING ERECTED AT THE HAGUE

to New England, can hardly be appreciated after the lapse of a century. The wealth of New England and its ability to purchase from abroad depended largely on the productiveness of the fisheries and the trade in cured fish carried on with Spain and the Mediterranean ports. If the story could be told, no doubt many of the New England fortunes of to-day

"John Quincy Adams, one of the American commissioners at Ghent, on the other hand, contended with characteristic vehemence that the American fishing rights, under the treaty of 1783, did not rest on obligation or contract, but were received as a part of the partition of British empire in North America; that they were no more canceled by the



THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL AND COUNCIL
American Council on Left, Great Britain at Centre Right

war of 1812 than were the boundaries of the United States changed, but that they subsisted through any war and could only be lost by the voluntary action of the government of the United States. The result was that the treaty of Ghent was signed without any fisheries article, the United States claiming and Great Britain denying everything.

"The 'Jaseur incident' shortly followed, in which a British war vessel of that name forbade the American fleet to fish within sixty miles of the coast of Nova Scotia. This act was speedily repudiated, but the British government asserted that its intention was to prohibit United States fishermen from fishing anywhere within the coastal waters of his majesty's dominions in North America.

"Various seizures were made, and for two years the situation between the two governments was one of increasing irritation. John Quincy Adams, then secretary of state, told the British minister at Washington on the street one day that 'he believed that they should have to fight about it, and that his opinion was that they ought to do so'; all of which was solemnly reported to the home government, with the comments by the British minister.

"The result was the treaty concluded at London, October 20, 1818, the interpretation of article I of which was the subject of the present arbitration. While the fishery article of this treaty is in the briefest possible compass, the history of the previous one hundred years, as well as of the years which have succeeded, were distinctly relevant to the determination of the meaning of the treaty provisions and occasioned the extreme length of the discussion. The opening argument for Great Britain alone occupied two weeks, the opening for the United States the same length of time.

"In article I of the treaty Great Britain conceded to the United States for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof the liberty of taking fish of every kind on a portion of the southern coast of Newfoundland, on the entire western coast, on the shores of the Magdalen islands and on the coasts, bays, harbors and

creeks of Labrador to and through the straits of Belle Isle, northwardly indefinitely along the coast, with the right to dry and cure fish on certain defined portions of the southern coast of Newfoundland and on the coast of Labrador.

"The United States, on the other hand, renounced its claim to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of the coasts, bays, harbors and creeks of all other of his majesty's dominions in North America not within the above described limits. The United States secured, however, for its fishermen the privilege to enter such bays and harbors for the purposes of shelter, repairs, wood and water, but for no other purpose whatsoever.

"Almost immediately a collision took place between the United States and France with regard to the liberty to take fish on the western coast of Newfoundland, known as the 'French coast'. A French war vessel ordered the American fleet out of various bays and threatened them with seizure if they continued to fish. After prolonged negotiations the French dispute was taken up with the British government, which was called upon to protect the United States in the rights granted or to give an equivalent in other quarters.

"The matter was adjusted peaceably and no further controversy arose until 1840, when the 'headland theory' was promulgated and an attempt was made soon afterward to exclude American vessels from the bay of Fundy. The controversy was disposed of ten years later by an arbitration concerning the seizure, as a test case, of an American vessel more than three miles from the shore, but within the waters of the bay of Fundy.

"The decision was in favor of the United States, and an award was given for the value of the vessel. The umpire was Mr. Joshua Bates of Massachusetts, then and for many years resident in Great Britain. Shortly afterward Great Britain expressed its intention of not interfering with American vessels in the bay of Fundy more than three miles from the coast, but reserved its claims with reference to all other bays.

"It is not necessary to go into detail further except to say that two reciprocity treaties have been entered into which settled temporarily this and the other questions arising under the treaty, namely, the one in 1854, which terminated in 1866, and the treaty of Washington of 1871, which terminated in 1886.

"A new treaty was negotiated, known as the Bayard-Chamberlain treaty in 1888, which failed of confirmation in the United States senate, but a *modus vivendi* had been entered into by which the United States vessels upon paying a license fee were allowed certain privileges in Canadian waters, including that of buying bait, and that arrangement has continued, apparently to the satisfaction of every one, to the present time. A similar arrangement existed with Newfoundland until 1905, when the foreign fishing vessels act was passed, terminating the license system and throwing United States fishermen back upon their rights under the treaty of 1818.

"After prolonged negotiation and a *modus vivendi* from year to year, an order in council was passed suspending the operation of certain sections of the foreign fishing vessels act, and the special agreement of 1909 was agreed upon under which the present arbitration has been held.

"The questions were formulated under seven heads, which may be briefly recapitulated as follows:

"Question 1.—Has Great Britain, Canada or Newfoundland the right to impose regulations upon American fishermen in treaty waters without the consent of the United States?

"Question 2.—Can noninhabitants of the United States be employed on American fishing vessels or is such employment restricted by the words of the treaty to 'inhabitants of the United States'?

"Question 3.—Can the exercise of the treaty rights on the treaty coasts be made subject to the payment of light, harbor or other dues and to entry and report at customhouses?

"Question 4.—Can the exercise of the privileges of entering the bays on the nontreaty coasts for shelter, repairs,

wood or water be subjected to the same requirements?

"Question 5.—From where shall be measured the three marine miles of the coasts, bays, harbors and creeks within which United States fishermen are not at liberty to fish?

"Question 6.—Have the fishermen of the United States the right to fish in the bays, creeks and harbors on the coast of Newfoundland and the Magdalen islands?

"Question 7.—Are fishing vessels entitled to the commercial privileges accorded by agreement or otherwise to American trading vessels generally?

"The importance attached to the case by Great Britain is shown by the presence of the recognized leader of the British bar, Sir Robert Finlay; of the attorney-general for Great Britain, Sir William Robson; of Sir H. Earle Richards, and of four other king's counsel; by the presence of the minister of justice of Canada, Mr. Aylesworth; of Messrs. Shepley, Ewart and Tilley of the Canadian bar, and on behalf of Newfoundland, of the premier, Sir Edward Morris; the former attorney-general, Sir James Winter, and the present attorney-general Hon. Donald Morison.

"Altogether Great Britain presented sixteen counsel of the first eminence. On the other hand the state department of the United States showed its appreciation of the great diplomatic importance of the arbitration by securing the presence of Senator Root, formerly secretary of state of the United States, who, much against his will, was persuaded by President Taft, Secretary Knox and Mr. Anderson to take the leading part on behalf of the United States; of Ex-Senator Turner of Washington, a member of the Alaskan boundary tribunal; of Chandler P. Anderson of New York, Charles B. Warren of Detroit, Dr. James Brown Scott of the department of state, and Robert Lansing of New York, who with the writer made seven in all.

"The disparity in numbers, entailed as it did upon the counsel for the United States an exceptional amount of work in the incessantly changing phases of the case.



A TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN'S LANDING

"Under question one, the United States advanced as one of its arguments before the tribunal that the effect of the treaty was to create an international servitude in the treaty waters in favor of the United States, and that the sovereignty of Great Britain was limited by that servitude. Every writer on international law, from Grotius down, was cited by one side or the other in the course of the elaborate discussion of this question. Great Britain was keenly alive to the question of the limitation of its sovereign rights within the territory of one of its colonies.

"This phase of question one was determined by the tribunal adversely to the contention of the United States; at the same time the tribunal finds from the terms of the special agreement of 1909, and from the position taken by British counsel in the course of the argument, that Great Britain is limited to the enactment of regulations that are reasonable on grounds of public order and morality, necessary for the preservation of the fisheries and equitable as between American and British fishermen; that neither Great Britain nor Newfoundland can be the sole judge of reasonableness; that all future acts or regulations must be published in the official gazettes, and if the United States within two months makes objection to them their reasonableness is to be determined by a special commission consisting of one national representative of each country and a third disinterested member to be agreed upon by the two countries, or, in case of disagreement to be nominated by the queen of Holland.

"The tribunal upon the request of the United States, referred the existing laws and regulations of Newfoundland to a board of experts, whose determination shall be reported to the tribunal and become, if approved by it, binding upon the parties.

MORE DEFINITE MEANINGS OF "BAYS"

"Question five is decided adversely to the contention of the United States, but the tribunal recommends the two powers to make definite the meaning of the word 'bay' by adopting the rule of the North Sea convention, where any indents which

are at their mouths ten miles or less in width are to be deemed bays, and others a part of the high seas. Certain bays which deeply indent the coast and are land-locked within his majesty's dominions, such as Chaleurs and Miramichi, Placentia, Fortune and Egmont, are excepted and declared within certain boundaries to be waters from which American fishermen are excluded.

"The remaining five questions are determined in accordance with the contention of the United States. Although these questions did not have equal historic or international interest with questions one and five they were of the highest practical importance.

"The comprehensive award now made determines not only existing questions, but provides for the speedy determination of questions which may hereafter arise. It may well be satisfactory to both parties.

"The United States is secured against hasty and possibly inimical laws and regulations calculated to hamper the exercise of the fishing privilege. Great Britain is relieved from the constant recurrence of questions between the Newfoundland government and United States fishermen concerning the validity of Newfoundland laws dependent upon his majesty's treaty obligations, which questions have been most delicate, in view of the fact that the colony has been granted the right of local self-government.

"Canada and Newfoundland are assured of the right to make all reasonable and proper regulations for the protection of the fisheries and for the maintenance of public order on the treaty coasts, and a solid basis is laid for such future arrangements between the governments as may seem of value.

"Hitherto the prime difficulty of negotiation has been uncertainty as to the extent of American rights under the treaty itself. Every negotiation has been hampered by the fact that matters considered to be concessions by one party have been deemed by the other to be rights under the treaty, and the ordinary method of 'give and take,' either in contracts or treaties, has been inapplicable.

because neither side could positively tell what it was giving or what it was taking.

"It is difficult to estimate, probably impossible to overstate, the influence which this arbitration will have upon the arbitral determination of international questions in future. The fact that

open for the settlement of their differences, and that such suggestion shall be regarded only as a friendly act, will gain immeasurably in its effect upon the world by the peaceful solution of this ancient controversy.

"It is to be noted that the decision is



A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMAN AND HIS PETS

two great nations like Great Britain and the United States have been willing to submit to this tribunal vexed questions of nearly a century's duration, several times leading to situations of the greatest gravity, questions indeed which involve the sovereignty over territory, so jealously guarded by every nation, and have been willing to abide by the result of the arbitration, must profoundly influence other nations to adopt a like course.

"The provision of The Hague convention that where disputes arise between nations another nation may suggest that the permanent court of The Hague is

unanimous except for Dr. Drago's dissent on question number five. The practical unanimity of the decision, which of course includes the agreement of both the British and American judges, is one of the best evidences of the judicial and nonpartisan character of the consideration and determination of the case.

"Dr. Drago's dissent on question 5, which concerns the historic question of headlands, rather emphasizes than detracts from the above statements. He was convinced that the American position, as a matter of principle, was correct, and he filed an admirable statement

of his views while expressing his regret at being unable to concur with his colleagues on this single point."

His opinion is one of the best statements that has ever been made of the position of the United States on this question.

"Nothing could give greater assurance of the feasibility of a permanent court between nations to determine international disputes than is given by this decision. One of the most serious objections in the past to an international tribunal has been that decisions have been, in many instances, diplomatic compromises rather than judicial determinations.

"No one can read the opinion rendered by the tribunal and Dr. Drago's dissenting opinion without feeling that the decision upon each point has been based upon the most careful examination of the bearing of international law upon the subject matter, and the opinion itself will unquestionably pass into the body of that law just as a decision of the house of lords or of the supreme court of the

United States forms part of the body of the law of Great Britain or the United States.

"Another cause for congratulation is the admirable spirit in which the decision was received by the legal representatives of both governments. The case itself, from first to last, while vigorously and powerfully contested, brought forth no single moment of altercation or personal recrimination or controversy.

"The cordial acquiescence on all sides in the result is in marked contrast to the situations existing after the awards of the Geneva tribunal, the Halifax commission and the Alaska boundary tribunal.

No higher tribute can be paid to the judicial character and fairness of the award itself and to the cogent and persuasive nature of the reasons stated as the foundation of the award.

"It would be difficult not to pay tribute to the learning and industry of the tribunal. Each one of the distinguished arbitrators has justified his high repute in the field of international jurisprudence."

THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER

By ZITELLA COCKE

A Lily fair, beyond compare
 Bloomed in a manger long ago,—
 But aye, it sweeter smells to-day
 Than all the sweets that gardens grow,
 The Lily pure and undefiled
 On which Time may not lay his blight.
 Fadeless, when Death itself shall die
 And glorious with Eternal Light!

One Rose was born without a thorn
 Long years ago across the sea,
 But aye, with thorn that Rose was torn
 And set upon a bitter tree,
 And now it makes the whole earth glad
 With beauty which shall ne'er decay,
 The Rose of Sharon, O, how sweet!
 That bloomed for man on Christmas Day!

DAUGHTERS OF HEROD II

By MARY BOYLE O'REILLY

THE ROAD THAT HAS NO TURNING

HOW many daughters of Herod are serving their king in New Hampshire only a quickened interest in the public welfare can determine. The word that goes out from churches and neighborhood centers, the spirit that is roused by lectures or investigations of social workers can only give the initiative. When the most vibrant voices are silent, and the most stinging arraignments are read the real reform must germinate and root in the homes of the people. But once *they* learn to recognize the danger signals, once *they* appreciate the need of calm concerted action for the common good, then there will be an end to evils like that of the house on the road that has no turning.

* * * * *

On Saturday, July 16, after a fortnight's decoy correspondence with a female who has for years advertised herself as a "REFINED LADY, who will take infant on day of birth," the writer of this report went, by unsuspecting invitation, to the House of Forgotten Children. It was a perfect summer morning: the sun shone; all the world sang; and the youthful workers from the Merri-mac's mills thronged the trolleys for a glad half holiday. It was midday when the laughter-filled car stopped a moment at the designated street and then sped away. In the midst of the summer noon an autumn sense of sadness came suddenly. The long and silent street stretched its lonely length into the unknown. Even those swallows of the city pavements, the children, had disappeared. On the steps of an empty house a lean,

deserted cat cried piteously, and a tangle of thorny briars, from which the roses had long since fallen, caught at unwary feet. Walking on, and on, the highway of the world seemed very far away, the grim houses turned blind eyes to a puzzled stranger. Presently there were fewer houses, longer stretches of unfertile waste land, through which the street, now narrowed to a dusty wagon-path, ran on to the horizon—a desolate road without a turning. No wayside flowers grew by the foot-path, only bitter tansey—the death weed—rising beside iridescent pools of fouled water. The sun of noon was hidden in a bank of threatening cloud, and the muttering rumble of a coming storm growled nearer. A snake slithered noiselessly through the copper-colored dust, and somewhere in the stunted copse a lone bird cried disconsolately for its mate.

Then through the reaching silence sounded the swift patter of heavy rain, and the rush to find shelter anywhere brought the writer, all unprepared, to the door toward which the lonely road had tended,—the mean and evil-looking House of Unwanted Children.

It stands alone, at the end of the Road-That-Has-No-Turning, aloof from its neighbors, fast shuttered against the world, and just beyond it, not thirty feet away, a desolate ravine drops suddenly a hundred feet to a turgid little river and its water-logged valley, suggestive as the marshes of the Styx.

What of the bitterness of that loveless road for the frightened girl in her time of black disgrace; rigid with shame, crazed with misery; coming with dragging feet unguided, unguarded, sick and despairing to seek counsel of a vampire?

* * * * *

The investigator had come "to place a baby," about whom—when the fifty dollars was paid "*no record would be made, no questions asked.*"

"She is a very troublesome baby; worrying and fretful," complained the investigator. The listening woman swayed in her chair. "Never fear," she comforted. "Never fear. *My babies sleep all day. They thrive better so than if they were fussing.*"

"What do you give them?" questioned the investigator unguardedly curious, Stories of soothing syrups heavy with narcotics, of "accidents" with laudanum, of the baby-farmers' notoriously prevalent custom of drugging children, flooded her mind.

But the Nurse of Unrecorded Infants was placidly unsuspecting. "I get my paregoric at the grocer's," she wheezed, "it costs less there. Some say it is not so strong, but you can easy add a little in the spoon. Now for a whining child,—the words fell with horrid unction,—*"I always advise a sip of 'punch.' Put one lump of sugar in a cup, . . . to it add five or six drops of laudanum, according to age, . . . then a teaspoon of boiling water. That makes quick work of the most worrisome. I have never known it to fail."*

AND STILL, IN THE FACE OF THAT DICTUM, THERE IS NO NEW HAMPSHIRE LAW TO LICENSE AND INSPECT BOARDING HOUSES FOR BABIES!

"May I send the baby's crib and little chair?"

"Of course, of course," rumbled the heavy voice; "my boarders mostly *do* bring their cribs, also their coats, and carriages, and whatever—"

From the inner room could be heard the vague sound as of a small child moving about. Slowly, very slowly, the door swung back a foot and a little half-clenched hand, all dirty on the palm, reached into the unseen. The woman's panther glance saw it too, and with a wordless shout she thrust it back and closed the door. Immediately was the sound of feeble wailing, the wailing of a lonely baby who had wanted to make friends.

"May I see your little ones?" asked the

investigator.

"No, it ain't allowed," said the Nurse of Deserted Children. "*It ain't never allowed. No one never sees them from the time I take full control till I put them in a good home;*" and saying it she smiled!

"Is that your last word?" demanded the investigator. "I advise you to reconsider." The Nurse of Superfluous Children rose, calmly insolent.

"Ho! Ho! young woman, don't try no airs on me! I know what *you* are! Yes and I can tell, too! Let me go back to Lowell looking for money you owe me for hiding your secret! What would you do then?"

So accustomed was she to dealing with lonely, frightened girls that a warning doubt never crossed her mind. Fists on hips she tried to penetrate the incognito of the stranger's chiffon veil.

"Please may I see the children?" repeated the investigator.

"You can *get out!*" stormed the baby farmer, "you with your fine clothes, and your lady's airs! But you'll come back soon enough,—without fear!"

Truer word was never spoken: fast as feet could carry her the investigator sought the Mayor at City Hall; and his Honor summoned the City Marshal. No warrant for arrest was wanted, but rather the right of entry, the opportunity to inspect those hidden rooms—the nursery of Forgotten Babies.

"Send Inspector Field to me—and my carriage," ordered City Marshal Wheeler; then—"Madam, both officer and team are at your service. Inspector Field knows the law. We will go to the limit in this matter." Another minute, and the word of Herodias was true; for the investigator was going back to the House of Unwanted Babies—"going back, soon enough,—without fear!"

IN THE HOUSE OF UNWANTED BABIES

NEITHER butcher, nor baker, ice-man, nor messenger is ever allowed—say the neighbors—to set foot in the house of unknown infants, but Inspector Edward

Field approached calmly. "Hello! What's this? The undertaker *again*? Who sent for you?" The two men consulted in low tones. "Wait outside," concluded the Inspector. "I will call you in presently. *The worse things are now, the better they will be once we get some Children's Laws.*" Then the door opened slowly, and the tainted air puffed out.

Both visitors entered the darkened stuffy room half filled by a six-foot table. "I am sent by the Marshal," announced the Inspector in his deliberate way, "to ask you a few questions. You told me you came from—?"

"Yes, sir, — — Street, —." Then—with an ingratiating smirk, "be sure you write it correct." The big, loosely-jointed woman lolled carelessly in the low chair, two great freckled hands on her wide-spread knees. The umber of long, unclean neck and arms foreboded ill for the cleanliness of helpless babies. A dreadful leer lay in the snakish green eyes, a tell-tale smile on the flaccid mouth, and between the two, accenting the significance of each, was that practically infallible stigmata of sensuality and cunning—a straight nose set crookedly on the face.* A long life of dreary viciousness and secret tippling showed in the mottled face oozing with evil. The wise old fifteenth century knew such women to its sorrow:

"Therefore be ye ware," says a quaint volume in the Bodleian, "be ye ware those giant women, gross in frame, lecherous of manner and glance, lying of tongue and slanderous, with coarse faded hair and a *straight nose set crookedly on a lustful face* who fawn with bad grace the while they lay plans for a man's destruction, scheming, may-hap through years. *For these be Women Poisoners, crafty, subtle, pitiless; wise as serpents, implacable as death.*"

"Your business is boarding homeless babies? How many have you now?"

"Six at present. You see this hot weather makes it better for them to be out of the city, and in the country air." Smug, oily, flattering, the woman rushed

into a monologue of greasy cant and moral platitudes. At times she was almost edifying.

"Exactly," interrupted the Inspector. "Have any happened to die lately?"

"Well, yes. One died Monday, and one today. But they were weak little things. No one could—"

"That is two this week, then?" prodded the Inspector. "Before you came here you lived in—?" the deep voice was calm as ever.

"Oh, yes, we lived at 609 — street, two houses from the park."

The Inspector pocketed his note-book quietly; reached for his hat quietly; and quietly rose from his chair.

"There is no such number as 609 — street," he commented slowly; "neither is there any such park. Now, if you please, we will go upstairs." As he reached back to a hip pocket the silvery police badge showed for the first time.

For a moment it seemed as if the cowering creature would attempt resistance as she struggled to rise. The blood rushed into her lank mottled face, making it turgid and vulturous, while the lined cheeks lengthened downward with fear. The contorted lips moved, but no voice came out.

"I will go first, please," said the Inspector to the investigator, mounting the stairs. Above, under the sharply sloping roof, four rooms opened from the hallway, bare, uncarpeted, all but empty of furniture. In the first stood one broken chair and a dirty iron bed, without sheets, and littered with gray blankets and fouled comforters.

"This is where the older children sleep," announced the woman.

"Boarders?"

"Yes."

A similar bed half filled the second room, with beside it two dirty wooden cribs set end to end, in which five tiny babes lay crosswise.

A reeking foulness, the very essence of filth, heralded death in a round-about way, death with less risk of detection and punishment. A sheet of green netting

*Ottolenghi (Italian authority) *La Scheletro e la forma del naso nei criminali*. Havelock Ellis, *The Criminal London*, ed. 1890, p. 71. *The Criminal Nose*.

intended for the babies' protection had been dragged off. The wizened little bodies were covered with clothing so soiled that it was ochre yellow. The thighs of two were almost raw from neglect and dampness. One infant's ear and cheek were involved in a hideous sore; its tiny hands, tremulous with pain, waved feebly; another wailed in a high strained key, its gray leathery skin proving the wasting disease from which it suffered, its matured eyes closed against the flies. But the remaining three lay in a sodden sleep, with eyes half open, beside them a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's syrup of morphine.

Near the cribs, souring as it absorbed the odors and septic germs, was a yellow bowl full of milk.

"Show me the next room," ordered the Inspector sternly.

It stood across the hallway, airy and empty, but for a large new porcelain bath tub set squarely in the middle of the floor. It was perhaps the last thing one would have expected to find in that squalid house. Silently the Inspector tried the fourth door, only to find it locked.

"Bring me the key," he ordered grimly. The silent woman produced it.

A room like all the others, bare, practically empty, with a pent-house roof. Only a dirty bed with naissant clothing, and in its midst alone, unloved, neglected, —a tiny dead baby! The livid little body was piteous in its utter defencelessness.

Let the baby-farmer who runs that house put Inspector Edward Field on the witness stand and listen while he testifies to that discovery. "My God!" he said softly, "my God! and I have six little ones of my own!" From the window he silently signalled the waiting undertaker who came reluctantly, a young, frank-looking man.

"If everything is not all right here I don't want this case," he announced. "These people have been telephoning me of late to come at night; but I refuse to do business that way."

"For pity's sake, Rabeauchad, come when they call. It will insure the babies Christian burial. Otherwise—" the eyes of both men searched the waste land all

about. "Make a note of the things you observe. I go now to make a report."

* * * * *

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER

IN the junction District of Nashua, cut off from the city proper by a waste of railway yards, hidden from casual observation by towering factories whose day-long industry keeps the air resonant, is a weather-worn two-story tenement undistinguished from like buildings save by its air of aloofness and the ill-reports of the few, but troubled neighbors.

A stone's throw beyond this house, with little save waste land between, the deep strong current of the Nashua-Merrimac rivers—at this point of confluence constantly at flood—sweeps down to the distant dams at Lowell. The house by the river is curtained against the world, the lower sashes of its back windows boarded across inside the glass—to prevent even a casual glance.

Rumor insists that early and late, more often late than early, a pitiful procession of unknown girls creeps along the broken asphalt sidewalks and disappears into the house whose attic story is "a hospital." No one is allowed to see these strangers, extraordinary care is taken that they remain unknown. Even to each other the patients in this queer hospital are known only by their first names.

Before the investigator ever made plans for the Nashua Baby-Farms Investigation she knew from letters on file in more than one Charity Bureau in Boston of the shrewd individual who posed as a philanthropist in that blinded house by the river. This icy-hearted woman plays a double game with doubly helpless girls; and it is quite possible that her notable gift for talking plausible platitudes has aided her to victimize also those child-loving women who spend their leisure stitching baby clothes for unwelcome little waifs. To hear her tell it, Mrs. S— "is doing a loving woman's work for unloved women".... "caring for little cherubs until it shall please God to call them to Himself." Her glib speech, however, has not yet

led her to disclose much of her own past. Silently, as the angels are said to come, Mrs. M——S—— descended upon Nashua in the year following the dress-suit-case mystery. Even at that time her idea of a suitable home seemed extraordinary for, with a city full of inexpensive rents to choose from, she elected to live in the relatively remote, inaccessible, and sordid neighborhood close to the unlit riverway, "only three minutes walk from the trains."

Her own letters, written—curiously enough with fairly reckless freedom—best tell her story. In fairness to her shrewdness it should be said that she was not aware that "Z, 181, News Office," "H, 172, Bulletin Office," "M. O. Reilly, Boston," etc., were all one person.

A constant advertiser in several leading papers, presumably receiving mail from all over New England, cannot fairly be expected to carry mere suggestions of identity in her mind. When the leisure comes in which Mrs. M——S—— may think some long, long thoughts she may realize the disadvantage of a too ready pen.

The first letter of the series was addressed to an actually desperate girl who surrendered it only after repeated requests. All the others were the property of this investigator, and are now in the possession of the Attorney-General for New Hampshire.

Nashua, N. H.
June 8, 1910.

Dear Madam,

The terms for finding homes for Infants is \$50.00 that covers all expenses no matter how long I have to keep the little one. You can pay cash or part down and the balance in weekly payments.

Respectfully,
MRS. M. S——

This scandalous demand for life-money for disposing of a living gurgling baby spurred the investigator to independent correspondence. The Taker of Babies in the house by the river was nothing loath.

Apparently she had a lessening respect

for this writer's intelligence, as her letters have a frankly unguarded tone.

Nashua, N. H.
July 10, 1910.

M. O. Reilly

Dear friend

I will take your baby and no questions asked it will always be well cared for and if you wish you can have a picture of it when it is older. I will come and get it if you will give \$50.00 down, or if you bring it to me (from Boston, of course, Ed.) I will take it for \$45. Please answer promptly.

MRS. M. S——
C—— St., Nashua.

Telephone... Nashua.

I live an hour's ride from Boston North Station and get off at Union Station Nashua it is only three minutes walk to the house fare 95 cents.

MRS. M. S——
July 14, 1910

Dear friend

Your letter just received the lowest I can take child is \$50.00.....

I do not mind it being weak. You would never have to take it back. The fare here is 95c fr Boston and it takes 1 hour. I will enclose time table and paper for you to sign. Now I can take it any time you want to come with it and no questions asked. Fill out the paper where the crosses are and sign before two witnesses where the crosses are at the foot.

Respectfully,
M. S——

The paper to be signed was the regular form of petition for adoption to the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough, N. H., bearing already Mrs. S——'s *unwitnessed* signature. Later investigation proved that Mrs. S—— had a solid looking roll of such forms in the upper right hand drawer of her desk; but Hon. E. E. Parker, Judge of Probate for Hillsborough County, says that these blank petitions are public property, distributed free to all applicants, so that there is no way of ascertaining just how many any one person may accumulate. Register E. J. Copp, of the Hillsborough County Probate Office, reports, however, that only half a dozen petitions for adoption

have been filed with him, in 1910, *by all the baby-farmers under investigation put together*; so that the woman who claims to have placed "dozens of babies in a good home" must presently explain how she did so without breaking the law that demands formal report of such transfer within five days.

On July 18, 1910, Mrs. M— S—, being in a literary mood, composed the following letter, which—of all those received—has the keenest interest for the postal authorities, who are notoriously unappreciative of imagination. It is, relatively, a harmless composition, probably ran quite trippingly from the pen;—and yet, by the irony of fate, it not only failed to convince the woman to whom it was addressed but has since proved deeply interesting to certain grim government officials.

Nashua, N. H.

July 18, 1910.

Dear friend

Your letter in regards to Baby received and I am pleased to answer your letter and Questions.

Now I am a nurse and I want the Baby for a Wealthy family. Now it is an exceptionally good home and the little one that gets it will indeed be a Lucky baby. They will have a trained nurse for it. Now about the clothes they do not mind if it has any or not as they are well able to provide it with everything. Of course if you have things it shows the mothers Love and thought for the little one. I will have to take the child to them myself in Washington, D. C. That will cost you \$50. Please let me hear soon I am home most of the time at least will waite home untill I hear from you.

Respectfully,

MRS. M. S—.

It is one of the troublesome facts in a business that depends on secrecy for success that the Postmaster of Nashua is quite likely to insist on knowing the name and address of those foster parents in Washington, D. C., to whom Mrs. M— S— planned to deliver that "lucky baby!"

* * * * *

The subtle suggestion of that letter carried the investigator to Nashua, prepared to study, so far as circumstances would permit, the house that was not only a boarding place for infants but an unlicensed lying-in-hospital. Judging from appearances, a worse place for a hospital could hardly have been chosen; a house on the river flats, surrounded by the hum of machinery and the clangor of shifting trains; where every cooling wind must come laden with clouds of smoke and dust. The House by the River stands close to the asphalt pavement, one story high and a French roof. All the East side is cut off from ventilating drafts by a double tenement and a towering factory; the back gable extends out and out on the narrow lot in a diminishing range of sheds and cubby holes. Festoons of clothes lines on pulleys, relieving the restricted yard room, give quite a citified tenement aspect to the place.

Mrs. M— S—, dressed as a graduate nurse, parried plausible inquiries with counter questions, her narrow-slitted insincere eyes fraught with suspicion, her closely-shut, strongly-compressed lips eloquent of avarice. "Was the questioner the patient? No? Then she could say nothing binding until she saw the patient. . . . But her terms were unalterable. . . . The visitor's friend could come whenever she liked and board for \$6 a week. At that price she would, of course, expect to make herself useful in the hospital. The actual confinement would cost \$30. To take the baby and put it in a good home, no questions asked, would cost \$50 more. The mother could pay cash, or not less than \$35 and sign a paper to pay the rest in weekly instalments. . . . But if all the money was paid at once no record would be made, and *absolute disposal* (whatever that phrase means to Mrs. S—) was guaranteed. . . . Also, the infant must have three sets of baby clothes which the hospital would provide, at seven dollars a set, total \$21, paid for *at once*."

Pausing in her crisp demand for relatively large sums of money Mrs. S— displayed these baby-sets, each made up of half a dozen articles of clothing of cross-bar muslin and slazy flannelette,

Musonia R. H.

July 10th 1910

Dear friend
Your letter just
received the lowest I can
take the child is \$50.00.

I do not
mind it being weak.

You would never have to take
it back. The fare ^{here} is 90¢ from
Boston. and it takes 1 hour
I will enclose time table
and papers for you to sign
Now I could take it any time
you want to come with it
and no questions asked.

Respectfully
M. S. —

cheap, unattractive and crudely put together. The actual value of each "set" was well under \$2.00. Selling them at \$7.00 a set, a moderately active woman with a sewing machine could earn clear about one hundred dollars a day. The woman had, however, for special purchase, a few caps and coats and booties, not new, but really good—even dainty—which she was willing to sell at a price. A glance sufficed to indicate their origin: They were obviously outgrown clothing given by child-loving mothers whose own youngsters were thriving, or—consider the eerie tragedy of it—the one time property of little dead children who had no more need for them! Failing to find an immediate purchaser the Receiver of Abandoned Babies, whose peaked cap bore the black ribbon of a head nurse, swept the poor little relics into a big box.

"I do all the nursing myself," said this tradeswoman in tiny lives, "and keep only one servant to cook. Your friend must let me know *at once*. You can tell her that my terms are unalterable. It does not concern me where the money comes from.... Such girls must expect to pay.... I always have from six to ten patients.... At least half or them leave their babies with me to place in a good home." Cruel indifference gave the words a cutting edge; pitiless avarice stiffened the thin lips. The final statements seemed incredible until partially substantiated by the neighbors. A mind given to detail made a rapid calculation.... "Six patients *always*" aggregate 150 (i. e. patients) a year, and—at the minimum, \$30—a total of \$4,500. Twenty-one dollars worth of clothing for each wee waif equals \$1,575. Add \$50 apiece for placing "one half the babies in a good home" and the result is another \$4,000. *Ten thousand dollars* is not a bad return from an attic hospital, assuming—remember that it is only an assumption—that Mrs. M—— S——, the self-confessed manager of a devilish traffic,—told the truth!

Sometimes the truth is spoken by unexpected lips, as witness the dictum of Mrs. M—— - G—— - E——, who herself does a brisk business in birth-doomed babies, describing the rival es-

tablishment at C—— Street. "Go there!" snorted Mrs. M—— - G—— - E——, her voice vibrating with rancor, "I'm *sure* no friend of *yours* would go there if they *understood*! Why! it's a low place in a tenement near the car yards! No place, *at all*, for a lady in trouble! Most unhealthy, *I say*, for a baby!" This from the Nurse of Unwanted Children!

The vital statistics of the City of Nashua seem to prove that Mrs. M—— - G—— - E—— is right. From the official statement of the Nashua Board of Health it appears that of all the infants born in the house by the river in the year 1909, sixty-five per cent of the miserable little victims promptly died there also. Of what? God only knows.

Insufficient clothing perhaps; carefully managed starvation; a neglected ailment; possibly poisoned with adult food. All the world over the professional baby-killer knows that the money paid for being relieved of an undesired child is earned when that child is dead; and a cautious smile gives silent assent that death will come with reasonable slowness. The children boarded out in that house of horror, where a daughter of Herod wore the uniform of a head-nurse, children whose burial certificates give their birth places as Boston, Laconia and Medfield, lived—on an average—to be two months old; but the fated children who first saw the light *there* died—in all but one instance—in their third, or fourth week. In other words a rigid investigation would probably prove that the strongest baby would surrender in the struggle for life under the cautious system advocated. One baby patriarch seems to prove the rule for he actually lingered until he was *four months old*. But the neighbors explain this surprising fact by saying that his tender-hearted mother lingered also—as a servant in the attic hospital—shrinking from the final parting with her little son. The blood crawls as one considers the hopeless struggle to live made against conditions that prove exposure and desertion merciful by contrast; when ignorance or neglect, or downright deviltry, had full play, and killed as surely—if less swiftly



MRS. FRANK SHERWIN STREETER

—than poison or cold steel; with the added advantage that the proof was generally wanting.

This startling mortality in the house by the river first received public recognition when the Trustees of Woodlawn Cemetery (Hon. Albert Shedd, President), discovered that the bodies of unclaimed infants "sometimes one a week for a month" were brought by one undertaker from one house of horror, for burial by public charity in their Stranger's Lot. Several of these abandoned babies did not have their parents' names even on their burial permits. In the

opinion of the Cemetery Trustees "something was wrong," and in October, 1909, Superintendent Swan, of Woodlawn Cemetery, was ordered "not to permit such interments in the future." But no definite effort to investigate the underlying cause was made! The registrar, not being a medical man, could not—of course—rigidly scrutinize the death certificates. The undertaker, excluded from Woodlawn Cemetery when he came with pauper dead babies became a patron of another cemetery, and has—presumably—transferred the burials from the Babies' Death Trap. The study of

these pitiable death certificates, on which the age is almost invariably set down in weeks—not months, throws a ghastly side-light on the lucrative business in baby lives. For the records of the City Register go to prove that the House by the River is only one of *three* establishments carried on under the direction of Mrs. M—— S——. Hesitating neighbors whisper strange stories of the woman's two carriages, and her night drives—across the river—carrying strangely silent foundlings. The lonely farm to which she went, openly acknowledged as an annex of the C—— Street establishment, has been for some time conducted by a middle-aged, gaunt and truculent person. "When I think of all the charitable ladies that is willing to take on Nobody's Children just to cherish and love;" whined this adept at deception.

"I would like," commented the investigator, without thinking, "to be at the hanging of a few of those charitable ladies."

The assistant of the Dealer in Babies faced about red with wrath. "And I," she answered, "have no use for busy-bodies, no better than them they talks about, coming up to New Hampshire to spit out them Massachusetts (baby-farm) laws. Not that we'll pay no attention to them! *Indeed no!*"

Perhaps she meant what she said—for the moment. The significant fact remains that, within a week of that visit of inspection, those two readers in a dreadful traffic, as if fearful of exposure, suddenly abandoned the lonely farm, and the House by the River, with its awful record and its evil memories, and—joining forces—set up a new establishment in a homestead across the city, not nearly so accessible to the trains, but 'within three minutes walk of the lonely Lake. The surroundings are markedly better, but the desperate fact remains: they are under much heavier expenses and they probably expect to make more money. Mrs. M—— S—— still "does all the nursing herself, keeping a servant to cook." Her terms are still "unalterable."

... "It does not concern (her) where the money comes from.... Such girls must expect to pay"—assuming that the quickened public opinion of Nashua will continue to tolerate such transactions! Meantime the daughter of Herod whose record out-Herod's the King, admits calmly, with untroubled eyes, that "there *has* been some difficulty with those *stupid* cemetery people—that quite a few babies *have* died, of course; but *what* does that *tiresome* Mayor Shedd expect?"

That *four* baby-farms should flourish—together with their annexes, in a little city of 25,000 people, does not, naturally, strike *her* as a terrible evil. "But," she adds calmly, her cold tones almost complacent, "you may search the city records and you will find that *no girl* ever died in my house." Horror on horror, to wilfully play with such statements. No girl *has been known* to die in that House by the River, but the neighbors know, and the police more than suspect, that desperately sick girls have been bundled into a carriage at night and driven to an Annex about a mile away, where—in a house of mystery the home of an unrecognized woman and an unclaimed doctor—they may recover if they can. Out of the mist of memory flashed a paragraph of the Susan Geary trial: "Dr." Hunt, the notorious malpractitioner, is being accused. "He said," testified the witness, "he said that he had an undertaker who did not care; and a doctor who was not afraid; *and if they failed* him he had some dress suit cases and *it was only a short walk to the Delaware River!*"

Fronting that terrible reality the root-truth grips harder: that crime increases as the chances of detection diminish. When unnatural parents, made desperate by fear, are willing to consider that the market price for securing relief from an unwanted baby is \$50, and that sixty-five per cent of all such miserable mites will assuredly die in some House by the River within the month of their surrender, it grows obvious that little children faced less cruel danger in the days of Herod, the King.

THE HOUSE IN THE QUIET STREET

BUT for the presumably envious slur of a jealous rival the investigator—searching for baby-farmers who engaged to place unrecorded infants “in a good home”—might never have learned of the House in the Quiet Street; where the barter in babies was only a side issue to the real business carried on. So guardedly was this dangerous trade conducted, so long had the woman in charge sailed close on the wind of danger, that perhaps not once in a hundred times did she run any real risk of detection.

When the story of that house of my story is told in its entirety, as told it may be, some day, in the New Hampshire criminal courts, nothing will seem more inexplicable to the writer of this report than the chance that carried her to Mrs. W—— F—— of V—— Street. This woman first appeared in Nashua early in 1905, while New England was still ringing with the horror of the dress-suit case mystery. She came to the V—— Street house as nurse for an invalid woman with whose aging husband she remained after her patient's death.

* * * * *

The House in the Quiet Street looked blankly commonplace when the investigator rang and made inquiry. The young girl who opened the door was baldly non-committal.

“Is Mrs. F—— a nurse?” urged the visitor. Instantly the door swung back. “Come right in, dearie,” said the hard young voice, “sit down and I will call her.”

An unpleasant hospital smell, penetrating, suggestive, filled the hall, flowing like fluid down the stairway. After a brief delay the investigator turned to look, only to discover standing in the doorway, watchful, silent, a tall slight woman wearing what seemed to be a nurse's dress. Instantly she came forward her face masked by a rigid professional smile:

“What can I do for you, dearie?”

“For me, nothing,” said the investigator, “I come to speak for a friend—

to make some necessary arrangements for boarding a little child about Christmas time.”

“Will you put up your veil, dearie? I like to see my friends' faces.”

“No. My friend wishes me to make some inquiries. She may even want to board in Nashua herself for several months.”

“Dearie,” interrupted the other woman, “that would be a very *stupid* plan. What she wants to do is to come to me at once, *at once*, you understand.”

“But why?” asked the investigator. The woman in uniform laughed softly, a quiet cynical laugh. “Why?” she echoed, “must *I really* tell you, dearie?” and then—quite calmly, with the ease of long repetition—she told.

“Think, dearie,” urged the evil voice, “remember I am *your friend*. Just one hundred dollars....No one will ever know!...Now sit quiet and think it over, while I talk to you.” The sharp metallic voice sank to a monotone; the woman leaning back easily, talked plans and care and safety. And then the investigator's mind was again registering thoughts. This woman's dress was merely a crude copy of a trained nurse's uniform. Level as her voice was, steady as her mien she was yet thrilling to the stress of emotions stirred by the thoughts behind her speech. At some time in her life, perhaps not long since, she had lived for weeks—even for months—in the strain of terrible danger; and the memory of that escape was still exquisite. Calm as her face was the rigid hands on her knee betrayed her. Clearly, easily, as one sees with the eyes of the mind, the investigator—accustomed to studying female offenders—recognized the traits natural to a criminal woman.

If your friend is determined not to come at once,” the pitiless woman was saying, “if she insists on coming here to board until Christmas....I make a business of taking the baby. *No record will ever be made—no questions asked. No one will ever see the child from the time I take it till I place it in a good home.*” And saying it—woman though she be—she smiled! “The price is \$70, paid down at once. Formerly I charged

\$100, but so many girls come to me I felt that in Christian charity I must reduce the rate to \$70. But I would not come down to \$69. I would not consider it right."

"What—what do you do with the baby?" asked the investigator.

Mrs. F—— drew herself up with an air. "In my business," she said, "I have, *of course* to use an automobile so I can go far and wide in a big lonely state like New Hampshire. But I am ready to take oath that no one could ever criticize the homes in which I put every infant I take. They go to the very best home to which a baby could go," and saying it—she smiled.

Five minutes may seem a long time.

* * * * *

Home and quiet thought presented the problem in clearer light. This investigation, begun for the protection of helpless infants, and as a plea for more stringent child-saving legislation in New Hampshire, had dug to unlooked for depths.

Since the days of Eve there is no divorcing mother and child. Not only must the boarding places for children be licensed in New Hampshire, but the incoming Legislature must be asked to consider the licensing of lying-in-hospitals. Since fate presented such a woman as Mrs. W—— F—— as part of the problem it was necessary to help her to commit herself for the benefit of the state detectives who must follow. On the evening of July 16, five hours after the interview, the "friend" of Mrs. F——'s caller wrote to question the surprisingly large prices quoted by her "messenger."

Four days later, on July 20, Mrs. F—— wrote this: "Mamie McGolderick of Charlestown," verifying these figures: "One hundred dollars for immediate treatment, \$50 for future care, \$70 for placing the child in a good home." To make sure that the woman was writing her own letters another inquiry was sent her by registered mail (July 28) for which, on request, the government returns a receipt signed by the receiver. This card came back bearing the familiar signature. Two days later Mrs. F—— wrote again urging "immediate action." These letters, taken with the first inter-

view, furnished strong moral but not absolute legal proof. It was necessary to snare a very shrewd woman in her speech. On August 5, at three o'clock, "Mamie McGolderick, of Charlestown," telephoned Mrs. W—— F—— of Nashua. "Mamie McGolderick," apparently anxious and suspicious, forced the unseen woman in New Hampshire to identify herself by statements of information known only to Mrs. W—— F—— of Nashua. And then, reckless of all danger of detection, the two repeated the conversation of July 16; Mrs. F—— again advising, urging, laughing at the scruples and the fears of a girl she had—presumably—never seen. Even when the criminal case of the People versus W—— F—— is on trial in the New Hampshire courts it is not likely that the woman's counsel will attempt to question that conversation. For today, in the safety vault of N. H. Board of Charity are filed the following accusing papers:
I.

30 Tremont Street, Boston.

Friday, August 5, 1910, 3 P. M.

This is to certify that I, Lillian R. Carney, Clerk in the Children's Institution's Department of Boston, at the request of Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly called the telephone toll operator for Nashua, N. H., and asked to be connected with Nashua 312-15, to talk with Mrs. W—— F—— of V—— Street.

Signed, LILLIAN R. CARNEY.

ss. Suffolk, August 5, 1910.

Then appeared before me said Lillian R. Carney, and made oath that the statement signed above was true.

Signed, D. F. LYNCH.

—Seal— Notary Public.

No. 2.

710 Barrister's Hall.

Boston, Mass., August 5, 1910.

I, Horace A. Edgecomb, an Official Stenographer of the Superior Court, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, upon oath depose and say: That while at the office of the Children's Institutions Department, City of Boston, 30 Tremont Street, this day, in the presence of Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, known to me to be Secretary of the Trustees of said Department, and myself, a clerk in said office,

Miss Carney, about three P. M. called Mrs. W—— F——, of Nashua, requesting the telephone connection through station "312, ring 15, Nashua." At 3.13 the signal sounded, and that connection was made. While Miss O'Reilly conversed over the telephone instrument in the sound-proof booth in said office in Boston I listened to the conversation carried on by holding to my ear the receiver on the extension desk—set in the private office of the Board, which is connected with the service wires in said booth. By so doing I was able to hear distinctly and clearly all the conversation which was carried on between Miss O'Reilly in Boston and Mrs. F—— in Nashua, of which conversation I made a complete stenographic record as it progressed, and the following is a transcript of said stenographic record or notes, the utterances of Miss O'Reilly being designated by "Miss McGoldrick," the name assumed by Miss O'Reilly for this purpose.

Signed, HORACE A. EDGECOMB.
County of Suffolk, ss:

Boston, August 8, 1910.

Subscribed and sworn to, before me.

HENRY W. B. COTTON,
Justice of the Peace.

Operator: "Is this Miss McGolderick?"

Miss McGolderick: "Yes."

Operator: "Hold the line for Nashua."

Miss McGolderick: "I want to speak with Mrs. F——, of V—— Street.

Mrs. F——: "This is Mrs. F——."

Miss McGolderick: "This is the girl from Charlestown. I want to make sure you are the Mrs. F—— I mean."

Mrs. F——: "This is Mrs. W—— F—— speaking.

Miss McGolderick: "Then what is my name."

Mrs. F——: "Your name is Mamie McGolderick."

Miss McGolderick: "You are right. Now tell me about the letter I sent you."

Mrs. F——: "You sent me a registered letter."

Miss McGolderick: "Again you are right. I wanted to be sure Mrs. F——."

(Laughter by Mrs. F——.)

Then follow ten pages of questions and answers covering, in a single case, the whole dangerous business carried on, according to Mrs. F——'s recorded statements, at V—— Street. Possibly when she next hears that conversation read from the sworn transcript there will be less prolonged laughter than punctuated the sentences Mr. Horace A. Edgcomb so faithfully set down.

Still one more exhibit—No. 3.

August 11, 1910.

City of Boston,

Children's Institutions Department,
30 Tremont Street.

To New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., Dr.

August 5, 1910, 3 P. M.

One toll call, Boston, 4240,

N. H., Nashua, 312-15

Nine minutes, 55c

Received payment.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, August 11, 1910.

Bill paid by Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly,
M. I. RILEY,

Bookkeeper Children's Inst. Dept.

It is fairly safe to assume that that incident is closed.

On August 9, Mrs. F—— wrote again, protesting "as your friend" against further delay. To test the limit to which this woman was willing to go "Mamie McGolderick" answered, on August 11th, "that her 'aunt' threatened to have her arrested as a 'stubborn child,' but that she was going away, out west, since she now had plenty of money, viz. \$482, three diamond rings and a diamond charm. The reply was immediate and startling: A telephone call from Nashua that brought "Mamie's" supposititious "aunt" to the pay station. Mrs. McGolderick of Charlestown, the imaginary "aunt" who is in reality "Mamie's" friend and tenant, is a calm and reticent woman who thinks twice before she speaks. "Mamie's" correspondence having been addressed to her house she was ready for the emergency, and sharply declined to discuss "the niece with whom she was displeased." At once "Mamie" telephoned Nashua, (August 16, 7 P. M., 678-2

Jamaica, 312-15, Nashua), and Mrs. W—— F——, eager and valuable, gave quite definite instructions. "Mamie McGolderick," presumably young enough to be treated as a stubborn child, rich, in the possession of \$482, and the diamonds, was urged to tell her friends that she was going out West," "carry what she needed in a dress suit case," "appoint some quiet corner, well away from troublesome neighbors where she could wait unobserved," and "Mrs. F—— would come down from Nashua in a *red* automobile some evening, take the girl and her suit case in," and "together they would drop out of sight." "Now what night shall it be?" urged Mrs. W—— F——. "I will have to think about it," answered "Mamie McGolderick;" and "the girl from Charlestown" is still thinking!

This, as briefly and conservatively as it can now be told is the story of the New Hampshire Baby-Farms Investigation. Whatever more of legal evidence there is; whatever more moral proof of black State Board of Charity for New Hampshire who are now in conference, Attorney General Edwin G. Eastman. All that is written here has been set down in the hope that through the women of New Hampshire, and in the homelife, the lawmakers of the State may be influenced to draft and pass certain tardy child-saving legislature.

The first great advance will have been made when by statute law in New Hampshire, lying-in-hospitals shall be licensed and open to medical supervision; boarding homes for infants and young children licensed and regularly inspected by visitors reporting to the State Board of Charity at Concord. For the evils long suspected are here proven; the awful evils that grow of leaving infancy unguarded, childhood unprotected, girlhood unsupervised:

For the evils long suspected are here proven, the awful evils that grow of having infancy unguarded, childhood unprotected, girlhood unsupervised. Now that the wrong is known the women of

New Hampshire may be trusted to deal wisely and well with their home problem. The leading spirit in the legislative campaign already planned is a woman well known in public service, Lilian Carpenter Streeter. Her ancestors were men and Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs, now chairman of the New Hampshire State Board of Charities and Correction. Fate has been kind to Mrs. Streeter: Her ancestors were men and women of culture, and patriots with the red blood of battle in their veins: Her father, Alonzo P. Carpenter, was chief justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court; her mother, Julia Goodell Carpenter, a worthy daughter of that Goodell family so long note-worthy in far sighted philanthropic effort; her husband, Mr. Frank Sherwin Streeter of Concord, is today one of the best known men in the State. It is matter of common knowledge to social students that Mrs. Streeter's able address before the State Judiciary Committee (New Hampshire Legislature, 1895) secured the long fought passage of the Bill that created the New Hampshire State Board of Charities and Correction. To this board Mrs. Julia Goodell Carpenter was immediately appointed and did invaluable work in the public service until the day of her death in 1899. To the place made vacant by the passing of her heroic mother the courageous daughter was named.

The facts are proven; the Baby Farms Bills already framed; but the case of the children before the General Court of New Hampshire must yet be won! With the criminals whose crimes have found them out the people, in their homes need not concern themselves. *Put the Baby Farms Bills on the Statute Books of New Hampshire* and in God's good time the State *versus* the wrong-doers will mete out retribution as a dreadful warning and example.

To the New Hampshire criminal courts where passionless justice is regnant the case of the unwanted children who can not be found may safely be referred.



JAIN TEMPLE, CALCUTTA, INDIA

AN UNBELIEVER'S PILGRIMAGE

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

WHEN I set out for the East on my first visit to the lands of mystery and age-old history I looked forward, of course, to revelations in architecture. Like every other traveller on his initial excursion outside the familiar world of western ideals, I had my own conception of what I was to see—a conception gathered from photographs, paintings and written descriptions—but somehow I failed to associate temples and mosques and pagodas with the religious ideal that each expressed in carven stone and lacquered woods. I was an unbeliever, therefore, and it was not until I actually began to pass from one storied place of worship to another that I realized I was making a pilgrimage.

This, perhaps, is the most unexpected effect of such a journey, since one sets out (at least as I did), with no other intention than "for to admire and for to see," and ends by entertaining a spirit very akin to reverence for the faith which exhibits itself so beautifully in

works. That I was not alone in this feeling, I soon learned in conversation with other travellers, Americans and Europeans, and by comparing notes we found that it was all the more remarkable because we had "done" the temples as part and parcel of our general sight-seeing. Not one of us had started out with a plan to look for more than the curious, the beautiful or the grotesque. We had not gone about it as we would, say, when touring the cathedral towns of northern France, or of England. And yet we had become impressed by something above the museum-like interest.

From the time I visited the great Buddha of Kamakura until I went to Agra in North West India and viewed the dream palace that is the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal, my route was studded so to speak with fanes of many creeds. Some of these temples were inseparable from the life of the place, and as such have merged themselves into a background for weird rites and practises. They might be classed as only a part of



SHWE DAGON SHRINE, RANGOON, BURMA

the stage setting in the racial drama one sees in passing a few months among Japanese, Chinese, Burmese and Hindus.

But clearly and definitely, as if each possessed a personality of its own, there remain in my recollection five religious or semi-religious edifices. There was, as I have hinted, the Buddha of Kamakura with the ruins of the temple that was destroyed by a tidal wave in the sixteenth century, and, a little distance away, the shrine of Hachiman. Then, also in Japan, was Nikko, with its wondrous riot of gold and colors on airy pagodas, with its ceremonial bridges, its groves of great evergreens and its few remaining monasteries scattered among the ruins of a hundred other monastic houses.

Still another monument to the spiritual sway of the Gautama Buddha deserves a place by itself for it is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon, the most venerable temple of the faith of "the Enlightened One" in all the world. To the true believer in "the Great Renunciation" it represents all that Jerusalem is to the Christian. I might say that with its relics of the Gautama and of the half dozen other Buddhistic re-incarnations it represents more. Its builders have clearly symbolized its place in their world both by the size and magnificence of the main pagoda and its ancillary chapels. Though I little anticipated that such would be the case, the Shwe Dagon remains the best reward for my trip into Burma.

From Burma I crossed to India, and while in a previous article I have described the bewildering mixture of creeds and sects as a nightmare of religions, there were two realities in stone and brick and marble. At Calcutta, there is the Jain temple reared by those who proudly style themselves the conquerors of vice, and who have wrought tall vase-shaped domes as delicately as might be expected since they believe that rocks possess souls. And before I left India I saw the Taj Mahal, a tomb that has been described as "so beautiful it makes one forget the queen its mission was to commemorate," and that has very obviously been pronounced the most

glorious structure ever built by the followers of the Prophet.

On my outward trip across the Pacific I had heard my fellow passengers discussing the places they were to visit in Japan and, like myself, they mentioned almost invariably the Buddha of Kamakura, but I had seen most of the sights of Yokohama before I took the train for Kanazawa and endured the discomforts of a Nipponese railway for more than an hour. I had come primarily, I must confess, to see the colossal Buddha which is recorded to be about fifty feet high in its sitting position and about a hundred feet in circumference, but I very soon forgot these sordid, curio-seeking intentions when the bright little Japanese guide and interpreter led our party round to the great approach to the Shrine of Hachiman.

I have said that unconsciously one becomes imbued by the spirit of these places, and the first glimpse of that magnificent avenue of pines was the beginning. Straight up from the seashore the gravelled path led to the great red shrine that glowed dully in the frame of dark green trees. As the party walked up the path the pace was slackened and we accepted without noticing it at the time the lowered tone in which the interpreter resumed his explanations. At intervals we passed beneath stone torii (there were three of them, I believe), and I was able to appreciate, as I had never appreciated them in a museum, the graceful simplicity of these symbols that resemble roughly two posts surmounted by a beam to make a sort of door frame. The torii seen in their proper setting are dignified monuments as are our own "triumphal arches," and their place is among trees or on hill tops for they are survivals from the ancient Japanese nature worship. So old are they that there are numberless theories as to their original significance, though one rather pretty fancy is that the number and kind of birds that perch on them spell the future fortune of him who is watching the torii.

At the end of this green arched aisle were a great flight of wide stone steps leading in fifty-eight courses up to the



DAIBUTSU OF KAMAKURA, JAPAN. ERECTED IN 1252,—49 FEET IN HEIGHT

Shrine of Hachiman-gu, a brilliant structure with its pillars, beams and rafters painted in vermillion and its decorative work a maze of delicate carving. The present building dates only from 1828, but it is a faithful reproduction of the shrine that was erected in 1191 by Yoritomo, the first Shogun, in memory of that Emperor Ojin who was revered as the God of War after his death in the third century. Nearby, like tombs of worthy knights in some western abbey, are two minor shrines. One of these in red is dedicated to the Emperor Nintoku, son of Emperor Ojin, while the other is painted in satin-smooth black with the gold crests of the Minamoto clan in memory of Yoritomo.

Our guide was full of anecdotes of feudal Japan, with its fighting, assassination and hara kiri. Indeed, it seemed that vermillion was the appropriate color for the shrine after the blood of a thousand such affairs had been spilled upon

the mound. But all this prepared us better to approach the Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, and after a short stroll through other paths among the pines we came upon it—immense, over-powering, with a golden gleam from the great eyes that seemed to be brooding in the fresh morning sunlight. It is difficult even to approximate in words the impression the Daibutsu makes upon one. I had seen photographs of it, and I had seen many other Buddhas. Hence I had thought that here would be simply a great bronze casting, comparable to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor and noteworthy like the latter for its immensity. Instead, I found myself fascinated by the sense of calm and poise and dignity that seemed to emanate from the figure. The impression may have been helped in part by the contrast between its eyes and the rest of the figure. The eyes had a gleam of their own quite distinct from the rest of the countenance, and this may be

prosaically accounted for by the fact that the figure is all of bronze, while the eyes are either a gold alloy, or, as is reported, pure gold. If they are pure gold they probably weigh thirty pounds each, but whatever that detail may be the cunning contrast of the precious metal against bronze is astounding.

Within the huge hollow mold of the statue were other images and nearby we saw the foundations of the temple, Shojosen-ji, that was built early in the thirteenth century and that was swept away by a tidal wave nearly four centuries later. But the spell of the Daibutsu remained and even the nearby Temple of Kwannon, the eleven-faced and thousand-handed, did not prove of such attraction. Of the statue of Kwannon, though, there is an interesting miracle story, for the legend is that it is one of two statues miraculously carved by Kasuga Myojin and the Goddess of the Sun, who cast the images into the sea. The statue at Kamakura was washed to the shore there, the

tale runs, while the other is still drifting in the ocean to help those who need aid on the great waters.

After the visit to Kamakura, I set out with pleasant anticipations to visit Nikko, the sacred district of Japan, a five hour railway trip from Yokohama. It is a delightful mountain health resort and the believers have for many centuries "taken the cure" while giving their devotion to Buddha. I did not wonder that the wise old Buddhist monks made this their chosen country, and that in the height of the feudal regime there were one hundred and ten monasteries scattered among the hills and on the ridges by the swift running Inari River. To-day there are only sixteen small monasteries occupied and one large monastery that is in a decaying condition. All this I had learned before I reached Nikko and also I had heard on every side the native adage: "Never say splendid until you have seen Nikko." The truth of the latter dawned on me at my first sight of the



ENTRANCE AND GARDEN OF THE TAJ-MAHAL

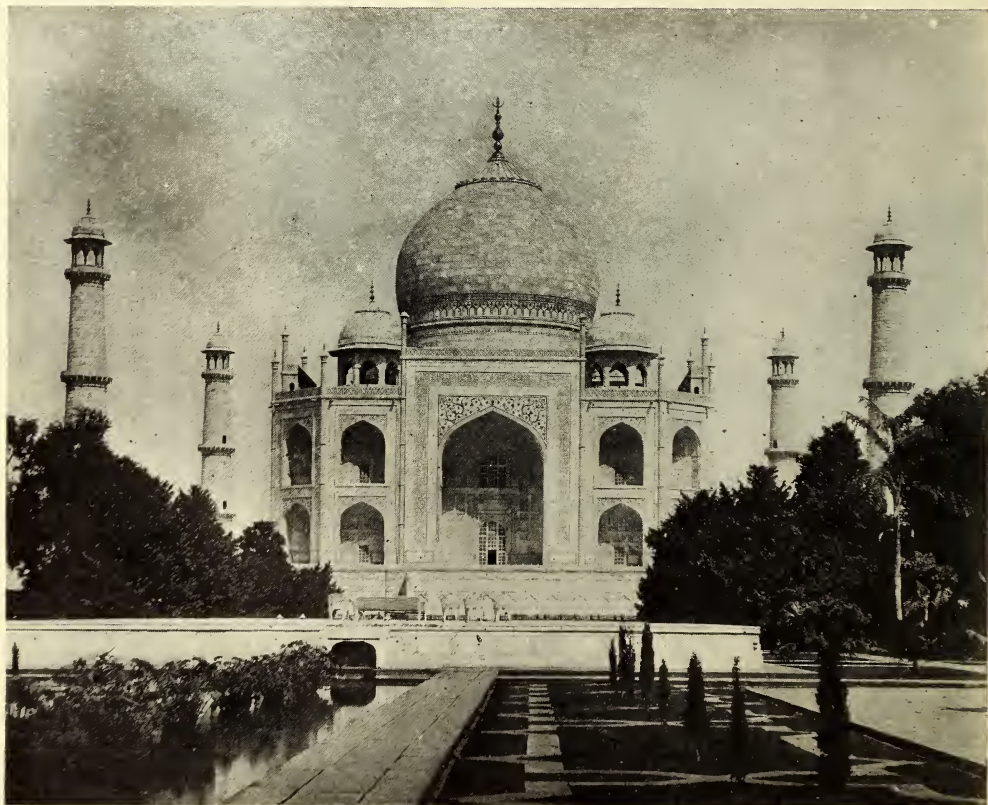
little village of Nikko Machi.

Even before the train came to the station we were in sight of the famous avenues of cryptomerias, the native evergreens that were surprisingly familiar to me and that I finally recollected having seen growing in some of the parks of Philadelphia. Through the long narrow streets of the town, (there are only three such streets and the village is laid out in a serpentine strip for a mile or so), a jinrickisha carried us to the three bridges which might be taken as typical of Japan, past and present. The Sacred Bridge, an ornate structure of vermillion lacquered wood with highly polished brass ornaments is closed to the public, and is used only by the Emperor or his immediate family—a reminder of the days when the Samurai as well had their distinctive footpaths. Then there was the bridge for the general public, and, as an indication of the commercial activity of awakened Japan, the business-like bridge that

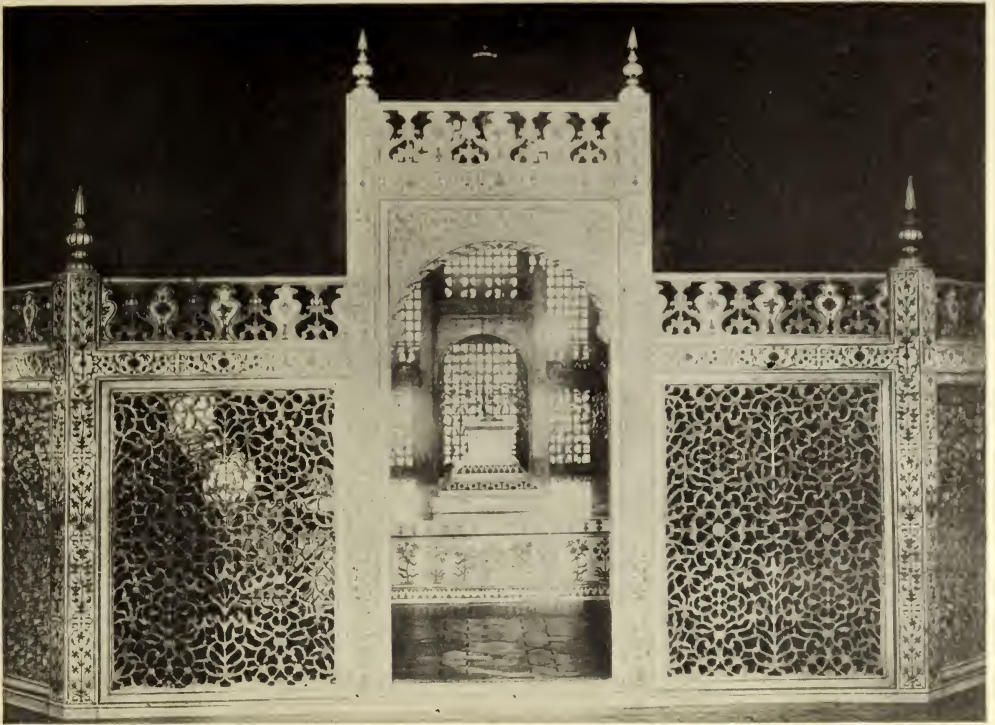
is used for the tram line from the copper mines in the mountains fifteen miles away.

In the village were many shrines and temples, but these are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the widespread temples of the forest-covered hills. There are everywhere to be encountered shrines and mausoleums, more than a score of them I believe. They are interesting and appreciable in their minute distinctions of comparative holiness, only by students of the intricate folk lore and Buddhism that here are interwoven. Then, one comes upon ruined monasteries in the wood and occasionally a monastery that is still being used by those who seek "the Wisdom of the Higher Law."

After all, the greatest beauty of Nikko is to be found in the court-yards and the five-storied pagoda, that are grouped about the Mausoleum of the First Shogun of the Tokugawa Dynasty and in the



THE TAJ-MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA



BEAUTIFUL MARBLE SCREEN IN THE TAJ-MAHAL. ENCLOSING THE TOMBS OF MUMTAZ MAHAL AND SHAH JAHAN

neighborhood of the library. To reach these, the beautiful straight road through the towering evergreens is used, and this road is one of the most delightful approaches conceivable, for the trees completely roof the path and extend in rows of precise alignment, until in the far distance of perspective they meet in a dark green blur which seems to be hundreds of miles away. To the Japanese, Nikko is sacred ground, and this fact is borne in upon the stranger who becomes almost bewildered by the number of shrines and temples he sees.

Among a multiplicity of beautiful buildings, one that impressed me was the Futa-ara-no-jin-ja, or Shinto Shrine, erected to the austere religion that is in the main indigenous to Japan, and a reflection of the spirit of the old heroes. It is a building that might be described off-hand, perhaps, as gorgeous, since the two wings that make up the shrine proper are red lacquered and trimmed with brass that shines like gold. Still, in their surroundings of dark pines they do not seem

gaudy by any means, and there is something cheerful and reassuring about them that may be dimly grasped by the Occidental who tries to imagine the processes of the Japanese mind.

This temple, by the way, has been declared by educated Japanese to represent in every detail all that is best in the uncorrupted form of Shinto ritual. In front is the stage on which the sacred "No-dance" is given, the No-dance that was the forerunner of the drama in Japan. To enter the temple itself, the payment of a small fee and the removal of one's shoes are prerequisites, and having complied with these I was taken through the Haiden and the Honden, as the main interior chapels are called. The Haiden or outer chapel might be compared to a bell tower in a church, for here are the drums used for sounding certain services, while the brass wine bowl used in a sort of communion is prominently displayed. It was in the gong room that a priestess met us, or rather looked over our heads as she danced a measure from



THE TAJ-MAHAL FROM THE JUMNA RIVER

the "No" in her robes of red and white.

From this outer chamber we were led into the Honden, which is elevated and is reached by a few wide narrow steps done in red lacquer as are most of the interior decorations. Here we observed some delicately carved dragons, phoenixes and also as the terminals of beams extending from the door four lions' heads. In another and much smaller room we were shown relics preserved in glass cases, but I found this too much of a sight-seeing affair and was rather pleased to leave the temple which was far more satisfying from the outside.

To find places of interest in the wide-spread religious settlement among the Nikko forests is easy enough; in fact, one could hardly turn about there without seeing some new temple. The difficulty is to more than mention the best in order to keep within the limits of a magazine article. For example, about the great monastery called Manganji there are three courts, besides mausoleums and a magnificent five-storied pagoda in black and red lacquer with brass designs everywhere. Of the gates, there is no doubt that the Yomeimon of the third court is the most ornate for

it is a mass of carved and gilded beams, interspersed with brilliant lacquers and resembling with its up-tilted roof a temple rather than a mere entrance to an outer court-yard. The Denil Gate was equally ornate and equally baffling to me when I attempted to analyze what there was in its design which pleased me. In this respect I might say that though Nikko was one of the most interesting of all the places I visited, it was so large, so scattered in its retreat among the trees, that I left there after a stay of several days with a feeling that one might spend years on "the holy hills" before understanding the relative importance of these temples.

I had seen so many Buddhist temples that by the time I left Japan for Burma I was well aware of the place held by the Shwe Dagon Pagoda among the believers. On the outskirts of the busy commercial, Europeanized city of Rangoon, it towers as a veritable monument to the faith of these people, who breathe the spirit of the East and look forward to Nirvama as the great reward. The impression of size that it gave me on first beholding it was no hallucination, for its circumference is officially given as 1,355

feet and its height as 370 feet, which is somewhat higher than St. Paul's in London. It gleams proudly with gold leaf, as if to announce that it houses seven hairs of the Gautama Buddha himself, as well as relics of the later Buddhas, or supposed reincarnations of Buddha. It is difficult to gain an idea of the reverence in which this is held by the Buddhists, but they come by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands each year from all over the Eastern world, from northern China and Thibet, from Japan and India and even from Ceylon, where certain students declare the purest form of original Buddhism is observed.

This great gold-encrusted pile stands on the summit of a mound, and is approached by long flights of brick steps up which at all times of the day and night throngs of pilgrims make their way. At the approach to the main platforms the striking sight is the group of huge leogriphs, or lion-like creatures of a sort of heraldic design. Lions figure largely in the decoration of the chapels about the

foot of the mound, and this is explained by a legend that is an eastern version of Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf. The story is that a baby prince was lost in the woods, that he was adopted by a lioness and that when he had grown to young manhood he left her to return to his people. The lioness followed him to a river where he swam to the opposite shore while the lioness, cut off by the water, remained behind and died of grief. For this reason, say the Buddhist priests of Rangoon, the lion is used as a symbol of kindness, love and strength.

Except for its great size, its profusion of gold and its legends, the Rangoon temple was much like other Buddhist pagodas and I was therefore on the look-out for an interesting religious edifice when I reached Calcutta. There I first saw a Jain temple and it struck me as being a graceful combination of the dome and spire forms. Built of brick and stone, with the bottom or main halls for worship, in an adaptation of the common Hindu arch and column,



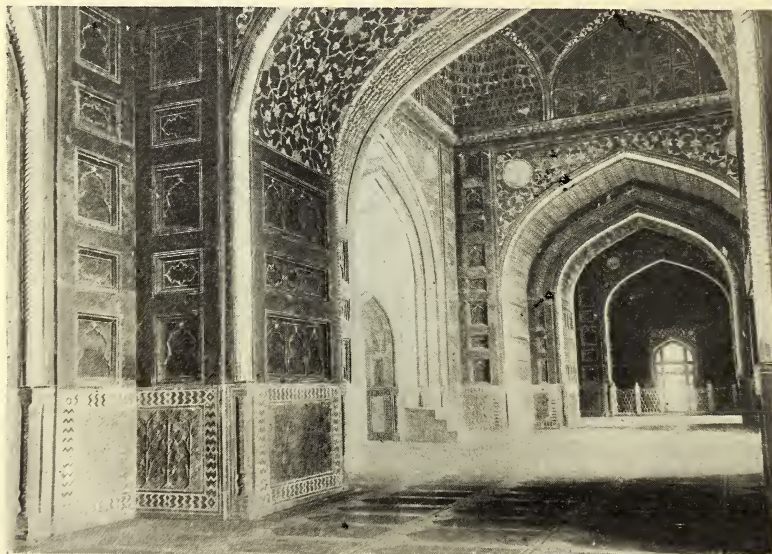
SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON, BURMA. THE MOST VENERABLE
BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THE WORLD

the striking feature is the dome or spire, for it is difficult for the onlooker to decide which to call it. It is, rather, a vase shape, and as I found, these are sometimes built solidly although the impression sought to be given is that of a hollow spire. As for the great care used by the builders in trimming and fitting their bricks and blocks, a ready explanation is to be found in the fact that the Jains believe that rocks have souls. The Jains, whose name means "conquerors" or to give them their full title "Conquerors of Vice," represent a sect that has combined many of the principles of Buddhism with some of the practises of Brahmanism and they represent a wealthy body of citizens, second in general prosperity only to the Parsees.

It was from Calcutta that I went to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, for I had

reserved this pleasure to be one of the last recollections that I should carry away from India with me. This mausoleum of the Empress Mumtaz Mahal, built by her husband Shah-Jehan, has been described by every artist who has ever visited it. To one who is not an artist, this monument to the best in Mohammedan art leaves him at a loss for a fit tribute.

The photographs may give some slight idea of the form; but to see this gleaming white and cream tinted marble, flanked by the four minarets like campaniles about a church, and surrounded by the emerald tinted garden with the broad turquoise lakes, is to sense something of its charm of color. Since I was an unbeliever, it may be in justice, of a divine or poetic sort, that the last shrine I visited left me dumb.



INTERIOR OF THE TAJ-MAHAL

Inlaid with precious stones. They form the most beautiful and precious style of ornament ever adopted in architecture

NORTHAMPTON THE MEADOW CITY AND CAPITAL OF HAMPSHIRE COUNTY

By WILLIAM T. ATWOOD

"SIDE by side with the college, Northampton has grown. The intellectual life of the community has broadened and so has its industrial life. Through the years that I have known Northampton it has been not alone the seat of learning and refinement, but also a high-class, substantial industrial centre."

There is an affectionate note in these words of the veteran educator, former President L. Clark Seelye, that is significant, and explanatory of much that one sees in and about the beautiful meadow city. For one of the first impressions made upon the thoughtful visitor, as he notes the many beautiful buildings and beneficent institutions that adorn and dignify the city, is that men have deeply loved this place.

Without doubt this very pronounced local affection is due in no small part to the unusual and striking natural features that lend so distinctive and individual a charm to its landscape. Northampton occupies a low-lying ridge that bisects a broad and beautiful stretch of meadowland bounded by the Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke Ranges and watered by the sunny expanse of the swift-flowing Connecticut. This affectionate attitude toward the natural beauty of the district is reflected in the tribute of J. G. Holland, the distinguished literateur and son of Northampton, where he writes in "Katrina,"

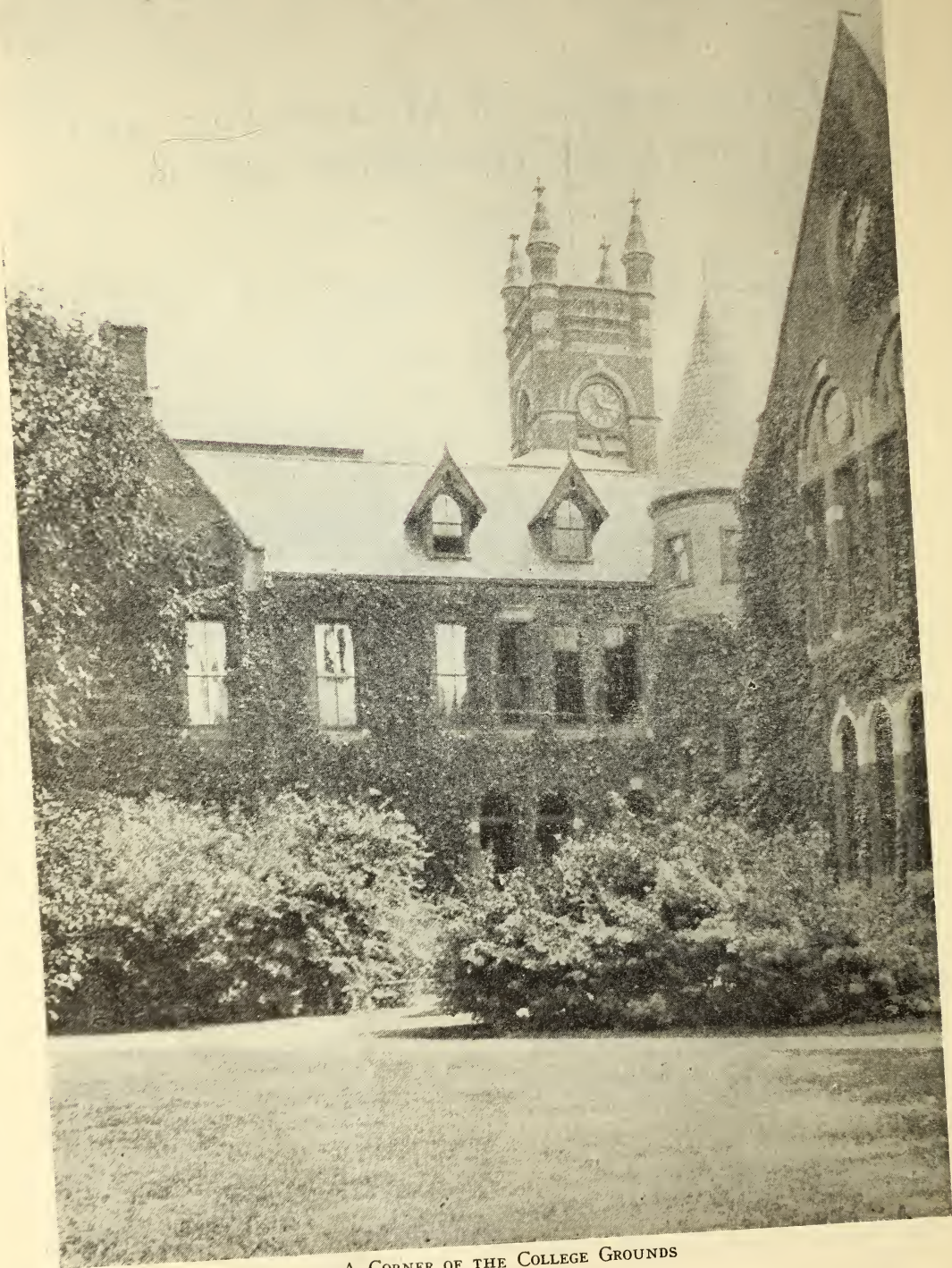
"Queen village of the meads,
"Fronting the sunrise and in beauty
throned,
"With jeweled homes around her lifted
brow,

"And coronal of ancient forest trees,
"Northampton sits and rules her pleasant
realm;
"There, where the saintly Edwards
heralded
"The terrors of the Lord, and men
bowed low
"Beneath the menace of his awful
words;
"And there, where Nature, with a thou-
sand tongues,
"Tender and true, from vale and moun-
tain top,
"And smiling streams, and landscapes
piled afar,
"Proclaimed a gentler gospel, I was
born."

The same feeling is apparent as a qualifying trait in the love of Amherst men for their nearby alma mater, and enters vitally into the mental and spiritual wealth of the daughters of Smith College,—morally as it is physically, the *sunniest* of all American institutions of learning.

The early history of Northampton is lively and worthy of its beautiful setting.

Nearly a quarter of a century before King Philip began his famous raids upon the white settlers of the lower Connecticut valley, a little group of colonists from the towns of Windsor, Wilbersfield, Hartford and Agawam—now Springfield—attracted by the fertility of the lands and the hope of profitable trading with the Indians, followed the historic river northward and set up there log huts in the pleasant valley where the stately towers of Northampton now rise above the shaded streets. Such in brief is the story of the founding of the Plantation



A CORNER OF THE COLLEGE GROUNDS

of Nonotack in 1654. It is not likely that these hardy, practical-minded settlers recognized themselves as actors in the prelude of the drama of the founding of one of the world's greatest nations. The nation which through the amalgamation of races should create a new race, but had they done so they could not have chosen a more worthy stage setting—this broad and pleasant plain swelling away into rolling foothills and hedged around with blue mountains. Here Edwards was to thunder the omnipotence of divine wrath, here Webster was to acquire some of that knowledge which makes his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken, here Jenny Lind was to live and looking over the pleasant valley and the sun-lit river declare that here is the paradise of America, and here were to live and die scores whose names are only lesser by comparison. Mighty scenes in art, education and religion have been enacted here, inspired no doubt by the beauty and majesty of the environs. It is a somewhat remarkable fact in view of the intimacy of religion with the every day life of the early New England colonists, especially when contrasted with the religious centre it was to become, that although a meeting-house was one of the first structures erected in the new settlement, no church was organized, and no minister was called until four years after the establishment of the village. Then the Reverend Eleazer Mather, brother of the celebrated Increase Mather, came to Nonotack and after three years of labor succeeded in organizing a church, a church which has uninterruptedly continued its ministrations up to the present day.

Three years later a public school was established, the instructor receiving the munificent sum of £6 per annum.

Thus, with its spiritual and mental well-being secured, the little settlement prospered; friendly relations were preserved with the Indians who received pay for the lands occupied by the settlers and whose landmarks and things held sacred were respected. A brisk fur trade grew up between the races, and not until King Philip's war in 1675 were the settlers menaced by the aborigines. Hostile rela-

tions were almost continually maintained thereafter until within a decade of the beginning of the Revolution.

Northampton took its name from the city in England from which several of its settlers came. The name being adopted when in 1655 the first board of selectmen or "townsmen" was elected. In 1662 Northampton also had the distinction of becoming the seat of the county commissioners of Hampshire county which at that time comprised Springfield, Hadley and Northampton. The religious life of those early towns was so important a factor in their development, and the dogmas into which the zealous divines have ever translated the laws of God were so closely interwoven with the statutes which the settlers had enacted at the instance of local conditions, that it is fitting here to mention the greatest figure in American colonial theology, and one who, even though the truth of his philosophy may be denounced by a more tolerant generation, has won the respect and admiration of all ages for his sincerity and earnest endeavor. Jonathan Edwards came to Northampton, as assistant to his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, in 1726. The elder preacher was a man of no little ability although the brilliancy of his career is dimmed by the greater ability of his grandson. The Reverend Mr. Stoddard died two years after Edwards came to Northampton and the duties of pastor fell upon the young man, a pastorate he was to fulfil for twenty-four years. Here was produced his immortal treatise, "On the Freedom of the Will," here were delivered the sermons which caused his name in spite of his isolation to echo even to the cities of the old world. And from here it was that he was called to the presidency of Princeton University, where his promising career ended before it had scarcely reached its zenith. The work of Edwards is the more wonderful when one considers that his works are still read for their forceful beauty and vivid imagery, works that were written by a man not yet thirty, with an education, collegiate though it was, not the equal of that of a graduate of a modern high school. It is a matter of no little congratulation to the

inhabitants of the Meadow City that here was the home of "The Metaphysician of America."

The visitor still sees the Edwards Elm which sheltered the home of the great divine and may hear the velvet-toned organ hymning man's praise to a merciful creator in the church which occupies the site of the original Edwards Church, where he proclaimed the wrath of an everlasting and unavoidable hell, till women fainted and strong men trembled.

The years rolled on, and a maligned God was merciful. The little settlement prospered and valiantly followed the course which seemed to it right, sending its sons forth to fight the savages, or to give their opinions in the counsels of the colony, tilling the fruitful ground, tramping over the mountains in search of game, fishing in the silver Connecticut. A life as wearisome to live as it is ideal to read about, a life which required more than Spartan heroism to live, for no Elysian Fields awaited these men ever facing death, but the terrors of hell or communion with a yet more awful God.

Northampton was the centre of many a stirring scene in Colonial history, around it raged the horrors of King

Philip's war, and the scene of the well-known legend of the regicide who "appearing suddenly among the terrified white men, a great gleaming sword in his hand, his white beard covering his breast" rallied the fleeing settlers and leading them back to victory against the Indians, disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, is at Hadley, a few miles distant.

These heroes have long been dust, their names effaced from the few tottering stones that mark their sunken graves in the old cemeteries, and only found by some antiquarian searching the ill-kept documents which record their early struggles, but they laid the foundation upon which a worthy monument to their endeavor has been built by succeeding generations—Northampton, seat of learning, hive of industry, city of homes.

The call for troops from the Colonial congress in 1776 met with an eager response from Northampton. The old fighting blood, developed by long struggle with the savages and the New England forest, led forth grandsire and grandson to protect the country which their fathers had made theirs by right of conquest. A strong band, small in numbers but mighty in spirit led by Captain Hawley, joined



ALONG THE RIVER



HISTORIC HOCKANUM FERRY

the Colonial troops and came back thinned in numbers but covered with glory.

And as it had been a shire town in His Majesty's province of New England, Northampton retained its position in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the United States of America.

And through the years that have followed Northampton has never ceased its movement forward, retaining the old New England characteristics, yet accepting that which is good and beneficial. Loved by its inhabitants and receiving from their bounteous generosity bequests and gifts which have helped the unfortunate, educated to good citizenship, and made the waste land a beauty spot.

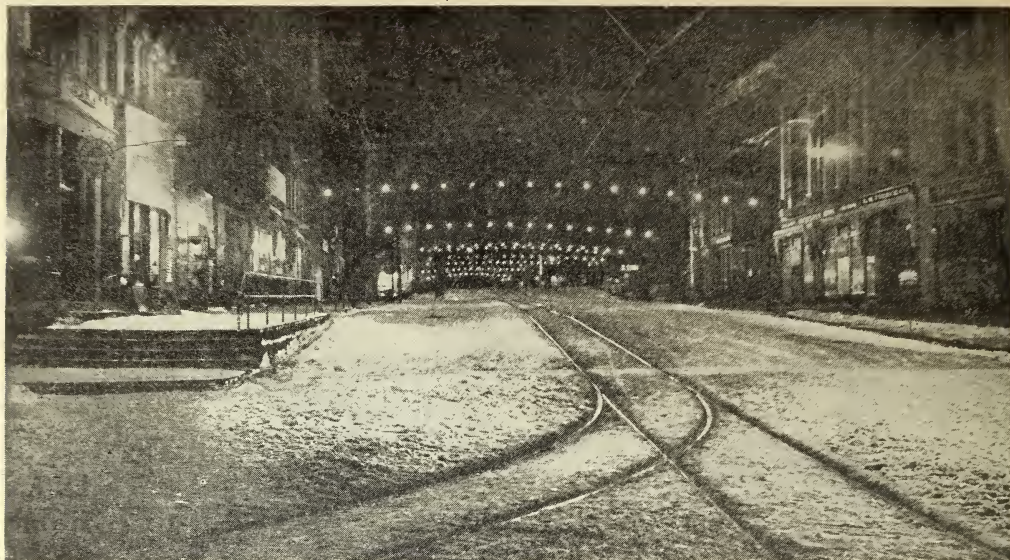
The scene shifts to the modern city.

The Northampton of to-day is a thriving city of twenty-one thousand inhabitants, located, with exceptional transportation facilities, within two hours and a half of Boston by rail and three hours of New York. Its metropolitan allegiance, although somewhat divided to its own no slight advantage, rather favors the New England centre, as more in keeping with its own traditions and spirit, although its unusually excellent shopping facilities are strongly tinged with the New York

affluence and up-to-dateness. Northampton is connected with the outside world by thirty-three passenger trains in and out daily; twenty freights in and nineteen out and express received thirty-five times and dispatched thirty-five times daily. It enjoys one of the finest water systems in the state. It is beautifully lighted by the most up-to-date method known to the electrical world, its main street being spanned from end to end with flaring tungsten arches, giving the effect of a gala illumination.

This result was brought about through the cooperation of the Northampton Electric Light Company with the Board of Trade, the company not only assisting in bringing about the result, but bearing a considerable part of the expense. This affords an excellent example of the manner in which this particular company aligns itself with the progressive interests of the city.

Sixteen churches minister to the religious needs of the community, and two daily papers and one weekly afford evidence of the vigour and brightness of local enterprise. Of these papers, the Northampton Gazette is the eighth oldest newspaper in the country, its first issue



NIGHT VIEW OF MAIN STREET

appearing November 8, 1786. Since then its publication has been continuous. The present editor, Mr. Henry S. Geer, has occupied his position for sixty-two years, and is one of the oldest if not the oldest living editor in New England. In few communities have industrial and educational life been welded into so harmonious a unit.

The range of manufacturing is very wide, and the facilities for successful manufacturing exceptional. This is not only theoretically true but is evidenced by the continued growth of many establishments of national fame, such as the Nonotuck Silk Company, manufacturing the well-known Corticelli thread, the Belding Brothers silk mill, with its output of spool silk and knit goods, the McCallum Hosiery Company, the largest manufacturers of silk hosiery in America and allied with the Northampton Silk Company preparing their own raw material, the Florence Manufacturing Company, makers of the Prophylactic tooth brush and other toilet articles, and the Norwood Engineering Company, manufacturers of heavy castings and filtration plants and contractors, national in the scope of their operations. To these must be added, the Williams Manufacturing Company with its products of baskets, the Northampton Cutlery Company, the Bay

State Cutlery Company, and the Clement Manufacturing Company, all producing high grade cutlery, the Florence Furniture Company with its output of caskets, the Northampton Emery Wheel Company, the Mt. Tom Sulphite Pulp Company, manufacturers of sulphite pulp, and in this line is one of the country's foremost producers, the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company with its gigantic operations, and the Kingsbury Box and Printing Company, which has here the largest of its three plants and supplies the local manufacturers with most of the boxes and cartons used in packing their products. Playing the important part that it does in modern commercial enterprise, the Postal service merits a word or two. With sixty-five mails into the city and an equal number out bound, Northampton has exceptional service. The last mail leaves at 11.15 at night, insuring distribution in the first delivery in New York and Boston.

The postal authority is vested in men of long experience, and many of the systems for locating misdirected letters introduced by them in the local office, have been adopted by the government.

The above instances will give some idea of the wide range of manufactures: silk hosiery to tooth brushes, tooth brushes to elevators. Few of our great

cities can boast a greater range.

Located in the midst of a thrifty and teeming population, the local market alone is sufficient to afford ample encouragement to the beginning of new manufacturing enterprises.

With location convenient to all transportation facilities, with excellent postal and telegraph service, with the fortunate position of the city with relation to the great markets of the country, with electric light and power at ready disposal, with unexcelled sewage and water systems, with efficient police and fire departments, it is a courageous prophet who will dare to forecast the future of Northampton's industrial progress. A word should be said in commendation of the efficient Board of Trade whose energy has proved untiring in the interests of the city. This organization was reorganized about three years ago and now numbers nearly two hundred members and is composed of the most substantial business men in the city. Although its existence has been brief, its

power is already being felt to no slight extent, and we can safely prophesy that their laudable intentions to make the most of Northampton's opportunities will not be without fruit. The loyal co-operation which exists between this body and the authorities of Smith College is but one example of the mutual helpfulness that the city and the college have shown toward each other.

Northampton is a city set upon a hill in the midst of a spacious and fertile plain. From a great distance its picturesque spires may be seen rising above the billowy elms, reflecting back the bright sunshine. It is a city of academic calm, of streets lined with stately colonial homes; a city of broad lawns, of shady walks, of glowing flowers. It is a city crowded with history and legend, every foot of this historic soil has its tale of early struggles and victories. It seems paradoxical that we should thus describe it after our mention of its business activity, but the city is unique.

The residential desirability of North-



HAWLEY STREET SCHOOL

ampton cannot, we believe, be over rated. The air of culture and refinement, due not only to its position as a college city, but also in no small measure to the natural aristocracy which grows up with ancient towns, has drawn to it a class of residents which many an exclusive suburb of a great metropolis can not boast. Here then is plenty of room and the well separated houses set on wide, well-kept grounds. The country and the city are alike easily accessible, the mountains are but a short trolley ride away. Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke with their beautiful views and delightful pleasure

the pleasure seeker is the beautiful Connecticut with its broad sheen of silvery water inviting the lover of boating. Northampton indeed is in the Eden of Massachusetts. Then, too, there are the park-like grounds of various private estates which are open to the public. Notable among these are the grounds of the Lyman estate. Every available nook and cranny of the city is utilized as a beauty spot. As an example one may take the charming little Public Garden, between Memorial Hall and the Academy of Music. A little time ago the place was covered by a rambling wooden



BAKER HALL, CLARKE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

grounds are visited each year by thousands. Recent improvements have improved the accessibility and a walk up the broad well-graded road which climbs Mount Holyoke is a treat for the most indolent. From the summit of these mountains are visible more colleges and endowed schools than in any equal area in the world. Smith, Mount Holyoke, Amherst, Massachusetts Agricultural College and many secondary schools whose names are famous throughout the continent. Another favorite haunt of

barn, not only an eyesore of itself, but destructive as well of the beauty of the flanking buildings. This was recently removed and the ground is now occupied by a veritable gem of colorful gardening. The exquisite pergola which forms the background is, in summer, ablaze with bright geraniums, and overrun with the rich foliage of vines. The well-laid out gravel walks are lined with beds of glowing blossoms, and effective clumping of shrubbery gives an impression of retirement although it is in the business

centre of the town.

The Peoples Institute offers several annual prizes for the best kept and most attractive gardens, classifying them so that everyone, no matter how small his plot of ground, has a chance to win a reward. This arrangement has proved a powerful incentive toward the beautifying of the city, but in justice to the gardeners it should be said that the spirit of competition is fostered quite as much by a desire to win the approbation of the judges as by any thought of financial reward.

Aside from the social life incident to

and dignified design. The seating capacity is approximately twelve hundred. In this theatre have appeared the leading actors and musical people of modern times. It is with no little pride that the citizens look upon their unique possession.

Among the better known clubs in Northampton, are the Northampton Club, incorporated in 1864 and having a membership of one hundred and fifty. The club occupies luxurious rooms in the Hampshire County National Bank building. The Northampton Country Club has one of the finest nine hole golf links



PERGOLA, NORTHAMPTON PUBLIC GARDEN

the college, and the various entertainments which the college gives and attracts there is in Northampton, one of the few municipal theatres in this country. For a long time it enjoyed the position exclusively, being the first in that field. Ben Greet declares it and the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, to be the ideal playhouses. The Academy of Music was erected in 1890 through the munificence of the late Mr. Edward H. R. Lyman, one of the city's greatest benefactors. The theatre, both interior and exterior, is of simple

in the state, here too, are fine tennis courts, and facilities for other out of door amusements. The house and grounds are most attractive and the membership, it is needless to state, is continually increasing.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a modern building, centrally located, with lounging rooms, billiard rooms, an excellent gymnasium, and dormitory. The association is thriving and there is an enthusiasm among its members that is very gratifying. Through the Y. M. C. A. the Boy Scout



DRYADS GREEN

movement has been introduced into Northampton, and there is now a strong local batallion.

Northampton is, perhaps, best known to the general public as an educational centre. We have already mentioned the fact that there are more educational institutions within a radius of eight miles from the centre of the city than in any other equal area in the world. By far the larger part of the institutions there included are situated in this city. The local school system itself is of the first rank. Equipped with twenty buildings, and a teaching force of one hundred, the school department has enrolled nearly three thousand pupils. Of these two hundred and seventy-five are in the High School. The buildings are for the most part modern, and all are equipped to insure the pupils health and comfort. At Florence is located the Hill Institute, a privately endowed school for the teaching of cooking, sewing and manual training. The work here is largely done in evening classes. A free kindergarten is also connected with this school. One must not pass over, in this connection,

the Carnegie House of the People's Institute. In this building are schools supported by public subscription for the training of boys and men in manual training and engineering branches, and for girls in the various branches of domestic science. For a nominal charge there are language courses. In a fine old colonial residence adjoining the Carnegie House, and allied with the movement, is carried on the model housekeeping department of the school and its spacious grounds are devoted to the teaching of gardening. There are several paid teachers, and a number of volunteer instructors from among the undergraduates of Smith College.

There are two parochial schools: Saint Michael's with four hundred and fifty students, and twelve teachers, giving both grammar and high school instruction; and Sacred Heart (French) with two hundred and fifty pupils and six teachers. The latter carries its instruction only to the high school courses. Saint Michael's school is housed in a handsome brick building of recent construction, and a new building is now in process of con-

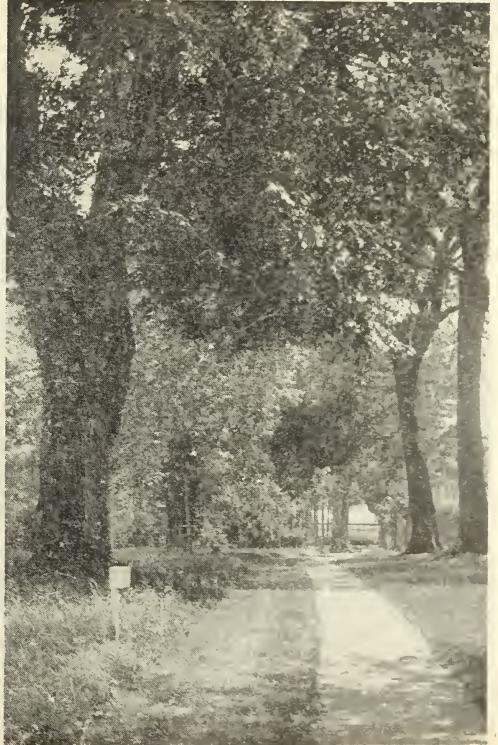
struction for the Sacred Heart school.

On the summit of Round Hill, the highest point in the city, stands another monument to the generosity of Northampton's citizens—The Clarke School for the Deaf. Established in 1867, it was endowed by John Clarke, and from him took its name. It is the first school in this country to teach its pupils by what is known as the oral method, it was the first to teach—what is now universally taught in such schools—articulation. Through arrangements with the State Board of Education, any deaf child may be entered without further cost to its parents than for its clothing and incidental expenses, which latter may be as low as ten dollars a year. To the person who gives the matter thought, the far-reaching effect of the method here employed is easily apparent. The deaf child is no longer dumb. It can express its thoughts as readily as those who have their hearing unimpaired. This one fact removes many a brilliant mind from the classification with lunatics and imbeciles in which such unfortunates were formerly placed. It is regrettable that the school is in need of money, for while the state pays a fixed sum for each child admitted to the school when application is made to it, this sum does not cover the actual cost to the school in educating the child. Thus the income of various endowments is eaten up and nothing is left for much needed expansion. It is devoutly to be hoped that some substantial contributions will be made the institution shortly. The school comprises a group of several excellent buildings set upon a sightly hill. The teaching force is enthusiastic and efficient. Courses ranging from the primary to high school entrance requirements are taught, and by special permission the student may extend his study.

Another endowed institution is the Smith Agricultural School. This school is the result of a clause in the will of one of Hampshire County's most charitable citizens, Oliver Smith. At his death in 1845 he left his entire fortune to a board of trustees to be chosen by the towns in which his charities were to take effect. Among these charities was to be the es-

tablishment of an agricultural school, in Northampton, sixty years after his death. The result is the splendidly equipped Smith School of Agriculture. The buildings are situated on the road to Florence, and are one of Northampton's show places.

There are two private schools in the city whose names are known from coast to coast. Miss Capens School for Girls occupies a large campus in the residential portion of the city and consists of about a hundred and fifty students taught by a faculty of twenty-eight instructors. There are nine excellent buildings, including one of the best girls' gymnasiums in the country, an infirmary and central heating plant. The school is essentially a preparatory institution for Smith College, but other branches are taught as well, including art and domestic science. The Mary A. Burnham School for Girls is situated on Elm Street, opposite Smith College campus. The great colonial reception rooms and parlors are the typification of refinement. Averaging sixty pupils



A WALK IN THE LYMAN ESTATE

and a faculty of eighteen, the classes are necessarily small and the teaching personal. The cosy little class rooms are well lighted and ventilated and offer every safeguard for the health of the pupils. A well-equipped gymnasium and extra rooms for students have been added recently.

These institutions are the typification of modern girls schools. The free, wholesome, athletic life tends to make womanly, rather than to effeminate the students. We have learned at last that woman's chief charm of daintiness is not incompatible with common sense and self-reliance. The shrinking, fainting, hysterical, clinging ideal is, thank heaven, a thing of the past. The wide distribution of the homes of pupils of these schools, has its broadening effect and a tendency to develop catholic tastes which, we believe, is the chief end of education. They are worthy places of preparation for the splendid college in whose interest they were founded.

Smith College, the institution which has made Northampton world famous as an educational centre, was founded in 1875. It is one of the oldest woman's colleges in the country and the largest in the United States, which means that it is also the largest in the world.

The beautiful rolling campus shaded by magnificent elms, with wide stretches of closely cropped lawns, and here and there a glimpse of red brick wall showing through the rich green foliage, has all the charm and restfulness of an English park.

The present enrollment of the college is sixteen hundred and eighteen. This number is seventeen less than the enrollment was a year ago when the tuition was fifty dollars a year less than it now is, and the fact that while eight hundred names were entered as applicants for admission before January thirty-first of this year, besides over a hundred more that were placed on the waiting list, but four hun-



A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK



MEMORIAL HALL

dred and fifty-nine were received for admission, demonstrates clearly that the increase of two hundred dollars for a four years course has not had the effect of limiting the student body. The college is still bound to grow and its healthy growth will not be interrupted. Before an important increase can be gained, however, the dormitory accommodations will have to be extended.

The aim of the college is the creation of a life while there where intellectuality can thrive, and also the creation of a distinctly womanly ideal. Under the new administration, no radical changes in the old policy will be made. The intercourse between Dr. Burton and former President Seelye is most cordial, Dr. Burton evidencing a most ardent admiration for his predecessor and the utmost confidence in his counsel.

The mutual interest between the townspeople and the new president is most gratifying, and each should be of great assistance and benefit to the other.

The growth of the college makes an increase in the endowment fund necessary. The call for a new gymnasium to

meet the ever-growing needs of the increasing student body is imperative, and one or two new scientific laboratories are much needed. It is also desirable that new dormitories should be erected that more of the students may be housed in college buildings for however ideal private dormitories may be in other respects, in them one cannot acquire so readily an acquaintance with the mass of students which makes for so much that is broadening in modern collegiate life. Of the sixteen hundred students in Smith College only six hundred live in buildings belonging to the institution.

For a city of its size, Northampton is peculiarly well supplied with libraries. Perhaps, it is, again, the academic atmosphere. Whatever the cause, it has, thanks to the generosity of its citizens, two.

The Public Library has its stacks and reading rooms in Memorial Hall. It has been the recipient from time to time of generous bequests, chief among them that of Mr. John Clarke in 1869, for forty thousand dollars.

The larger collection is the Forbes-

Earle Library. The building, a fine granite and red sandstone structure, of Romanesque type, set in spacious and beautiful grounds is a gift to the city of the late Judge Charles E. Forbes. The book endowment is due to the generosity of Pliny Earle. It is the only library in the country which will buy any book called for if it is not in the stacks. It also boasts the largest per capita circulation in the country.

Another library in Florence accommodates the residents of that attractive suburb.

As must have been noticed in the foregoing pages, Northampton is happy in the generosity of its citizens. A word or two more should be said in regard to these charitable institutions. Not only did Oliver Smith make possible the agricultural school which bears his name, but further he instituted the Smith Charities, an undertaking as unique as it has been beneficial. When he died in 1845, he left, as has been said, sixty thousand dollars in the hands of a body of trustees. The bequest after the accumulations had reached three hundred thousand, was to be divided into several funds. One was for the establishment of an agricultural school in Northampton, sixty years after his death. The income of another was to be applied to the benefit of indigent boys, who were bound out to some calling, and when twenty-one years of age were to receive five hundred dollars on interest for five years, to become a gift at the end of that time; for indigent female children who were indentured, and when eighteen years of age to receive marriage portions of three hundred dollars; for indigent women who were to receive fifty dollars as marriage portions; and for indigent widows who were to receive not more than fifty dollars a year. Other bequests followed.

It is noteworthy that over two thousand boys, three thousand girls and five thousand widows have benefited by his munificence.

Of perhaps even greater importance to modern Northampton is the Dickinson Hospital. This institution was made possible by the generous bequests of



THE EDWARDS ELM

Caleb C. Dickinson. It was opened to patients in 1886. By conditions of the will, patients unable to pay, who are residents of Northampton, Hatfield or Whatley, are received gratuitously. The hospital was further strengthened by bequests amounting to thirty-six thousand dollars and in 1901 was erected the Wright Annex and the following year marked the completion of the Henry M. Shepherd Surgery.

A training school for nurses is also in connection with the hospital.

The Massachusetts Insane Hospital is also located in Northampton. It is a far cry from the cruel mad house of a few decades ago to this institution which is all that its name implies, a hospital and not a prison. Its beautiful buildings occupy a slightly position a half mile from the centre of the city.

It has already been said that the fertile meadows of Nonotack attracted the early settlers from Springfield and elsewhere and resulted in the founding of Northampton. Although the city has outgrown its dependence on agriculture, its environs form some of the most productive land in the commonwealth, and in-



John L. Mather

Alvertus J. Morse

L. F. Babbitt

Clarence D. Chase

C. E. Hodgkins, Pres.

Wm. D. Mandell

L. L. Campbell

PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN OF NORTHAMPTON BOARD OF TRADE

deed in New England. A step outside the city we find great truck gardens with their broad fields of corn, onions and potatoes. Here also grows in abundance the famous Connecticut tobacco, and the landscape is dotted with the great barns where it is dried and prepared for the dealer. Large crops of hay cover the rolling meadows, giving promise of abundant fodder. The proximity of the State Agricultural College at Amherst is no small factor in the development of these fruitful lands, for from this very section come many of the students who, after graduation, become the scientific farmers who are so rapidly displacing the hap-hazard methods of their fathers in the cultivation of the soil.

A word is due here, with regard to the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Agricultural Society, or, as it is better known, the Three County Fair. This is the oldest agricultural society in the commonwealth, having been established in 1818. The books of the original society are still preserved, and beneath the fine copper-plate articles of incorporation, we find the signature of Noah Webster as one of the original movers. The growth, since the days when the exhibition was held in Main Street, of the fair, has been steady both in scope and public interest. The Agricultural Society now owns spacious grounds and suitable buildings, which are enlarged each season.

"CAVE LIFE TO CITY LIFE"

By LEWIS E. PALMER

EVERY Saturday for three weeks past five hundred high school students from Boston and the Metropolitan District have been rehearsing for the civic pageant, "Cave Life to City Life," presented by Boston—1915, in the Arena, November 10, 11 and 12. In smaller groups the older people of the community—members of historical societies, social clubs, settlements, dramatic societies, etc.,—to the number of five hundred, have been meeting and working out the details of the various episodes enacted in this, the largest pageant yet presented in this country.

The opening scene of the pageant discloses a cave man crouching before the

door of his rocky home. With him may be seen his wife and children. The manner of life of the cave dwellers is shown and a realistic struggle ensues between two cave men over the possession of a deer. The victor claims the trophy and over "the first hearth stone" the evening meal is cooked.

With the opening of the second episode, the light discovers an Indian with arms stretched out to greet the dawn. He is not a "make believe" Indian, but a real warrior, one of thirty Iroquois who live on a northern New York State reservation and who have come to Boston to take part in the pageant.

Episode III. opens in the town which



F. E. MOORE'S HIAWATHA INDIANS WHO APPEARED IN THE PAGEANT



THE DAME SCHOOL

the settlers have founded. The town crier passes through the streets crying, "O—yes! O—yes! O—yes! To all ye of this colony I bring news. O—yes! A proclamation from the Governor! His Excellency bids you listen—this day—this hour—to the reading of the said proclamation by ye Rev. Jonathan Edwards. O—yes! Come all ye. Gather to this place and listen." About two hundred villagers congregate around Jonathan Edwards who reads as follows:

"Whereas, it is the duty of all peoples to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits and humbly to implore his protection and favour, I do set apart and appoint the four and twentieth day of this instant, November, to be devoted by the people of this colony to the service of that Being, who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be."

An ox cart laden with corn approaches and the farmer on the cart tosses off ears to the children who surround him. A

husking bee follows and John, the village fiddler, strikes up the music for a reel in which the children join.

The merriment is interrupted by the town crier who announces the imposition of the Stamp Act. Violent turmoil follows the appearance of the constable who orders two men to the stocks "for abreaking o' the peace." An open fight is averted by the appearance of Jonathan Edwards who dispels the villagers who scatter into four groups representing the Dame School, the Spinning School, a Quilting Party and a Singing School. Each in turn occupies the interest of the audience. The school children first give their games, their reading and other historic episodes. The bustle and gossip of the spinning contest historically given on Boston Common comes next. Then the quilting with their gossiping and bustle. Finally, the Singing School with their songs, under the direction of the minister or a deacon, and again the finish of spinning contest. A most interesting part of the Spinning School and Quilting

Party Episodes was the the girls taking part actually make the quilts and learned the operation of the spinning wheels on which they spun the fabrics used in the pageant.

The next scene shows a reception to the governor of the colony in which two hundred and fifty people participate. The minuet is danced by over one hundred and fifty and the reception ends with the marriage of the governor.

The next step in the pageant depicts the characteristics of the perfect city of the future, where proper provisions are made for the preventions of disease and accident, where work and health and recreation are the portion of all citizens. The cosmopolitan character of America was shown by groups of native dancers from various European countries. The final feature of the pageant represented "Boston and Her Neighbors." This

group were impersonated by thirty figures representing the surrounding districts of the city grouped around a central figure—Boston herself. The pageanters passed before this central group for the final assembly.

The Boston-1915 civic pageant was much more than a mere spectacle. In the preliminary rehearsing which, by the way, is a most important part of the production, cooperation between Boston and the whole Metropolitan District has been secured—the sort of cooperation that is essential in the development of a real Boston, not necessarily a political Boston which would swallow up its neighbors, but a city which will work together in all matters of the common welfare. It is this spirit of cooperation that was fostered by the Boston-1915 pageant in bringing together a thousand volunteer workers.



F. E. MOORE'S HIAWATHA INDIANS WHO APPEARED IN THE PAGEANT

THE REDOLENT WORLD

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

WERE they all collected in a volume, what a golden treasury of poetry and romance would be the thousand records, grave, sweet and tender, which are evoked from every one's past by the swift coupling line of olfactory association.

When one considers how unrivaled, as a poetic indexer and compiler, the nose is, it seems almost a pity that its purely utilitarian service in keeping man supplied with breath should overshadow its more subtle function of opening the flood-gates of memory. One feels, moreover, the need of another name for the nose which would better fit its psychical calling. Nose does very well as a name for an organ which shares with the other outer sense the duties of a body-guard. But as a name for that marvelous sense which registers and indexes some of the most memorable passages of our experience, the word nose is like a copper setting for an opal. This verbal lack is not felt with regard to the other senses which serve so many hours of the day as statisticians and bookkeepers of the humdrum, odorless events of the day. But the nose will none of these, making its entries instead from those fertile zones of human experience which are irrigated by poetic emotions.

To the million characteristic transactions of Wall Street, as to its hard, dusty pavements, the nose gives no heed. But the clump of arbutus, which Hester wore the last time she saw Gregory,—ah, yes, of that it makes, perchance, a ten-page entry, in its own indelible symbols. Not only does it make a record from its own findings, but it subpœnas all the other senses, by its wonderful secret service system of association. From these, it gathers the last detail of the mise-en-

scène in such a case: what Hester said, how she looked, how cold her hands were, how the curtain fluttered in the window behind her and the ominous thud of the falling log in the fireplace. Then all these items are filed away under the sesame label of "Odor of Arbutus."

Afterwards, years and decades pass; but let Gregory catch but an infinitesimal whiff of the fragrance of arbutus, or hear the word spoken, and the curtains of memory will rise on the old scene, with the instantaneous flashlight that follows the turn of an electric switch.

However veiled are the devices of dear old Dame Nature, sooner or later her children are sure to find her out. When she gives us an organ and says, "Use this to fill your lungs," we know that it is only her Socratic way of asking us to find out what else can be done with a nose.

Then, like so many of her other gifts, we find this one a veritable Aaron's rod in its power to bud and branch into all manner of undreamed-of possibilities.

Even while its possessor is yet a child, this poet-sense begins its work. Like a bee, it sips something from every fragrant blossom and stores it up in the honey-cells of memory. And as the flavor of honey made by bees varies widely according to the kind and combination of sweets culled, so does the flavor of the memories distilled by the nose.

One of the most grievous deprivations of city-bred children comes through the losses which they suffer in fragrant associations which are the Pan-blessed gift of the child of the country.

Could any coffers buy the memories of one, who, during the years of childhood had inhaled the holy fragrance of early morning in the country, when



Trayning Green
and
monument to
Arnolds men. C.
R.W.

From a drawing by R. E. Wade

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMING VILLAGE

THE SISTER*

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

A WOODLAND MEETING

DEBORAH will never be satisfied if she be not first. I wonder how thee can abide it, Sarah. John Williams was talking to thee when she took him away." Martha Stebbins gave an impatient twitch of her gray-clad shoulder as she spoke.

"An I had a sister like Deborah I would not talk so behind her back, Martha." The pink color deepened in Sarah Ward's cheek as she spoke; such stoutness was unusual in her.

Martha laughed shortly, but the thick red of her cheeks did not change. "So long as 'tis only John Williams, I can stand it. If 'twere Reuben Bennett now. But all must run after when she whistles and then she flouts them."

"I had a dream last night," began Sarah hesitatingly. "I dreamed that—that she did mock John Williams too and that I—and he did—nay, I will not tell thee;" she shut her soft lips together at the sight of the scornful curve on the fuller red ones before her.

"Does thee believe in dreams, Sarah?"

"Now Deborah—"

The word was echoed from the house behind them; they both turned and in the door-way saw a woman of small, bent figure, shading her eyes from the sun now looking full in the face of mortals from the horizon-line. "Where is Deborah?" called Patience Stebbins.

"Ask me not. She is gone awalking with John Williams," Martha shouted back.

"Peace, Martha," whispered Sarah at her side, "someone will hear thee."

Martha laughed and slipped her arm

in Sarah's, who let it rest there, almost unwillingly. "Come, Sarah, thee and I will go awalking too."

Patience Stebbins still stood in the doorway and looked down the road away from the two girls, to where the woodland started its slender foot-path, later lost amid the closer trees.

"To walk in the woods with John Williams is not seemly," she muttered half aloud, "but Deborah is ever a law unto herself." Then she turned into the house and closing the door behind her, shut out the sun.

The green drooping branches and the gray-clustered tree-trunks had broken the piercing, uncompromising shaft of sunlight into a wavering, fickle thing, flitting between the shadows and coquetting with the breeze in the woodland path where Deborah Stebbins and John Williams were walking. The man looked up at the brilliant creature by his side half fearfully; she stood as tall as he, but more erect; she walked with as free a step, but more gracefully.

"Thee is a strange maid, Deborah," he was saying.

She turned on him with a quick little smile that softened the flash of her black eyes. "Wherefore?" she demanded;—a simple word, but the softness of her bell-like voice gave it fathomless meaning.

"Why—" he stammered a little—"thee is so wise—thee can speak so wonderously in meeting—like a preacheress—a great preacheress and yet afterwards thee can be as simple as any woman."

"Simple," she threw back her head scornfully but twinkled at him, "simple

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and
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Arnold's men. C. R. W.

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am I? So is Caleb Brown. Simple, forsooth!"

"Deborah, thee knows well what I would say. Why does thee twist my words about?"

She shook her head obstinately. "Oh, I know well what thee is thinking—that I am bold."

"Deborah," he seized her hand suddenly, and she did not draw it away; she shrank ever so little from him and her dark lashes dropped over the sparkle of her eyes. "Thee knows what I think of thee. Thee knows that I love thee."

Then, as she did not speak, the charm of her silence loosened his tongue, and in a moment there were heard more passionate words than her pretty Quaker ears had yet listened to and than had yet passed his sober Quaker lips. But when his arm would have been carried, in the heat of his eloquence, about her waist, she suddenly moved away from him, her figure stiff and unyielding, her eyes frank and grave.

"No, no, John Williams," she said composedly, "not so fast. I should have told thee before. I am not sure. Methinks I care not for a lover—or a husband. Perchance I will never marry, I will just be a preacheress." Then suddenly, as if discussing a turn in the road, she sat down on a fallen log by the pathway and looked up at him in calm consideration. "I know not yet which to be—a preacheress or just a simple woman." She smiled softly at him as he stood there with the light on his face succeeded by a dull grayness; his arm still half-extended.

He moistened his lips to speak, then became aware of that awkward protruding arm; he dropped it as if touched by a red-hot iron. "Thee should have told me sooner," he said in a hard tone. "Farewell, Deborah Stebbins," and he turned away.

But in a moment she was up and after him and stood beside him in the path, touching his arm. "Forgive me, John Williams. Thee is angry with me. I—I did not mean to hurt thee. I know not yet—some day—perchance."

A faint gleam crossed his face that might have been succeeded by the light

of hope, had she not drawn back again. "Nay, what am I saying? I do not know. I should have to meditate and pray and—only—thee is not angry, John Williams, thee is not." There was a little movement of the toe of her shoe, not quite a stamp of the foot; she nodded at him, her eyes compelled him though her lips smiled.

He spoke half reluctantly. "I am not angry, Deborah."

"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath," she smiled on him again. "John," she went on, and the tips of her long fingers touched his sleeve, "I will think on what thee has said." She gave him a quick nod and turned back to seat herself again on the log. But he stood looking steadily at her with a scrutiny which she bore as coolly as any court belle. At last, as he did not stir, she looked up. "Farewell, John Williams," she said, and although he hesitated, opening and shutting his lips, yet he soon took his dismissal and walked away down the path they had come together.

When he had disappeared, the girl sprang to her feet, flung out her round, lithe arms, then with a quick glance over her shoulder ran lightly down the path, speeding like some woodland thing, a poem of movement with the long curving lines of her figure changing in her swift, easy course.

In the joy of running, she looked neither to the right nor left until her graceful progress was brought to a stop by a violent collision with some one who had turned from a side path.

"Egad, did I hurt you?" a voice cried and Deborah recoiled from a tall man in a scarlet uniform.

She had made no sound when they met so abruptly, though the print of one of the buttons was on her cheek. Now she threw back her head, angry that she must look up to his height; her eyes flashed and there was an unmistakable stamp of her foot.

"Why did thee not look where thee was running to? Are thine eyes so dull of seeing?"

The man laughed: he had a handsome face with strong uncompromising lines. "Ho, and when one is hit by a catapult

is one to be blamed? 'Twas you, fair mistress, whose handsome eyes were,—no, not dull of seeing, but—egad, you are hurt! Here, your lip is bleeding.” Whereupon he whipped out a handkerchief and made a step toward her as if to press the linen to her lip.

But Deborah drew back and held out her own hand; he put the handkerchief in it and she held it to her lip. Over the white folds, her dark eyes danced at him, half-menacing, half-inviting.

The man bent forward a little. “I am most sorry I hurt you,” he whispered.

The handkerchief came down now. “I am not hurt, ’twas but a scratch. Thank thee.” She half turned away, but watching him from the corners of her eyes.

He had removed his three cornered hat, and now he bowed low; then he touched to his lips the handkerchief, at the spot where lingered a tiny drop of blood, before he slipped it within his waistcoat.

“The next time we meet, which I hope will be soon, I will bear all the hurt,” he said.

“I hope it may be to the hurt of neither,” she returned quickly.

He sighed and pressed his hand to his heart, just where the handkerchief lay hidden. “It had already been to my hurt, though the wound is not so plain as yours.” The tone was mocking, yet the blood danced in her veins as it had not to John William’s more serious protests.

She laughed with her fine color deepening. “Then my handkerchief cannot heal it.” As she spoke she waved a small, plain square of home-spun linen. He held out his hand to take it, but hers was behind her back in a moment.

“Nay,” she said with a soft laugh. “If I understand thy folly, thee must understand mine.”

“Mine is not folly,” he protested; but she was moving slowly backwards with her gleaming eyes still on him.

“Do not go,” he cried, “you shall be foolish or wise as you please, but let me walk with you.”

But she held out her hand against his coming and he paused in his impetuous step forward. “Alas, no, the Friends

would say a scarlet coat and drab gown went not well together. Indeed, I should preach thee a sermon on the bloody pastime of war.”

“Yes, preach and I will listen.”

“No, not to-night, ’tis too late.”

“I shall walk here often at sunset-time,” said the man looking hard at her. “And I shall pray for some good preacher to read me a sermon on my evil ways.”

“I will tell Friend Ephraim.”

“I want not Friend Ephraim.” He called after her.

“Farewell, to thee,” her voice rang clear as a vesper bell.

“Good-bye,” he answered, standing in his place and watching the splendid figure in its simple gray move down the leafy aisle. The sun had set, there were no dancing yellow beams to flicker about her, only softening, mysterious shadows that matched her quiet gown. Suddenly the man stepped forward with a low-drawn whistle of surprise, for there on the ground lay a small square of linen. When he lifted his head after stooping to pick it up, the vision had disappeared between the green boughs.

Deborah went down the path, out into the open and up the road to the Stebbins house. She entered the great keeping-room with a soft click of the door not opened since Patience closed it sometime ago. Patience was bestirring herself by the fireplace, but Deborah walked to the farthest window and seated herself in the rush-bottomed chair; she drew toward her the small table on which lay the Bible, opened it and began to read zealously with bent head.

Patience’s voice broke in on her reveries. She was peering around the settle placed at right angles to the fireplace. “Deborah!”

“Yes.” Deborah did not lift her head or move the hand that shaded her eyes.

“I wish thee would spin the wool that is waiting; thee promised to finish it long since.”

“Peace, Patience,” Deborah lifted her face now with a lofty look of rebuke. “Does thee not see that I am reading from the World?”

“Yes, yes, I see,” answered Patience, “but does it not say somewhere there,

'To everything there is a season.'

"And a purpose to everything under heaven," finished Deborah tranquilly.

"How will thee look after thy husband's house if thee is always reading the Book?" came the elder sister's voice suddenly.

"My husband!" Deborah lifted her head from the book with so slight a start that Patience had not seen it; she turned wide inquiring eyes on her sister. "Methinks I shall have no husband."

"No husband!" Patience laughed shortly. "I warrant thee will have a husband and that right soon."

"I know not why I should want a husband," meditated Deborah aloud. "It means spinning and weaving and milking and brewing and children that are sick and fretful and a man whose will thee must obey." Deborah gave a little shivering shrug. "Now Martha will doubtless have a husband, but I! No, Patience, I shall never have a husband."

Then with a queer little smile, "But if I do, Patience, thee shall live with me, and thee shall spin and weave and nurse the children. What could I do without thee, good useful Patience! Thee shall stay with me till thee has a husband of thine own."

Patience colored at the prospect. She was small and bent with twisted features and sallow skin, and no lover had yet come her way.

"Or, perchance, I shall have a husband who can give me many servants, and then thee shall live with me and order them about; Patience, thee will like that. Ah! some day I will do for thee, Patience, now I am useless—"

"Oh, Deborah, thee is not useless," Patience's sharp voice protested. "Thee can speak most wonderously in meeting, better, much better than the ministers themselves. Methinks some day thee will be a minister thyself. All who hear thee remember it."

Deborah folded her long slim hands across the pages of the open book and leaned forward a little. "Yes, I can speak, I can always speak. I have the gift of tongues, but it profiteth me nothing." She frowned and leaned back again discontentedly.

"No, Deborah," cried Patience, "it is not so, it—"

"I will make it profit me," cried Deborah rising suddenly and closing the book. "Patience, does thee never long to be some great person? To have thy name in high places, to have thy will law, to speak and know it is done? The Quaker cap on her blue-black hair seemed almost to touch the low, heavy rafters as she walked forward with a quick step.

"Why no!" said Patience, looking up in a slow wonder from the hearth where she was kneeling. "I want but enough to eat and the wherewithal to clothe me and that is all." Then as Deborah stood looking down on her with a tolerant smile, Patience still stared into her eyes.

"Thee has strange eyes, Deborah, I have never seen their like. They are so black, so black that I scarce see the middle."

"I like not strange eyes," Deborah said stepping to the small mirror in its black frame on the opposite wall.

"Oh, thine are wondrous, Deborah. Thee knows that already."

Then, while Deborah stood studying her handsome face in the glass, the outer door was suddenly flung open and Martha and Sarah Ward burst into the room. Sarah sank wearily into a chair; Martha panted against the door-frame with one hand at her side.

"'Tis the British, the British, they are coming this way. They have spared us this long that they may get the more in their forage. What can we do? They will come upon us! Thee knows what others have suffered." It was Martha's voice, she was almost crying.

Deborah came to the doorway and laid her arm about Martha's heaving shoulders. As they stood together a superficial observer would have cried out at the resemblance, albeit Martha was shorter and stouter in figure, thicker in feature and coarser in complexion. But the real difference was an inner rather than an outward one; Martha was buxomly pretty; Deborah loftily beautiful.

"Be not fearful, Martha," she said soothingly, as if to a child, though Martha was a year older than she.

"We are peaceful people, they will not harm us." Patience came to the front now, carrying still in her hand the long ladle with which she had been lately stirring.

"They will not care, they will come here just the same. They will take our cows and horses and burn our houses and do what they like to us who are defenceless—oh, I know, I have heard!"

"Friend Preserved Bennett is frightened and Caleb Brown is distracted with fear," went on Sarah.

"What does thee think, Deborah?" Martha turned her round face up to her sister's.

Deborah smiled mischievously, "Will not Reuben Bennett protect thee?" she asked. Martha colored and her full red lips pouted. "They will not harm us," added Deborah calmly.

"How does thee know, Deborah, how does thee know?" Martha twitched her shoulders beneath Deborah's arm to bring her back to concrete facts.

But Deborah did not answer, she was looking straight at Sarah. Her eyes big, black and compelling, were fixed on the girl's soft, blue ones that stared up at them helplessly. Deborah's dark, even brows contracted. Sarah's eyes closed slowly, she moved her head from side to side and spoke in a weird, far-away voice:

"The red coats are two miles away, they are coming hither. I see them planning against us. But there is one, standing in the road—in the wood—and one is stopping his way, it is a woman, she has—"

"Sarah," called Deborah's bell-like tones.

A shiver passed over Sarah's frame, her hands fell from her lap on each side, she lifted her head slowly and opened her soft eyes. They passed around the circle; at Martha with gaping mouth leaning against the door frame, at Patience with the ladle still in her hand peering at her, and then at Deborah standing quite erect and smiling on her.

"Sarah," cried Martha, the first to find words, "what was thee doing?"

Sarah looked at Deborah and laughed softly, "Deborah put me to sleep."

Deborah nodded and frowned but though Sarah stopped here, Patience had seen the signal.

"What new foolishness is thee up to, Debby?" she demanded.

Sarah explained quickly. "'Tis not Deborah's fault, she can make me dream dreams, she did one day when we were alone, and now she can do it when we want to know things. I—I go to sleep so easy."

Then Deborah swept across the room to Sarah's chair and suddenly kneeling beside her, put both arms about the slender maid.

"Of all the people in the world, Sarah, thee does love me the most—and I thee," she whispered this last in Sarah's ear as she rubbed her smooth cheek against Sarah's soft one. "Forgive me about John, I was silly."

"There is naught to forgive," murmured Sarah. In Deborah's embrace she looked like a small wild-rose beside a brilliant garden beauty. "What did I say but now?"

"That the British were to come and should be turned away. I will turn them away." She rose from her place beside Sarah.

"I shall believe it the more when I hear they have left the neighborhood," said Patience turning again to the stirring.

Deborah straightened in the centre of the room. "Thee has little faith, Patience, but never fear, I will save thee." She spoke like a tragedy queen delighting in her audience.

CHAPTER II

FAVORS RECEIVED AND GIVEN

Late the next afternoon, while the rays of the sun were struggling to illuminate the woodland path, Deborah came walking toward the far brightness. There was one sunbeam that lay across her eyes in such a way as to dazzle her vision and to make her great black orbs gleam red-dishly to the man who awaited her coming. Beneath her white neckerchief Deborah's self-possessed heart beat fast and the color flamed to the band of hair against her forehead as she saw that somebody stood just beyond in her way. Then, as she came nearer, she recognized

John Williams, and the chill relaxation of disappointment gave her face the coldness of a marble statue.

"Ah, John, is it thee?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, Deborah," answered John. He stood humbly before her, and noted that the red gleam had died from her eyes. "I did hear that the British were about, indeed, I thought a moment since I saw a redcoat lurking in these very woods."

The hint of a curve caught the corner of Deborah's large, perfect mouth. "That is indeed sad," she sympathized gravely. "But John," the smile was evident now, "I am not afraid of the red coats."

"That I know full well, Deborah, thee is afraid of naught. Innocence and modesty have no fear; but the Britishers, I know have also no fear, neither of man nor woman nor God."

"Will thee walk back to the house with me, John?" she asked, stepping almost appealingly to his side and casting her great eyes up at him. He trembled with the joy of walking beside her as they turned away from the wood.

"What should I do John, if I should see a red-coat," she seemed almost frightened.

"Indeed Deborah," he returned, with that foolish desire of the best of us, not to fail when asked for advice, know we ever so little of the matter. "Thee must hurry home as fast as thee can." He smiled down at her protectingly; there was something appealingly feminine about her now.

"Should I run? Would it be seemly for a maid to run?"

"Alas, Deborah, I fear thy running would be of small use against a man's fleet foot."

She had now cast a swift glance over her shoulder, then she looked up with a face dancing with mischief. "Let me see, John, let me try if I can run as fast as thee. No one will see, let me practice for the Britisher. When I say, three, go!"

Perhaps he would have hesitated, but the silvery tones rang out, "One, two, three;" and at the word "Go," the soberly clad figure by his side darted down the path. If he were to keep her in sight he

must hurry after; but how fleet she was! He must hurry faster or she would be out of sight. The next he knew, he was speeding after her flying figure. But, although at the last, with a man's determination not to be outdone by a woman in such a contest, he had exerted himself to the utmost, yet he was several lengths behind when she drew herself up upon the edge of the lot and stood at the entrance of the path, straight and demure with her hands folded across her kerchief in front. She was panting a little, but was not too breathless to speak.

"Fie, John, I did not think I was so fleet of foot as thee." Then as she saw a slight look of annoyance pass over his face, despite his efforts at a smile, she added charmingly, "Surely, now I need to fear no Britisher, for none can be swifter than thee."

He flushed with the sweetness of her praise; then laughed outright. "What a woman thee is, Deborah, shall I never know thee?"

She shrugged her shoulders in that un-Quaker-like way she had. They had come to the road now, and were walking towards her home.

"I know not myself, John, and alas! my better acquaintance with myself makes me not love myself better."

"But the better I know thee, Deborah, the better I shall love thee. Deborah," he moved a little nearer, "the spirit of the Lord moveth me to ask thee to be my wife. I have said much to thee already of it; Deborah, when will thee be my wife?"

She stopped in the road and looked at him. "Perchance thee does mistake the Spirit," she said calmly. "I cannot say when I will be thy wife, John; I myself, have not meditated on the question; I have felt no call of the Spirit."

"Thee has had ample time to meditate. Give me thy answer now, Deborah Stebbins."

His voice had an angry, masterful note; a light came into her eyes and her head went high. "Then John, methinks I shall never be thy wife." She would have moved on, but he stood directly in her path.

"Deborah," he spoke solemnly; his



From a drawing by W. E. Wade

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD

face was white, great beads stood on his forehead. "Think well, Deborah. Is this thy answer? Is this what thy eyes, and thy voice and thy hand meant, but yesterday—but—"

She broke in upon him frowning and moving her head impatiently, but not without a certain appeal. "John," she said softly, "thee cannot understand, but often I speak what has small meaning save what those spoken to, give it. I told thee I know not myself. To-day I think I will not marry any man; to-morrow I

know not how I shall feel."

"A great love is unchanging, the same yesterday, to-day and forever," he said doggedly.

"Farewell, John." She turned toward the Stebbins' house. He answered almost sullenly. "Farewell."

But when he turned away, she looked after him and he had gone a few paces down the road when she called in her mellifluous voice: "Fare thee well, John Williams." The simple words held many meanings, and when the man could not

but turn his head, she waved to him with her slim, white hand.

When he was out of sight, Deborah turned and went down the woodland path; there was no John Williams this time, but she had not gone far when the sight of a red-coat set her heart agoing, though not all with fear.

The man came nearer and swept her a low bow. "Welcome, my fair Atalanta."

Deborah knew not at all what he meant, but concealed her ignorance skillfully. "I am glad that I am welcome."

"And late—and I was early, but I had my reward. I saw you flying down the path as if the British army itself were after."

"And does thee think I should flee from the British army?" she smiled suddenly.

"Indeed I hope not, for they would surely pursue."

"If all the army is like to the one soldier I have met, surely I have no cause to fly."

He bowed low again.

"Does thee know why I came here to-night?" Deborah was leaning against a gray tree-trunk; with a gown of its color, she looked like a dryad.

"To preach me a sermon on my sins?"

"No." She shook her head, while she slowly pared a leaf along its delicate veins, with her slender fingers.

"To show mercy to the sinner?"

She crushed the leaf as she suddenly looked up at him. "To ask a favor from thee."

"A thousand, fair lady."

"'Tis but one." She still looked at him unsmilingly. "Will thee grant it?"

"Even before it is asked."

She shook her head. "Favors lightly granted are soon forgotten. I am not jesting. I pray thee to be grave."

"Even like Friend Ephraim."

"Perchance I am mistaken in thee," she said with disappointment in her voice. "But I thought—"

"You shall not be mistaken in me," he said interrupting.

She looked at him meditatively for a moment then went on: "The Friends hear that the British soldiers have moved nearer in their foraging expeditions and

they are most fearful lest they come still nearer and molest them. We, as thee knows, are people of peace and take no sides in this unholy rebellion. I have come to ask thee to keep the soldiers from coming nearer to us."

"But he who is not for the King must be against him." He spoke quietly and soberly. "And I know well some Quakers are on the rebels' side."

"That may be true, there are unhappy divisions among us; but we are most of us people of peace and mostly women are in these farmhouses. They ask thy protection."

He bowed again. "But our men must live and how other than on the produce of the land?"

"But I think if thee will restrain them in the due place and season, certain of the elders will gladly offer corn and grain for their sustenance. Will thee not keep them from our peaceful homes?"

"But how do you expect me to do this thing?"

She looked into his eyes. "Because thee is one in authority. Oh, I know it by divers signs. Thee can do this if thee will."

"It is not so easy even to one in authority," he said gravely, but flattered by her discernment. "It is not always possible to restrain men. There are some commands not easily obeyed."

She straightened herself suddenly, her eyes flashed into his. "Thee an officer, canst speak so! Would I were a man, I would make them obey me. Is not that thy whole duty?" She stamped her foot. She stopped suddenly in her impetuous speech; he too, was frowning, and this time in real anger.

"Thee is but mocking me," her voice was softer, she smiled. "I know thee; that is but an excuse, thee is a determined man and thee does what thee will; naught stands in the way of thy will—"

"You are wise," his tone was sarcastic, "beyond—"

"The short time I have known thee," she finished still smiling. "But this I know, that did thee wish to do this thing thee could. And so farewell," and with a smile that shot to its mark, she turned to go.

He watched her as she walked slowly, very slowly, but proudly away, and at last he called after: "Stay, come back a moment. Despite my will and might, I am but one man and can do little; but what I can—"

"Thee will," she almost sprang back toward him with a little laugh in the words. Then quickly sobered. "I thank thee," she said with solemn intonation. "The blessing of God will rest upon thee."

He colored with surprise at the grave words, it was like a benediction in a cathedral. "I will do what I can to keep the men away. No, do not go, give me as a reward for my favor, your company for a moment."

And so she waited, leaning again against the tree-trunk.

After a moment he said, "Did I not see a gray-coat by your side not long since?"

"Mayhap," most unconcernedly, "I have many gray-coated friends."

"And but one red-coated?" he finished, and her smile twinkled out at him. "May the one be worth the many."

"Perchance he will, if he can do my favor." Then after a moment she looked at him gravely. "Thee does think—" then she paused, "that I came hither to see thee."

"No, alas, 'twas to ask a favor."

"Thee has answered,—perchance I would have said—"

A significant little laugh finished the words and she began anew:

"I must not come again."

"Oh, yes," he looked into her eyes and smiled steadily, "you must come again, lest I forget what I am to do for you."

"Then thee does the favor for payment?"

"Perhaps."

"'Tis a large payment, but I have paid all I can for to-night. I must go. Farewell!"

"May I not walk a pace with you?"

"My drab-coated friends like not the red," she smiled up at him as he stood beside her. He stepped back with a bow and she walked away. Again he called after her.

"I found a handkerchief in the path last night."

She turned, looking down on the ground then up again quickly. "Perhaps, 'tis mine, let me see."

"I cannot get it, 'tis against my heart," again he bowed low with his hand at his side.

She wheeled about quickly, but these words came with ringing clearness over her shoulder. "'Tis doubtless Friend Ephraim's, he carries a square most like a lady's."

He laughed aloud at this, and the sound followed her along the path between the trees.

But when she reached the edge of the woodland, she seated herself on a large stone there, and with her chin in her hand, looked for a long time at the western sky. Now and then she smiled mischievously, surely not at the sunset which for all its glory always holds a sadness in its fading tints. She seemed not to hear the broken good-night of the birds, but when one rebellious baby-robin peeped out its last protest, she rose.

(To be continued.)



THE TWO MEMORIALS TO THEODORE PARKER, IN FLORENCE, ITALY

By KENYON WEST

THE announcement of a centenary edition of the works of Theodore Parker, is welcome news to every admirer of that strenuous New England thinker and reformer.

Theodore Parker had something to say to the world—a

great message to deliver—and he said it earnestly, sincerely and most effectively. Therefore that which he left behind him in the form of written work has permanent interest and value.

At the mere mention of Theodore Parker's name what memories of the strenuous days of New England Transcendentalism crowd the mind—memories of Emerson and Margaret Fuller, of Dana and Ripley, of the Channings, of Bronson Alcott, of many other dreamers, fighters and reformers, America will never see their like again.

In Theodore Parker's fight against what he called "superstition" his great battle-cry was fidelity to conscience. His chief strength lay in the stress he placed upon the testimony of that "inner light" as a test of the validity of truth. His dependence was always the essential laws of human reason. He might have estab-

lished his points by dealing gentler blows. But the iconoclast has not always time to be gentle. If he stopped always to display fine and delicate tact the images wouldn't be hurled in fragments from their pedestals. There was indeed much

that was aggressive about Theodore Parker; but there was also another side to his nature which we cherish with peculiar affection. The old controversies are forgotten. The beauty and purity of his spirit are remembered.

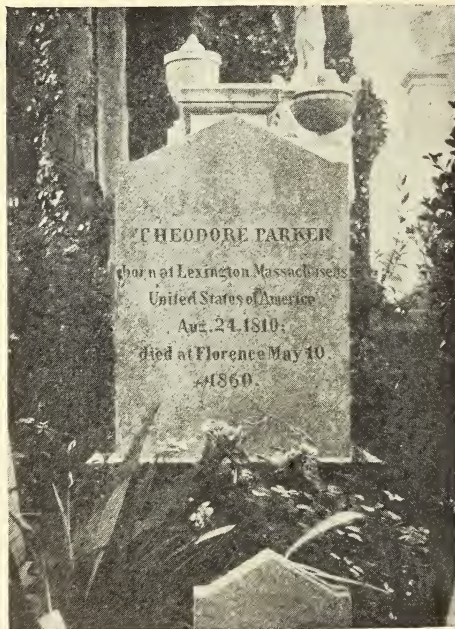
An old deacon in his church said that he wasn't sure about some things Parker had *said*, but he was sure of *him*. "He preached the eternal verities and there was nothing the matter with his life.

In speaking of some things which Parker wrote, another friend said: "I

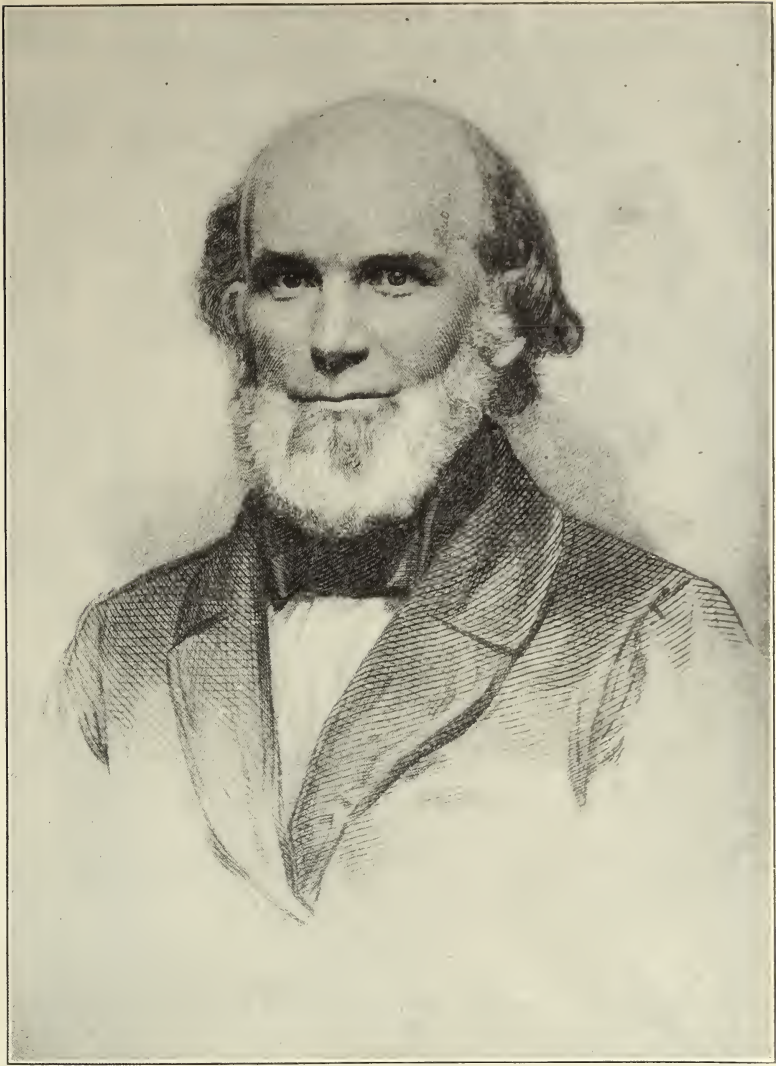
never dreamed that great things in religion could be made so warm and pleasant, so tender and appealing to the heart and mind."

The mortal part of Theodore Parker does not rest in his native land, but in far-away beautiful Florence.

Many travellers in their hurried flight through a city so demanding in its claims



OLD HEADSTONE IN PROTESTANT CEMETERY
AT FLORENCE



THEODORE PARKER

as Florence, neglect the Protestant cemetery. But this quiet place set apart from the rushing, hurrying world can easily prove its right to claim a large share of its attention.

In all Europe and America it would be difficult to find a cemetery of the same size in which rests all that is mortal of so many of the great ones of this world. And those great ones are chiefly English and Americans—men and women who were attracted irresistibly by the glow, the color, the perennial charm of Italy

and tarried there till the dread Archer found them. Here rest Walter Savage Landor, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Arthur Hugh Clough, Hiram Powers, Richard Hildreth, Frances Trollope, Southwood Smith, Theodosia Trollope, Mrs. Holman Hunt, James Lorimer Graham, Thomas Jefferson Page and many others. Among these distinguished names is that of Theodore Parker. In truth if they had had their choice they could not have chosen a lovelier place in which to tarry for the last, long rest.



MONUMENT TO THEODORE PARKER IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT FLORENCE

To this God's Acre, as the Germans would call it can much more appropriately be applied Shelley's famous words about the cemetery at Rome: "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

"I am ready to die, if need be," wrote Theodore Parker in his Journal—

"nothing to fear. Sorry to leave work, friends, wife, still concedo. To die will be no evil to me. . . . But I mean to live and not die. I laugh at the odds of nine to one. If that is all, I'll conquer. I have fought ninety-nine against one,—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine against one, and conquered. Please God I will

again."

But the indomitable fighter came to his last battle.

About a month before his death he wrote: "Above all things else I have sought to teach the true idea of man, of God, of religion with its truths, its duties and its joys. I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe, but I have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in my fields waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my father's and mother's at Lexington, and think I may, but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere."

But he finally gave up the hope of being buried at Lexington. A few hours before his death, the great iconoclast and reformer whispered: "There are two Theodore Parkers. One of them is dying in Florence, the other is planted in America."

If he could but have lived a few more years he would have seen the harvest that sprang from the seed he and others sowed with so much fervor and enthusiasm and unselfish industry. He would have seen the abolition of slavery;—the gradual diffusion of ideas of tolerance, of liberality of religious opinion, of broad ideas of brotherhood and charity.

Over Theodore Parker's grave in the Protestant cemetery at Florence are growing violets, roses and fleur-de-lis. The monument is not the one which was first placed to his memory. About fifteen or more years ago, it was found that the first monument was sadly out of repair, both England and America responded most liberally to the suggestion that there should be a new memorial. It is noteworthy that John Ruskin and Matthew Arnold had taken especial interest in the plan.

The first monument was a plain, brown, upright slab with the simple inscription:



SNAP-SHOT OF CEMETERY SHOWING PARKER MEMORIAL

Theodore Parker,
Born at Lexington, Massachusetts,
United States of America,
August 24, 1810.
Died at Florence, May 10, 1860.

A peculiarity about this inscription is that the Italian sculptor spelled America with an "e" instead of an "a."*

The present monument to Theodore Parker is chaste and simple though it is more ornamental than the first one.

At the top of the slab there is a fine medallion containing a relief portrait. Underneath are the significant words:

Theodore Parker,
The Great American Preacher,
Born at Lexington, Massachusetts,
United States of America,
August 24, 1810.
Died at Florence, Italy,
May 10, 1860.

His name is engraved in marble, his virtues in the hearts of those he helped to free from slavery and superstition.

The earth of a foreign land is covering the dust of Theodore Parker, but his spirit lives in the grateful memory of his countrymen.

*This reminds one of the mistake made by the American stone-cutter who on the memorial to Margaret Fuller in Mount Auburn changed the Italian name Ossoli into Ossili.

DUNBAR'S FLIRTATION

By CHARLES DREYFUSS

ONE Sunday afternoon, early in May, a stiff south wind was blowing directly into the bay, at Montevideo. Two young men, who knew that on account of the roughness of the water there could be no rowing that day, decided to go for a long walk and selected the Prado as their destination. They had not yet passed the Paso del Molino, and were commenting on the fine autumn weather, when a girlish peal of laughter attracted their attention to a large, open carriage drawn by two handsome bay horses. On the back seat sat two girls, and they heard the taller exclaim, "*Que raro los Ingleses!*" (How peculiar are the Englishmen.) Yet she allowed her dark roguish eyes to rest on the younger man; and, as the carriage rolled on, he could see her still looking at him, silent and serious now.

"That's a mighty pretty girl," he burst out assertively.

"Yes," and the other laughed before he continued, "and those black eyes have bewitched you." Then he resumed, still amused, "She was laughing at us because we are walking. They can't understand how anybody can walk so far when there are cars."

It was James Flint, the captain of the Rowing Club, who had just spoken. He was a tall, kind-hearted Scotchman, the senior of the other by some five years, and his immediate superior in the English bank where both were employed, he had taken him under his protection. Fred Dunbar was of average height and well proportioned, and as strong as the usual run of healthy young men of his age; and, as he had taken up with enthusiasm the sport of rowing, he proved a welcome acquisition to the brawny captain. But

Flint's friendship for his junior was jokingly ascribed to the similarity in the color of their hair, which was of the same flaming hue of brown. It was remarked, too, that Dunbar closely patterned the curl of his mustache, when finally it began to grow, after the style affected by Flint.

Flint and Dunbar had been speaking of Miguel Portela, the vice-captain of the Rowing Club, before their attention was distracted by the unusual number of turnouts that had passed them. So when Dunbar asked eagerly who was the girl, Flint looked at him quizzically for a moment before he answered drily:—

"She is the eldest daughter of Dr. Munoz, one of the best known and most influential lawyers in the country. It is said that her mother wants to marry her to your friend Portela. By the way," he added significantly, "the old lady doesn't like Englishmen—and still less Americans!"

Dunbar ignored the information and walked along absorbed in reflection. He knew that Portela viewed with disfavor his growing influence with the native members of the Club. In order to conciliate these, it had become the rule that the vice-captain should be a native, and the present incumbent was a handsome, black-haired giant of about Dunbar's age. Because of his overbearing attitude after his election, he had soon become unpopular with the English members as well as with his own countrymen. On the other hand, Dunbar, because of his forbearance towards what the Englishmen considered the vagaries of the natives, had made many friends among them and had trained several into good oarsmen.

Finally, Flint broke the silence by

remarking that it would soon be too cold for the native women to do much driving.

"Yes," replied Dunbar regaining his usual spirits, "and isn't it funny to think of June and July as being winter. I can't seem to get used to it."

The two young men laughed at the recollection of how hard it had been at first for one to believe that it was really Christmas or New Year, when one was sweltering. The manner in which they had been obliged to celebrate these holidays brought them to the subject of the lack of social life in that country as contrasted with what they had been accustomed to at home. It was true that the English residents were more liberal in their views; but even they were obliged to conform themselves in a measure to the usages of the country. Dunbar was protesting at what he called the absurdity of not allowing a young man to walk in public with a girl, unless engaged to her, when they arrived at the long avenue of eucalyptus trees, tall and odorous, that led into the park.

They walked in the direction of a stucco house, time-stained and unattractive, which was made to answer the purpose of a café and restaurant. Before it, was a gravelled terrace on which were a number of tables. The road passed to the left of the house, and there alighted all who came to the Prado in carriages. Near the other edge of the terrace, where it was bordered by a walk, the young men espied three Englishmen of their acquaintance seated at a small marble-topped table. They went over and one of the Englishmen remarked, "We came early to get a good table as we wanted to see the pretty girls go by. Won't you sit down? There is plenty of room for all of us."

An alert waiter brought two more chairs, and the five young men crowded around the table. With the semi-tropical foliage as a background, it was indeed a picture of animation and ever changing color that offered itself to the eye, with scarcely a tone that did not harmonize in the bright sunlight. Dark-eyed, black-haired women and girls, wearing gay and for the most part becoming costumes, and all carrying fans, walked slowly past conversing in high-pitched voices. A group

of three elegantly dressed young girls, of about the same age, approached chatting vivaciously. Their attractiveness was enhanced by the fresh breeze, which tinged their full, young cheeks a rich shade of pink. In the graceful, erect figure and almost perfect oval features of the one in the middle, Dunbar recognized the girl who had laughed at him. Her delicate complexion flushed to a deeper hue as she saw him sitting there, his eyes riveted on her face. After she had passed, he paid little attention to the conversation of his friends; but, silent, holding his hat in his hand, he sat hoping that she would come again. He had almost given her up when, suddenly, he felt his heart give a bound. For this time she deliberately sought him out with her dark, lustrous eyes, and, as she approached, rested them unwaveringly, yet without boldness, on his.

One of the Englishmen, who had seen it all, cried out gaily, "Dunbar, you lucky old dog! that girl is trying to get up a *dragoneo* with you."

"Yes," growled Flint, who, too, had observed, "she has taken a fancy to his light hair and mustache, and his blue eyes. But he had better look out or the old dragon her mother will be after him if he tries to 'dragonear,' as you call it, her daughter."

"Jealous, by Jove!" ejaculated the Englishman. "Come now, Flint, you're blue-eyed too, and she didn't offer to flirt with you," he continued banteringly.

Flint passed over the remark and replied with dignity, "Well, if he wants to flirt, he had better choose somebody else. There are plenty here who will be only too glad of the opportunity."

"Oh, get out, Flint!" Dunbar now broke in. "Can't a fellow flirt a little with a pretty girl without your carrying on so about it?" he asked laughingly.

"I've no objections to your flirting, though I don't see any sense in it myself," Flint answered. "But do be careful with that girl," he admonished, "for her family is one of the swellest here. Besides, she doesn't generally throw her eyes around as most of them do here, and I'm astonished that she should have paid any attention to you."

"All right, Flint, don't be alarmed," another of the Englishmen now said. "He's only a novelty to her anyway, and she probably won't remember him the next time she sees him. Besides, they say Portela is going to marry her."

They then fell to discussing Portela. He was the only son of a wealthy Spanish merchant established in Montevideo. The father, a coarse, ignorant man, had refused to allow his son to study for a profession—as was the fashion among the wealthy there—but instead had taken him into his business. The boy had been reared in idleness and had begun early to live dissolutely. All agreed that it was too bad that the girl's mother should want to throw her away virtually, on a roué like Portela. For it was no secret that the Senora de Munoz would condescend to lay aside her prejudice against foreigners in general, and especially her opposition to the sons of natives or foreigners who engaged in business, in favor of the rich young man.

But it was getting late and the crowd was beginning to thin. The five young men decided to return together in the horse car, and they walked across the terrace towards the path that led from it to the road, which they would have to cross. They beheld the Munoz equipage ready to start, and Portela, his back to them, standing alongside listening respectfully to the Senora de Munoz. The daughters were evidently impatient to get away and the eyes of the elder rested anywhere but on her suitor. One of the Englishmen commented on the situation and laughed. The girl, attracted by the sound, lifted her eyes and met those of Dunbar. Again she flushed and again did not look displeased; and Flint, ever watchful, began to fear that after all Dunbar might be more than a "novelty" to her.

Dunbar was now twenty-one years old. His manly appearance and good manners, consequent of his careful early training, won him a position in the Montevideo branch of an English bank when, three years before, the manager visited New York. Owing principally to the rapidity with which he mastered the Spanish language he had been advanced

a little faster than a number of the older men in the bank. This had occasioned a certain amount of jealousy; but, as it was conceded that his promotion was merited, the current of feeling, on the whole, ran in his favor.

A few weeks after the visit to the Prado, Dunbar was ordered to Buenos Aires, where he remained all winter. He returned to Montevideo early in November. The Sunday forenoon following his arrival, he was walking up the *Calle Itusaingo*, where it faces the plaza, as the worshippers were pouring out of the church of the *Matriz*. Suddenly he found himself face to face with two young ladies. As he quickly stepped aside to give them the wall, he noticed that one of them said something to the other which caused her to look at him, not unkindly he thought, and he felt sure that she had recognized him. She had grown a little taller, it seemed to him, and her figure, without losing its girlish slimness, had developed the fuller, more mature lines of the woman. She had become more beautiful, undoubtedly; and her eyes, as they flashed on his only for a moment, disclosed to him potentialities so great, that with an exquisite sensation of pain there sprung into his heart a greater yearning for her.

In an instant all his brave resolutions were gone. Now that he had seen her again, the fight he had made against the rising passion in his heart proved of no avail. All of Flint's warning against the folly of allowing his feelings to gain the ascendancy, was now set aside. He remembered Flint's pointing out how circumscribed by racial prejudice and narrow conventionalities was the girl. He was but a young clerk in a bank and a foreigner; and how was he to become acquainted with the daughter of a woman who moved only in the most exclusive native circles. Granting even that the girl had taken a fancy to him, was it likely that she should do a thing practically unheard of among the better class in her country and hold out against the wishes of her mother? Dunbar had applied for the temporary vacancy in the Buenos Aires branch of the bank, hoping that the absence of several months would

cure him of what Flint termed his silly infatuation for a pair of black eyes. But his heart now told him there could be only one cure; and he decided to enlist the assistance of a native friend in the furtherance of the plan that began to take definite shape in his mind.

Alfredo Villanueva had given up his idle pastimes, owing chiefly to Dunbar's influence, and had become an enthusiastic oarsman. His sister, Adela, and Isabella Munoz were intimate friends, he told Dunbar, and had asked many questions about the *Americano*. As Adela often visited her friend and stood on the balcony with her, Villanueva suggested to Dunbar that they walk past Isabela's home, on the opposite side of the narrow street. After several repetitions, Dunbar was gratified in that the girl responded to his salutation. He then ventured to go by alone and, though he was thus debarred from lifting his hat to her, she smiled so sweetly and so encouragingly it seemed to him, before she darted into the house, that he did not notice Portela, who was approaching from the opposite direction, until he had nearly run into him. Villanueva further advised Dunbar to join the *Club Uruguay*. He also procured for him an invitation to the masked ball to be given by the club during Carnival.

The night of the ball came at last. Dunbar, hoping for he knew not what, arrived early and stood watching the novel scene. The men were in evening dress, unmasked. In general the women wore masks and were attired in all sorts of fanciful costumes. Many spoke to him in shrill, disguised voices as they passed him; some poked fun at him good-naturedly; two or three murmured terms of endearment, and one of the latter when he did not respond called him *Ingles bobo* (Stupid Englishman).

Interested and amused, he joined a group of American naval officers. They commented on the case of a woman heavily masked who had walked alone, and discouraged all attempts at gallantry, until a well known man, high in Government circles, had confidently approached her. As one of the officers was laughingly alluding to the eagerness with

which she had grasped the arm that was offered her, Dunbar noticed that three female forms of about the same height, exquisitely gowned alike in pale blue and wearing dainty satin masks of the same shade, approached them arm in arm.

One of them detached her arm from her companion's, and quickly slipped it into that of Dunbar. His emotion, as he gazed into the eyes that gleamed at him through the mask in an answering flash of recognition, was such that for the moment he could not stir and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. But the girl gently pressed his arm, and he, understanding,—and with the officers looking after him enviously—drew her away. Her bosom rose and fell with agitation, and he could hear her breath come quickly with excitement. Realizing finally that he must calm her, he made an effort to speak and, in a voice that sounded strange to his own ears, uttered some words to reassure her.

"Oh, Senor, what have I done!" she exclaimed in a tone which clearly denoted that her courage had failed her.

She pressed her hand to her heart as if to still its tumult; and her distress had the effect of recalling his self-control. She must have felt the sudden tension of the muscles of his arm, for, before he could say anything more to her, she spoke again.

"Senor, you must not think me bold to have come to you in this manner," she resumed in a voice full of gentle dignity, "you appear to be a *Caballero*, and I feel certain will not give me cause to believe that I have been imprudent in entrusting myself to one who is but a stranger to me."

He listened to the soft tones of her voice rather than to the words, and wondered whether it could be true—whether it was not all a dream, that she was really speaking to him. But she had stopped and seemed waiting for his reply. This broke the spell; and he hastened to say, "Senorita, you can trust to my honor."

The simplicity with which he uttered these words must have impressed her; for, after a searching glance into his eyes as if for further conviction of his in-

tegrity, she spoke to him in a voice in which he recognized with gladness a return of her composure. With a vivacity all the more charming because of the modesty with which it was accompanied, she told him how she had been able to come to him.

"My mother is dancing this quadrille with Portela," she went on to say. "He was forced to ask Adelita Villanueva for the next dance, and she promised it to him although she detests him. And—if you care to—you may dance it with me."

Hardly above a whisper were the last words, but to Dunbar they sounded like heavenly music. He now understood the little plot and started to thank her fervently. She made a sign to stop him; and he unconsciously struck a respectful attitude, waiting silently for what she had to say to him. When she spoke again, all trace of hesitation had vanished from her soft, full voice.

"You must take me back to my friends. As soon as this quadrille is over, come to the last window in the main room facing the plaza. I shall be there with my mother. Advance confidently and ask me to dance."

They walked back slowly, and he thought that she clung a little more closely to his arm. He remarked on the throng that was present and its brilliancy. There were many foreign uniforms, and he pointed out the different naval officers to her. Those two with the red facing to their dress coats were Spaniards, grave and silent as they walked together; the one in the uniform covered with gold braid, who passed just then chatting gaily with the woman in a white mask, was an Argentine; that group joking and laughing was composed of American and British officers.

She had listened in silence; but suddenly she interrupted him to whisper, "Will you come for me?"

"Senorita!" he began; but she had deftly slipped her arm from his. A second later he saw her gliding away with her two companions.

When he found himself before her again it seemed to him that hours, during which his mind had been a blank save for

the vision of a lovely form whose little feet encased in blue dancing slippers had occasionally peeped from beneath the folds of a blue skirt,—that hours without number had elapsed since she had left him. She pretended not to notice his approach; but when he requested the honor of the next dance with her, she quickly jumped up, and turning to her amazed mother said in a careless tone that she was going to dance with the *Americano* to see what it was like. As he led her away to the soft strains of a Waldteuffel walse, one arm encircling her waist, and her little white-gloved hand resting in his, he felt as if he were dancing on air. He did not speak, and was seemingly content with the enjoyment of the moment; but presently she asked him to promenade with her as she wished to talk with him.

She asked him many questions about his country. She had often heard about New York, she told him, of its being a huge city with high houses and very noisy. She would prefer Paris, she thought. Her mother did not like Americans for they had a bad name and were very grasping. He started to defend his countrymen, and she retorted playfully that she did not believe there was one good American.

"Why, just look at what you did to poor Portela," she continued in the same tone, "he says that you are responsible for his defeat at the last election of the *Club de Regatas*."

"I plead guilty," he answered laughingly. "It was I nominated Villanueva; but all your countrymen voted for him."

"Yes, Senor," she rejoined more kindly, "Alfredo told us all about it. My mother was very angry, but my father said you were right. You know he does not like Portela."

This was said very simply, yet it caused Dunbar to give a start and to look intently at the girl. Her mask effectually concealed her features, and, as she looked straight in front of her, he was obliged to remain in ignorance for the time being of what she had wished to convey by the words; for he was certain that she had not spoken them idly. He felt emboldened, however, to broach

the subject of the grand ball that was to be given next winter by the Club whose guests they now were.

"It will be different then," he said, "for you will not be masked." And by sudden inspiration he added eagerly, "But you will allow Villanueva to introduce me to you," and remained breathless awaiting her answer.

She appeared to be thinking. Suddenly she made a curtsy, then laughed merrily as she said, "Yes, Senor Frederico Dunbar must be presented to Senorita Isabela Munoz," and she bowed in mock gravity. Then she resumed more seriously, "But what would my mother say!"

He too had started to laugh. Yet, her last words brought to him a realization of how difficult was her position; thus, when he spoke again, there was a note of wistfulness in his voice. "I will not attend that ball, Senorita," he said, "if my doing so shall compromise you in the least. If on the other hand you can see no reason why I should stay away, I will come. To see you, even though I could not speak to you, would be ample for me."

She listened pensively it seemed to him. Presently she replied, and every word came distinctly as she slowly said, "Senor, I desire that you come to the ball."

"Oh, Senorita!" he cried, his face beaming with joy. "how good you are; how happy you have made me!" He hesitated, then resumed, "May I ask you to listen to something I wish to say to you?"

She nodded in assent. He tried to look into her eyes but again she gazed straight before her. "Senorita—" he began, and stopped. Still she said nothing. But he knew he must speak to her now; and, in a voice made firmer by sudden resolve, he broached the subject that for weeks had been uppermost in his mind.

"I love you, Senorita." He spoke quickly in a low voice that vibrated as it responded more acutely to the passion which urged him on. "I have loved you since the first time I saw you, that Sunday when you laughed at me. They told

me that you were promised to Portela, and I tried hard at first to conquer the great desire of my heart. But my efforts were futile. Senorita, I know that you do not love him. Oh, tell me—promise me that you will not let them force you into a union so contrary to your inclinations, so little in accord with what you deserve. I know that I, also, am unworthy of you—but I have no right to speak to you like this—"

She had raised her hand; and he stopped short, alarmed at his own presumption. She began to speak, but in a voice so low and sad that he feared his words had distressed her.

"I pray you, Senor, do not tell me any more, or you will make me very unhappy." Yet, at her next words, the tone of depression gradually melted from her young voice and left an accent of dreamy tenderness. "You have spoken like an honorable man, Senor; but you must say no more—now. I may listen to you, perhaps, when I meet you here again next winter. And yet, I do not know—"

She spoke these last words musingly, as if she looked into the future and was puzzled by what she saw there. She finished with a sigh so low yet so lingering, that it seemed to him as if a gentle breath of summer air fluttered fitfully in a garden of fragrant blossoms. Her eyes were turned to his, and he looked into them trying to fathom her soul. Unconscious at first that her visage was concealed, he showed how keen was his disappointment as, gradually, he realized that her face was covered. His eyes must have told her of their great longing, for presently she announced to him that after the next dance she and her friends would unmask.

"And if you wish to," she added archly, "you may bow to us if you happen to pass where we are seated."

She interrupted his protestations of delight to warn him to be circumspect. "See, there is my mother," she added, "and seated with her is Portela. They will be very angry because I have been away so long."

"I am so sorry—" he began; but she interposed again to say, "My father is there also."

He remembered her previous reference to her father. But there was no time for conjecture, for she whispered directly, "Take me to where he is seated."

As she took the chair from which her father had arisen, Dunbar gravely thanked her. He then bowed to Dr. Munoz, who, smiling pleasantly, expressed in a few words his appreciation of the courtesy shown to his daughter. The Senora, however, merely stared at him. And Portela, after having looked scrutinizingly at the girl, scowled and churlishly enough returned his nod. Then, after a last glance at Isabela, Dunbar started to walk away. Opportunely, however, Villanueva emerged from the crowd and, taking him by the arm, led him to where Dr. Munoz was standing and introduced him. He shook Dunbar warmly by the hand and turned laughingly to his daughter.

"Well, Isabela," he said in a kindly bantering tone, "now that the gentleman knows who you are, why not take off your mask, and let him see what you look like. Ah, you are afraid!" and he laughed again.

For she had shaken her head. Dunbar implored with his eyes; but she had promised her two friends not to unmask until they did, she explained. She held out her hand to him, nevertheless; and, as ever so gently she returned his pressure, he could see the little ears that peeped from the shelter of entrancingly wayward ringlets, turn from a delicious pink to a rich, deep shade of red. Next he was presented to the Senora de Munoz. She bowed coldly, and immediately resumed her conversation with Portela.

Dr. Munoz now asked Dunbar to accompany him to the smoking room. As they walked away, Dunbar looked back and saw Villanueva go off with the girl; and Portela turn to the Senora and gesticulate excitedly. And later, when she was ready to go to her carriage, Isabella, now unmasked and looking more radiantly beautiful than ever to him, accepted Dunbar's escort, and left Portela standing, looking after them, his black mustache fairly bristling with his indignation.

The principal topic of gossip for the next few weeks was Dunbar's flirtation with Isabela Munoz. That she had gone too far and had decidedly compromised herself, was the consensus of opinion. Few, however, believed that Dunbar would dare go any farther; and even these had no doubt that, in the end, the girl would fail to hold out against the wishes of her mother. Thus matters stood when, one afternoon several weeks after the ball, Portela appeared at the boat house. This was the first time he had come since the election of Villanueva as vice-captain.

His absence had at first caused Flint some anxiety, for he wanted him to row in the four-oared race against Buenos Aires; but Villanueva, though a year younger and lighter in weight, had proved a satisfactory substitute. Flint and his crew had just lowered their shell into the water, and Dunbar had already taken his place in the bow. Portela came down to the float and called Flint aside; and, after a few minutes conversation, went away again without noticing any of the other men.

Villanueva, the irrepressible, turned to Dunbar and grinned, then he shouted, "*Ché*, Portela, what is the price of *porotos* (beans) to-day?" A roar of laughter from all present greeted this sally, for it was known that Portela was very sensitive on the score of his father's business. Flint chuckled, too; but he made a sign as if entreating silence.

"Old Stick-in-the-mud there (Flint had a way of nicknaming the natives) wants to stroke one of the eights in the regatta," he said as he got into the boat, "and we mustn't frighten him away."

"That's right, Flint," Dunbar responded, "he will just come in handy for that other eight."

That evening, however, when he and other members of the club met in the rear room of the *Almacen* (grocery and liquor shop) in which they usually congregated, Dunbar began to wonder why Portela should be so anxious to row in the eight-oared race. And the next day, after Flint, who had had another interview with Portela, told them how the crews were to be made up, he spoke to Vil-

lanueva, with whom he was walking, of his misgivings.

"I wonder what he's up to now," he said musingly.

"He probably wants to *compadrear*," (colloquial for show off), Villanueva replied.

A few evenings later, as the two young men were again walking up the *Calle 18 de Julio*, Villanueva curtly announced to Dunbar that he had some bad news for him. The other gave a start and looked enquiringly at his friend.

"Adelita told me after dinner that she had seen Isabela this afternoon. It seems that Portela is now allowed to call on her."

This as Dunbar knew was almost tantamount to an engagement. He was silent for a moment, then he asked huskily, "Has she accepted him?"

"By no means," the other answered, "and she says that rather than marry him she will enter a convent."

"But," faltered Dunbar, "can she not appeal to her father?"

"She has. He promised to speak to her mother; but just now he is so concerned about that threatened revolution, that his whole mind is given to politics."

"And I presume the Senora is taking full advantage of this circumstance."

"Exactly!" rejoined Villanueva. "She has Isabela all to herself, since the doctor passes most of his time at the Government House. Adelita says that Isabela, who is her father's favorite, is doing all she can to delay matters. If she can only get him to act, she feels certain he will not allow a man she does not want to be forced upon her."

"Yes, but before he realizes what has taken place, the *vieja* (old lady) will have pestered Isabela into becoming engaged to Portela," Dunbar said bitterly.

"That shows how well you know Isabela!" his companion exclaimed. Then he resumed impatiently, "Isabela, unless she should change her mind of her own accord, is not going to be married to Portela." After a pause he continued more slowly, "Adelita thinks, if it comes to the worst, she will take matters into her own hands and trust to her father's magnanimity. You know, with us, a girl

can compromise herself very easily."

Dunbar did not at once realize the significance of the last words. He said *hasta manana* to Villanueva, and slowly walked to his home. He pondered over what he had heard, and concluded there must be some bearing in Portela's evident anxiety to win the race to his courtship of Isabela. Flint had told them that Portela at first had refused to take in his crew any of the men who were to row in the international race, and finally had consented to accept one only, even after it had been pointed out to him how unfair it would be for seven fresh men to be in one of the boats against five in the other.

Dunbar's thoughts were still occupied with the same question one afternoon that he stood in the doorway of a cigar shop on *Calle Ituzaingo*. He felt sure that the girl would not allow Portela's success with her to depend on the issue of the race. Just as he had come to this conclusion he lifted his eyes and saw her coming up the street. As she returned his salutation, she smiled in a manner so reassuring that a feeling of renewed hope fluttered in his breast. Yet, a few afternoons later, when she went by without apparently noticing him, his dejection was almost alleviated by the thought that at last it was all over. After she had passed, he recalled that something soft had struck his hand while he was gazing at her. Looking down, he saw a flower lying at his feet; and this raised his spirits a little. But the recollection that she had not appeared in the least downcast, in fact had been chatting blithely with her friend, made him bitter again, and he began to feel resentful that she should have noticed him at all.

At this juncture the natural buoyancy of his disposition served him well; for it brought to his mind a realization of how unjust were his inferences, even in the face of the constant rumors that Portela was her accepted suitor. Fortunately for him, too, his thoughts were busy with the coming regatta. His flirtation at the masked ball was almost forgotten; and, to those who were not among his few intimates, he showed no sign of the perturbation to which his mind was being subjected. As for Flint, he was so full

of the preparations for the regatta, that he had set aside all thoughts of Dunbar except as the bow oar who was to form part of his crew in the four and again in the eight.

The day of the regatta dawned bright and clear. The members of the club were in high spirits, for what little wind there was promised not to interfere with their sport. One of the largest of the river steamers, the "Eolo," which had been provided for the entertainment of their guests, was anchored opposite a Uruguayan gunboat, and the finishing line was to be between the two. Both vessels were crowded with spectators that comprised the best of the native society and the British Colony. Many ladies graced the occasion with their presence, and their gay and attractive costumes gave a flash of color that lent a peculiar charm to the scene.

The international race had been rowed, and won by the Montevideans after a hard struggle. After several minor races had intervened, the great event of the day was to take place. It was to be the first race in eight-oared shells that had ever been rowed on the River Plate. Although the two crews were made up entirely of members of the club, and each was composed of natives and foreigners in about equal proportions, there was manifested a keen spirit of rivalry, which had been communicated to the spectators.

At last two boats appeared in the distance looking like giant spiders. On they came abreast, the oars glistening in the sunlight at every stroke. The red flag now pulled ahead a little and seemed to be gaining steadily. But suddenly the blue flag caught up with it, then passed it and shot out well in advance. The blue continued to gain; and, before it had crossed the finishing line at least two lengths ahead of the other, there arose a tremendous shout of "Bravo, bravo

Flint!" Portela seeing himself hopelessly beaten must have given orders to his coxswain to steer him alongside the "Eolo," for he did not keep on his course. Flint had turned and was leisurely rowing back, when there were cries for him to come alongside also. His men being eager for a closer view of the flashing eyes that were disposed to look on them with approval, he decided to row over and take a position astern of Portela.

As the shell rose and fell with the surface of the water, Dunbar turned and saw Portela gazing up with a look of confident expectation on his face. He immediately glanced in the same direction and saw Isabela. Next to her stood her mother speaking to her earnestly and pressing a flower into her hand. To Dunbar the suspense of the moment became agonizing, for he knew that if she threw the flower to Portela she would publicly acknowledge that she had accepted him, in the eyes of all.

"What's the matter, bow, are you asleep?" suddenly crashed on his ears.

He mechanically put his oar in the water, but missed the stroke and splashed. "Oh, if she will only not throw it!" he repeated to himself; when "Time there, bow," greeted his senses.

He paid no attention for she was looking at him now, despairingly he thought. Her face was very pale and her lips were set. All else faded from his sight; and his mind ceased to act save for the one thought, the one desire, that a little longer respite be granted him. Suddenly his heart gave a great thump and stood still. She had thrown the flower. Villanueva, who had turned to see what was the matter, quickly passed a word to Flint. And as the rest of the crew backed water, Dunbar, who had cried out with joy, put out his hand to grasp the symbol of her love, white and pure, which came fluttering towards him.



OLD CRANFORD

By LOUISE ANDREWS

AS I have a pleasing confidence in my ability to meet emergencies, and, in fact, consider a certain amount of uncertainty highly desirable, it was as a matter of form merely, that I stopped at the general station and made inquiries about Knutsford.

"Knutsford, Knutsford?" repeated the thoughtful official, "yes, there is such a place, isn't there? But it is not a *holiday* place, Miss, is it?"

"No," I agreed, "but I wish to go there and see the place."

"It is some other place you have in mind, isn't it?" declared the railway man. I assured him that it was not.

"Yes, Miss, thankyou, at the booking office of the Cheshire Line, they will give you information, won't they, about trains to Knutsford? . . . *But there is nothing there!*"

On leaving the station, I applied to an extremely tall and trim officer, who gave me exact directions how to reach the said booking office, some seven or eight minutes' walk distant. Now, I am very careful, always, not to make any haphazard statements, when I feel that one

has a right to expect facts, and so I will not pretend to know how many quarters the Cathedral chimed before I dropped upon a bench at the Northgate Station. As I look back upon the extraordinary length of that Bobby's legs, I feel certain

he gave me the distance to the best of his judgment and experience, but I have made a memory note to hereafter select a short, stout officer for questions of distance.

When I had taken the edge off of my fatigue and my temper, I interviewed the ticket clerk, who informed me that there *were* trains to Knutsford on that line. It was twenty-four miles to Knutsford. No, he did not know whether there were any hotels or inns there; if there was an Angel Hotel there once, it was probably there now (a perfectly safe supposition concerning any village inn), "but the safest thing,

Ma'am, would be to write the station-master and wait for a reply if you think of stopping over night there; that would be the safest, wouldn't it?"

I said I would consider the station-master.

"Than-kyou," said he. And I made



BAS-RELIEF OF MRS. GASKELL ON MEMORIAL TOWER, KNUTSFORD

my way to the platform stationer.

"Have you any book or guide to Knutsford?" I inquired.

"No mem," said the stationer, with the pitying smile one naturally bestows upon "foreigners" who ask absurd questions.

"Do you know anything *about* Knutsford," I persisted, "do you know *anything* of interest there?"

"Oh yes, mem,"—the man positively glowed with brilliancy,—*"Oh yes, mem, the County Jail is at Knutsford...."* I fled before the coming *"than-kyou."*

termingling of fact and fiction that I had looked forward, so intently, to visiting, not Knutsford for itself, but that I might find the heart of Cranford.

In that Story-land, distinction, like comparison, is odious; all is alike real; story-teller and story-people alike lived and still live: "Life in a County Town" was created from life itself, not mirrored, and Cranford lovers bestow their interest, if not their affection, impartially upon the rector's daughters, Mrs. Gaskell, Lady Glenmire and Captain Brown.



CHELFORD ROAD, KNUTSFORD, "DARKNESS LANE," OF CRANFORD

Yet the only disturbing thought about this pilgrimage had been set at rest. I had feared that there would be so great a company of pilgrims, I should not be able to linger at the Vicarage, the scene of poor Peter's last prank, to wander along Darkness Lane in the reminiscent spirit of an evening with Mrs. Forrester, nor to stray about the "Smaller Hearth" where tradition has it the child Elizabeth often took refuge under the gorse bushes to hide her tears of loneliness.

It was with mind given over to this in-

However, let that be as it may be, as I started out to say, I was quite convinced by this time, that any indulgence in sentiment on my part, would not be curtailed by the press of an unsympathetic throng.

Knutsford,—and I write the name with regret that not only the County, but the little village itself, has become indifferent to its origin, and allowed the distinguishing mark of its antiquity to be dropped in the banishment of the initial letter from pronunciation.

Fifty years after the death of King

Canute, the village is mentioned in Domesday, as Cunetes-ford, a name probably bestowed when Canute and his army marched through Cheshire;—Knutsford lies on either side and above the railway which runs through the valley. At the left are most inviting meadows, hills and woods, while to the right are the two village streets—Bottom and Top—King and Princess Streets respectively.

With the Angel Hotel in mind I take my way between the old-time houses and

polished royal bed with its hangings still royal, though aged by more than three-quarters of a century. And, O Desecration! a pair of very large-size dusty boots were plainly visible beneath the counterpane.

After my restful lunch, a neat little maid took me to the Assembly Rooms, although somewhat haltingly as I would stop here and there to admire the oak-staircase, settles and paneled wainscoting which lend such a distinguished air to the entrance hall, and then the many



HUMBUG COTTAGE, LOYT WOODS, KNUTSFORD

swinging signs of Princess Street, but before I reach the Angel I recall that it was at the George where the Assemblies were held, where Sig. Brunoni entertained, and pleasantest of all, where Mr. Peter put an end to the Hoggins-Jamieson feud for ever; and thereupon I decided to lunch at the Royal George, "royal" because Queen Victoria, when a mere Princess, once visited there. Indeed, she passed the night there. I know the very number of the room and I sat in the window seat and viewed the much

carved cabinets, chests and hautboys, with their display of old plate and china, claimed attention.

The Ballroom, the little maid regretted it very much, but the Ballroom was not looking very smart. A wedding party had made merry there but the night before, and rugs and cushions had been taken out, to clear away the confetti which still lay in drifts about the floor. What think you the Cranford ladies would have said of such doings?

The Assembly Rooms have long since

lost the dilapidated appearance of Sig. Brunoni's day and are dainty and gay in white and gold with crimson hangings.

Leaving the George, I took my way up the Courtyard to the Top, for the George, you remember, was "only twenty yards distant" from the house in which the small dining-room-parlor once served as Miss Matty's Tea-shop. It is still quite proper and genteel looking, despite the fact that one must now study "cabalistic inscriptions" on odoriferous phials for these have displaced tea-chest and canisters.

There I listened to tales of old Knutsford while a hostler at the George made ready a trap that I might see the pleasant ways and places, for Cranford country has beautiful walks and drives, ancient cottages and stately halls.

But the stately halls, while adding breadth and depth are distinctly in the framing and not in the picture of Cranford and I had no mind to meddle with them.

The delicate humor of Mrs. Gaskell's reference to the gentry's place in Cranford life, is too perfect to be marred by an alien word: "The Cranford people respected themselves too much and were too grateful to the aristocracy, who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their bringing up by being dishonest or immoral."

I should judge the old town has not changed much; it certainly gives the impression that it thinks very well of itself. The late King, when Prince of Wales, patronized the May festivities and now, once a year, people flock from all parts to attend the "Royal" May Festival, the finest May-day observance in all England. Many a relic of "Cranford" is cherished by the May-day Committee, of which, not the least is the Sedan chair.

As there are almost no occupations open to the inhabitants, it would seem as if there must still be much "elegant economy" practiced among the gentlefolk.

One trait presented itself so conspicuously that I decided it was a characteristic of the town. Each shop-keeper attends strictly to his own business and has no knowledge of his neighbour's, indeed I think he is mostly oblivious that he has

neighbours. If the article you require is in his stock, he feels it his duty to allow you to purchase; if it is not, the matter is at an end, so far as he is concerned. He is not indifferent, he is simply ignorant as to whether there is any other shop in the place where there is a possibility even of purchasing that article; and I can testify that after some half-dozen futile trips from Top to Bottom—from Bottom to Top, only to find the shop next door rich in the thing sought for, requires much Cranford gentility to refrain from some expression of feeling in the presence of tradespeople. It has *one* saving grace, at least, it has not acquired the Chester "than-kyou" so provocative of less happy words in times of adversity.

But while I have been searching the shops the trap has been waiting at the George. The driver, if chary of words and not of over-exuberant temperament, knows the beauties of this neighbourhood and we drive here and there, over heath and through dingle; beside the glistening mere and then winding through woody lanes or beneath avenues of stately oaks and beech trees, now and again stumbling upon a cottage, half concealed by its overhanging eaves of thatch, so placid in exterior that the building date of three or four centuries ago makes no impression, it may as well have been finished at the creation.

Nothing need be prettier on this soft hazy afternoon in June than the green and flowery prospect through which our road leads to Mobberly. This is the home of the Holland family, Mrs. Gaskell's ancestors; and also of the Autrobus family from whom came the honored mother of our poet of Stoke-Poges. Somewhat further on the road slips down into a shallow green basin, where for two centuries and more a forge has stood and just beyond an old mill, overhung by majestic trees; leaving the trap I am quite content to sit here at the foot of the flagged path that leads up to "Wordley." Here, at Wordley, Mr. Holbrook lived, you will remember; but Mr. Holbrook, poor imprudent man, went to Paris for a fortnight's visit. No one, who has made acquaintance with that true gentleman and lover, but as-



MISS MATTIE'S TEA SHOP, CRANFORD

surely feels with Miss Pole, "Paris has much to answer for, if it killed Cousin Thomas."

But before Mr. Holbrook was known in the Sandlebridge house, it was the maiden home of Mrs. Gaskell's mother. The author of *Cranford* never lived here, for Elizabeth Stevenson was born in Chelsea, and losing her mother when only a few weeks old, was sent to her mother's sister at "Heathside," Knutsford, where she lived until, at fifteen, she went away to school at Stratford-on-

Avon. In 1832 Miss Stevenson was married in the Parish Church at Knutsford to the Rev. William Gaskell, the minister of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, and thereafter made her home in that city.

Miss Gaskell still lives in the old homestead in Plymouth Grove, where her mother wrote the most of her stories and where she entertained Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë and many literary friends of that day.

Yet throughout her life, Mrs. Gaskell's intimate connection with Knutsford was



PRINCESS STREET, KNUTSFORD, THE "HIGH STREET" OF CRANFORD

never broken and in death she rests in the graveyard of the old Brook Street Chapel. This ancient Chapel was erected in 1688 and in location and architecture, if the latter word may be applied to such a modest structure, suggests that it did not care to be conspicuous as a house of worship in those troublous days of religious differences. The Chapel was not licensed to solemnize marriages until about the middle of the nineteenth century, which accounts for the marriage of the daughter of a dissenting minister to a Unitarian divine, taking place in the parish church.

Resting in the pleasant gardens at Sandlebridge, my mind goes far afield, reverting, unbidden, to the interesting, the lovable, the amusing characters which the gifted daughter of this house has introduced to us. I hardly note these flitting fancies until Miss Galindo comes to mind with the delightfully frank opinion on Dissenters, which Miss Gaskell, with gentle satire, gives her the opportunity to repeat: "A Babtist baker!" I exclaimed. I had never seen a Dis-

senter to my knowledge; but, having always heard them spoken of with horror, I looked upon them almost as rhinoceroses. I wanted to see a live Dissenter, I believe, and yet I wished it were over. I was almost surprised when I heard that any of them were engaged in such peaceful occupations as baking." I should be quite certain that Miss Galindo was a native of Cranford, but for the improbability that one village could ever have brought forth both Miss Jenkins and Lady Ludlow's friend.

Into this pleasant retrospect there will obtrude a thought of that one disfiguration, but alas, an insurmountable disfiguration, which has destroyed the symmetry of old-world Knutsford. A Memorial Tower erected to the author of "Cranford" rises far above the roofs and is conspicuous from every point. Within the tower or under its shelter is a café, a bar-room and a garage. Anything more incongruous to honor the memory of that gentlebred and modest lady can hardly be imagined. Neither the inscription upon the walls, not even

the really fine medallion by D'Orsi can make this combination of sentiment and utility a fitting memorial to the artist who drew so admirably from heart and brain the ladies of Cranford, with whom ostentation was always vulgar.

The slanting shadows of the setting sun told us some time ago that we had spent the day and now the soft, sweet notes of songbirds, the distant lowing of the cattle, bid us goodnight, as we turn back to Knutsford.

And once again we find that the calm atmosphere of immutability within the George is quite reassuring and no questioning nor doubt disturbs my enjoyment of the well-served dinner. By ten o'clock, the accepted Cranford time, I have closed my eyes on aged bed-posts, chest and dresser (even upon Miss Jenkins, who will flit in and out in her helmet hat) and I hear only the creaking silence which falls when all a county town is fast asleep.



UNITARIAN CHAPEL, KNUTSFORD

A PRACTICAL JOKE

By ROLAND W. FLETCHER

MY cousin Lew Wilkins and I sat sweltering on the veranda one hot afternoon last June, too languid to move or speak; the humidity of the atmosphere was intense and the thermometer registered eighty-nine degrees in the shade. As we listlessly whiled away the time, Lew in a hammock and I in a cane chair, supper-time approached, heralded by the blowing of whistles, and the homeward tramp of street laborers, among whom were a number of Italians, chattering loudly and incessantly in their mother-tongue, as they passed.

My cousin closed his eyes, and remained as in a trance for a moment, and then abruptly ejaculated, "By George! Do you know what that reminds me of?"

"No, what?" I asked, nonchalantly.

"Why," he replied, "the excited giberish of those Italians, reminds me of an adventure I had on the island of Santo Domingo. When I closed my eyes a moment ago, it seemed as if I had been transplanted to that very same island amid chattering throngs of Spaniards. Would you like to hear the story?"

"Well," I replied doubtfully, "but see to it, that it is a good one."

"All right," resumed Lew, "I agree to the condition."

"About seven years ago, after serving as a boatswain's mate on board S.S. Minia, the British cable-ship having charge of the Canadian side of the Trans-Atlantic cable, I received as you probably know, first officer's papers, which hold good on any vessel in the British merchant marine, excepting, of course, a first-class passenger steamer.

"Well, my first voyage in the capacity of first mate, was accomplished on the barkentine Coral Leaf, which hailed

from St. John, N. B., with a cargo of deal, bound for the Port of Spain, Trinidad. Having discharged our cargo we set sail for Santo Domingo, there to load sugar for New York, or if not, to await further orders. We anchored off Santo Domingo city, and put the captain ashore to receive special instructions from our agent there. This done, we weighed anchor, and sailed for Macoris about forty miles away, and, as the island is in the trade winds, we had a hard beat up the coast, with a heavy sea, and a head wind. As soon as we hove in sight, a tug left the harbor, if it deserves to be called harbor, and ere long a pompous colored gentleman climbed our rope ladder and demanded, in Spanish, to see the captain. Our visitor presented a comical appearance, though he bore the distinguished title of revenue officer of the port, and jealously guarded the interests of Macoris, by making it his duty to see that no goods were smuggled therein. This dusky officer was of splendid physique and was decked out in white duck, with a sword and revolver in his belt. He was well known as Rinaldo to some of the crew who had previously visited Macoris and was the innocent object of their cruel jokes.

"After loading the sugar, which took two days, one of the sailors became engaged in an argument with Rinaldo, by indicating that the revenue officer was a fool. Rinaldo stood with his back to the taffrail, and in a great rage drew his sword. The seaman in self-defense struck him, and over he went with a yell. I was in the cabin at the time, but rushed on deck ordering the boat to be lowered, and ere long Rinaldo, very crestfallen indeed, was safe on board. He was very grateful to me, and before long I had

reason to appreciate his gratitude.

"The next day I decided to have my hair cut as it had not been touched since we left St. John and having no Domingan money, I asked Captain W—— to lend me an amount sufficient to have both a shave and a hair cut, and he tendered me a piece about the size of an American or Canadian quarter. Although I knew only three or four words of Spanish, I had confidence in my ability to make myself understood.

"Accordingly, I left the vessel and proceeded along the flat, crooked streets, with their two-story white-washed affairs, until the harbor and shipping had entirely disappeared from view. All about me jostling and pushing were street venders chattering in Spanish, half naked negro boys, and greasy, foul smelling men, with huge knives in their belts. The street singers screeched forth songs to the accompaniment of guitars and begged for money.

"Finally, I sauntered into a small shop situated in an alley, which boasted two wooden barber chairs, and by means of sundry motions and gestures, I acquainted the proprietor with my desire. He was a little man with a big moustache, and he rattled off a lot of Spanish only one word of which I understood, and that was *Americano*. From this, I judged that he took me for an American ere I uttered a word of English, although I am a Canadian by birth. However, he gave me a good clean shave, and a neat hair cut, and as I took my hat to leave I tendered him the coin which Captain W—— had given me, and without another thought of it, moved away. To my astonishment an expression of annoyance crept over his face and muttering in Spanish he stepped in my way. From his gestures and the scowl on his face, I gathered that he wanted more money. A thought dawned on me; could this be one of Captain W——'s jokes? Impossible; surely the captain, however much he loved a practical joke, would not suffer his mate to be in danger in a strange city.

"With determination, I turned to the barber and with quiet gestures explained that he possessed all my money. I then

moved to the door, but again the little fellow barred my exit, and again I explained, quietly, but he stolidly maintained his position. I was now angry, and determined to try a new method. I explained by gesture that all my money was in a vessel down at the harbor, and that, with his permission, I would go and return with a sufficient sum. Either he would not, or could not understand, for he placed himself before the door with an open razor.

"I now decided to use force, and with a feint knocked the razor from his hand, and threw him by sheer strength to one side. By that time the men who had been lounging in the shop obstructed my passage, each with a drawn knife. Seizing a chair, I whirled it above my head, and threshing about with it, like a flail, I bowled over my opponents, and ran up the alley to the street.

"With loud yells and curses in Spanish, the barber with his retainers and a few street gamins pursued me at full speed, and as we emerged from the alley on to the main street others entered into the pursuit.

"I have been an athlete in my day, but I never could run. Well, fear lent wings to my flight, and I confess that I was not a little scared when I heard the snarling of the angry mob close at my heels. In spite of the fact that I fairly flew through the air, the intervening space between the foremost of the mob, which now numbered hundreds, and myself, rapidly diminished. In the excitement of the moment I had quite forgotten the road to the shipping, and was fleeing in the opposite direction. Knowing the vicious ferocity of the Latin races, I had not a shadow of a doubt but that my time had come, but I doggedly plunged on. A negro stepped in my way; we grappled, and in desperation I tripped him up, and evaded the clutch of another by a swift uppercut.

"Little more than a dozen yard now lay between the crowd and myself, and I muttered a prayer for assistance, but seemingly to no avail. Turning a corner sharply, I knocked over a fruit vender, sending his wares all over the thoroughfare, and then hurdled over some small

children who were in my way. At last I began to out-distance the pursuers, who were tumbling all over each other in an effort to capture me, and turning abruptly up a side street, I made for the house on my right. This last had an open casement about seven feet from the ground, and with a spring I caught the railing which encircled it, hastily drew myself up, and entered a vacant apartment.

"I was just in the nick of time, for I had scarcely disappeared from view, when the angry mob raced around the corner, and after a moment's consideration, began a hurried search for my hiding-place. Hearing voices in the next room, I hid myself behind a heavy portiere and waited, with throbbing heart. I was not a moment too soon, for scarcely had I concealed myself, when a tall man, I suppose he was a Spaniard, entered with a young girl, who was playing a guitar. The man approached the balcony, and looked askance at the mob, which was busily searching for me, and then shouted a few words with an imperious sweep of his arm. He must have been a person of great influence, for the yells and screams of the mob immediately subsided to a low grumble.

"The girl ceased playing and approached the spot where I was in hiding, and for a moment it seemed as if I must be discovered, for I was sure that she could hear the thumping of my heart. I stood as rigid as a statue, and my patience was rewarded by the couple leaving the room.

"Knowing that now was my only chance of escape, I crept forth from my place of concealment and proceeded stealthily to the door, on all fours. Peering carefully about, I noted a pair of stairs at my left, and no one being visible I went up these, three steps at a time, with a faint glow of hope in my heart. But I was doomed to disappointment, for I had scarce emerged upon the flat roof before a yell of triumph sounded, at close quarters, and a big negro came rushing at me. I avoided his charge and then pitched into him, and we swayed back and forth, now at the edge of the roof, and now by the stairs. In some

way we lost our footing and tumbled over and over down the stairs, punching and kicking. I reached the foot of the stairs ahead of the negro, leaped down another staircase, and emerged upon the street. I then found to my dismay, that my ankle had been severely twisted in the scrimmage, and that I was unable to go on.

"Seeing at once, that further flight was useless I determined to defend myself for a time, at least, and taking the only weapon I had, a twenty-two calibre revolver, in my right hand, I placed myself with my back to the wall of the house.

"With a loud shout the crowd gathered in front of me; I can't describe how I felt, nor can I describe how ugly and menacing the crowd appeared, but I can tell you that I never was so scared before nor since.

"They were certainly an ugly mob; negroes, Domingans, Spaniards, and the class of watermen one generally finds in the West Indies. They kept up a continual shouting and screaming, as if making suggestions to one another, and once in a while in the hubbub I could make out the sound of a Spanish oath.

"But despite their bravado they were all cowards, for the sight of my revolver seemed to awe them. From their animated gestures and voices I gathered that those in the rear were taunting and urging their compatriots in the foreground, while the latter desperately attempted to retire beyond the range of my gun, and in so doing trod upon the toes of their friends directly in the rear, thus causing much confusion and squabbling.

"There I was, with the perspiration streaming down my face, holding a vicious mob at bay with a small revolver; an unpleasant situation, you will agree.

"My little gun kept them about ten feet away, and I was foolishly yelling at them. all the while, in English.

"'Keep back,' I cried in a tense voice, 'keep back you cowards. Can any one here speak English?' And when no one responded I gave a loud shout of 'Help, help!' But no response came.

"In a few moments, the boldest of the mob, began to edge toward me, probably

suspecting that my weapon was really not loaded, but I soon dispelled that idea by firing over their heads, and at their feet.

"The next minute something touched my neck, and I don't remember exactly what happened. But I do recollect that somehow I lost my revolver; that the mob was stabbing at me, and that I fell over choked to insensibility by a rope around my neck.

"When I came to my senses, I found that I was lying in a gutter surrounded by a dense throng, who were arguing over my fate. There was a painful cut on my right cheek, the scar is there yet, and my clothes were torn and mud bedraggled.

"I made an effort to rise but was pushed down again by the excited barber, who sat upon my stomach to ensure my safe keeping. There was a movement in the crowd and in a moment two men clad immaculately in white duck, and armed with a sword and revolver apiece forced their way to my side. I recognized these men as government officials, and I never was so glad to see two men, as I was to see them, for I thought surely that the mob meant to kill me, and I don't think I was far wrong, either.

"The mob was quiet and sullen now, for I was out of their power, and in the clutches of the law. The little barber was jabbering excitedly, no doubt stating his side of the affair, while I sat up ruefully rubbing my injured ankle.

The soldiers or policemen, I don't know which, hauled me to my feet without ceremony, and pushed me through the crowd, and down the street.

"The mob now broke up, save for a few street urchins who followed us, hooting and yelling all the while. Although I was greatly relieved to be out of the power of the mob, I was by no means at my ease, for I well knew that I might have to remain two or three weeks in jail before having a trial, if I did not notify Captain W—— or the British consul.

"I kept my eyes open for some one who would take a message but no one appeared. At length I said, 'Do you

speaking English?' but they could not, and I saw that it would be impossible to explain my case to them. The officers spoke frequently to each other and I heard several times, the word *Americano*, spoken.

"We arrived in short order at the one-story stone structure, called the prison, into which I was discourteously thrust, with many protests. I was led down a pair of stairs along a stone corridor and finally shoved into a cell.

"When the lock had clicked behind me, I surveyed my surroundings with an air of interest, despite the fact that I was a prisoner. The room was about ten feet square, seven feet high, and with a small grated opening just below the ceiling; directly beneath the window was a stone bench covered with straw, upon which reclined the only occupant of the cell besides myself, an old negro, who was scrutinizing me with great interest.

"My personal appearance must have been prepossessing; my coat and trousers were torn and mud stained; my hat was gone and my face was covered with sweat and blood.

"My first thought was of the joke played upon me by thoughtless Captain W——; I was, as they say, neck full of profanity, and in my bitter indignation, I thought of a dozen ways in which I could get square with the captain. I resolved to spoil his untarnished reputation as a gentleman; I would report his conduct to the Minister of Marine, and proclaim him unfit to hold his position.

"I glanced about the cell; the very thought of remaining there overnight, let alone two or three weeks, was repugnant. But what could I do? The *Coral Leaf* sailed the next day, and I reasoned, in my anger, that if the captain could play such a cruel joke, he probably would clear Macoris and leave me to my fate. I was a little unjust to the captain I will allow, for I had always been one of his chosen friends.

"I found that the old negro could speak a little English and questioned him concerning when and where I would have my trial. He replied that every week the prisoners were taken under heavy guard to Santo Domingo City, the

capital, there to be tried, and that he was expecting a guard to appear at the cell door, to take us, any minute.

"I paced back and forth uneasily, and then sprang upon the bench and peered through the grated opening which faced a wide alley.

"I had scarcely taken my position, when I beheld a tall negro in white duck come swinging up the street, and as he came nearer I recognized him to be Rinaldo, the revenue officer whose life I had saved the day before. As he passed an arm's length from me, I called his name. He peered through the bars, and saw who I was, and then I explained by gesture what I wanted done. I tore a page from my notebook, and scribbled enough upon it to make Captain W—— understand that I was in prison as a result of his joke, and needed his immediate assistance.

"A half an hour elapsed before I heard a commotion on the floor above,

and in a few seconds a key rattled in the lock, and the door swung open. In strode Captain W——, with anxious mien, followed by one of the soldiers, evidently an officer, if gold lace amounts to anything.

"Without a word Captain W—— held out his hand toward me, and instantly I thought better of my resolution, never to forgive him, and gave him a hearty hand shake. I then explained the case to him, fully, and he speaking in fluent Spanish, informed the officer how the unfortunate incident occurred.

"The official was very gracious, and escorted us to the barber's where a sufficient sum was expended. The barber said "Muchos gracias," in such a leering tone that I felt like kicking him for the trouble he had caused me.

"Well, the captain apologized so profusely that it was impossible to have any ill-feeling about it. He said he had learned his lesson, and I believe he had."

REAL TROUBLES

By GERTRUDE H. McGIFFERT

Your eyes are masked to-day—

The skies are gray,

Winds cry among the solitary trees,

The dying embers sadden me to tears,

A barrel-organ stirs old memories

Of other years.

The dull belated sunset seems a part

Of my defeated heart,

My tattered chair, my faded tapestries,

My broken clock, ah so—

I know

If you had kissed me all the world were gay

To-day!

NEW ENGLAND: THE WORLD'S SHOE CENTER

By ALFRED WARREN DONOVAN

*President of Boston Boot and Shoe Club, Vice-President of the Massachusetts
State Board of Trade*

WHEN shrewd Darius Cobb and canny Thomas Hunt began the manufacture of shoes in old Abington in 1800 they established the supremacy of New England as the center, the heart and home, of the shoe and leather industry. Her supremacy has never been questioned since that day despite the vigorous efforts of our Western friends, who with indomitable courage have sought to win for the West our birth-right. Easier would be the transfer of the pyramid Cheops, from Egypt to Boston Common, or the Tower of London to the Harvard stadium. Why? Simple enough. Ask the New England tanner for instance if it is not true that it is impossible to obtain the same results in other sections of the country as they do here. It may be the water of our New England hills. The workers on the leather say it is, but possibly science has a more impressive reason for it. Call it the spirit of Darius Cobb, Tom Hunt and their prototypes, which has insidiously saturated our atmosphere with shoe-making fever and there you will have it. Shoe men *know* that New England always was and always must be the leader and aside from excellence of product, three centuries of Yankee workmanship and genius, they will tell you that it is something else that makes New England superior. It is psychological and cannot be reduced to exact terms of expression and it is perfectly understood in the trade that the leadership could not go elsewhere and be maintained.

Why is it that shoe workers from a distant section, who have been failures in their previous environment, come to New England and become successful, skillful and highly paid workmen? Why is it that a shoe manufacturer who has been unsuccessful in foreign fields can come here and be successful? Give the reason and you have the cause of our superiority. "It's in the air of New England to make good shoes—a man can't help it," so a prominent manufacturer once declared when after a serious study into the underlying forces he finally decided that aside from skill, superiority of all kinds and masterly administration, there was a deeper, vaguer, and more subtle reason for our leadership.

Is there any danger of New England's losing her supremacy? Possibly, if those engaged in the industry lie down and let the progressive Western spirit beat us to the markets. Yes, if we who have been working shoulder to shoulder in our factories and boards of trade cease to show interest in our chosen business, but is this at all likely? Hardly! We lead. We always shall lead and the West must follow. The business spirit is awake here. Within a decade the boards of trade movements have taken on a new aspect and renewed vigor. New England is now endowed permanently with the hustling, dogged progressive spirit which has always been so closely associated with the business life of the great West, so with our natural advantages and long experience we have been able to say to the folk from the Westward, "Follow."

Asaph Dunbar turned out good shoes in Rockland in 1826. He was the Pioneer "big manufacturer." Cobb and Hunt had worked in a small, local way. Dunbar had gone far out into the sparsely settled communities, yes even into Philadelphia and New York to get trade and justly won the right to be called "shoe merchant." His were the old pegged sole methods, which you and I have seen within our own time at the wayside cobbler's, but every peg was sent home with an honest blow which spelled and punctuated the words "good New England workmanship" and we of the intricate, human-like machinery days have honestly endeavored to follow that ancient manipulator of elbow grease.

To paraphrase, "Those were the times that tried men's soles," because those springless, dead bottoms certainly racked the very vitals of the wearers even though Asaph Dunbar and his followers were forever striving to make better and more stylish boots, especially for the women folks. History shows that the demand for dainty feminine footwear was as persistent and as unswerving in those old days as it is to-day, and it was their pretty persistence which made our fathers and grandfathers rack their ingenious brains to continually provide something better and brought us where we are to-day—to the forefront.

We must look far, far into the dim past to ascertain just what led to our present supremacy and as I write I have in mind the reasons so neatly summarized by an efficient New England publicity organization in a recent publication. Three hundred years ago we first began to manufacture. For one hundred years we worked day and night to supply ourselves with the barest necessities. Cut off from the old country, depressed at times through hardships and reluctant to call upon those across the water for aid, the struggle was a bitter one, but the spirit survived to become triumphant. First it was general manufacture, but during the first hundred years of incubation the germ of specialization increased from an atom to a healthy child and when the century had closed the period of specialization had been nursed into robust

youth.

The Yankee knack was turned to detail and we saw perfected almost daily exquisitely constructed machinery that saved labor, carefully eliminated and saved for proper purposes valuable by-products; that detected and eliminated every item of waste and began to make us a moneyed nation. These things were true of all sorts of devices, but they were particularly applicable to the shoe-making industry, which has been so typical of New England. That Yankee with the knack was absolutely dissatisfied with things as they were. No sooner had he made one improvement than another even more startling presented itself to his ever active brain and the fever of invention spread with startling rapidity and amazing results.

For years the shoe manufacturer, endowed with that good judgment and conservatism inherited from the pioneers in the trade, used the best of the old and the best of the new. Surprising though it may seem, having in mind the remarkable performances of present day machinery, within our recollection the old wayside shoemaker was a common sight. He yanked the waxed thread and hammered vigorously all the day long to produce three pairs of shoes, and it seems remarkable that with the invention of one particular machine within recent years, the capacity of one man increased about three hundred per cent.

The making of shoes up to the Civil War, was a crude sort of business at best and progress was but fairly noticeable until Gordon McKay with Blake of Abington invented and perfected their remarkable machine. Because capital refused to listen to Mr. McKay he adopted and perfected a leasing system, through which he retained title to his unknown machines and got them into factories at a low rate to the conservative manufacturers who at that time distrusted their efficiency. All manufacturers know that it was this lone fighter, penniless and friendless, who started the efficient leasing system, which was adopted, perfected and continued with phenomenal success by the United Shoe Machinery Company. The advantage of



ALFRED W. DONOVAN, PRES. OF E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., PRES. OF BOSTON
BOOT AND SHOE CLUB, VICE PRES. MASSACHUSETTS
STATE BOARD OF TRADE

this method to the struggling manufacturer who need not spend a great sum in starting his business, cannot be overestimated.

In Essex county, Massachusetts, the infant industry was cradled and when it had fairly attained its growth began to be heard of through the great country, and the West awoke to a realization of its possibilities. But never did New England allow itself to be out-stripped. The inventions of McKay and his nimble-witted associates made room for the organiza-

tion of the company that has made the modern shoe a structure of comfort, beauty and altogether the most delightful foot repository since those happy days when climatic conditions and lack of convention permitted the untrammelled claspings of the foot by the airy and graceful scandal.

Could this continual, brainy reaching after perfection have been carried on in a haphazard manner? As an open-minded manufacturer, I believe that it could not have been done. The organ-

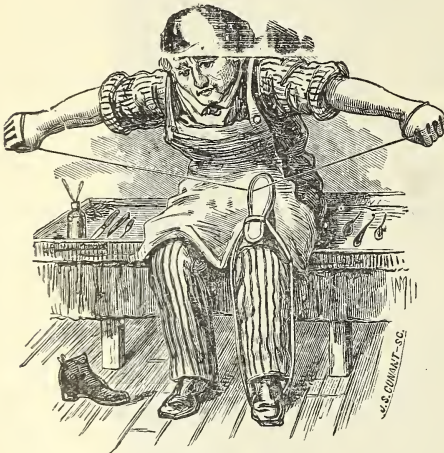
ization of a corps of experts under progressive, business-like management made the development of our industry possible and the fellow who has struggled to success with their aid must admit that behind the apparently impassive iceberg there was the undercurrent of good-fellowship and encouragement, which assured us that behind the clouds there was a substantial prop.

The many manufacturers who have struggled, as I have here indicated, will agree with my humble opinion that the leasing and royalty system was of ineffable advantage to them and never did they fear for their future with the able support behind them. "The truth about

famous. Our shoe machinery interests have carried the doctrine and products of New England inventive genius to the distant parts of the world. Both these manufacturing interests of the shoe industry have been imbued with the wholesome desire to produce at all times masterpieces in their particular line, so that the New England dogma has become world famous.

Organization has always meant a great deal to commercial interests and we are fortunate here in having such perfect systems engaged in our own favorite industry. Take the road organization of the great shoe machinery manufacturing company. The leasing system carries with it the necessity of keeping the machines up to the highest standard and men must patrol the country for that purpose. This band of experts, disciples of a masterly system, keen and analytical, are the best advance agents New England could possibly have. Descendants of keen, careful mechanics, saturated with New England shoe sentiment, they go through the great West, and oftentimes across the water bringing our advanced ideas to the stranger who is eager to imitate. Imitate they may, but to lead is psychologically impossible. Argument from strangers cannot change the ideas of these men that New England leads. Many have tried to coerce them into the belief that the West was the place for machinery and shoe development, but they have absolutely failed. Give me more of these apostles of New England industry and our industrial faith is safe.

The shoe and leather men of New England will not rest upon their record for good workmanship and honest goods to maintain their supremacy. It might have been possible in the old days, but our friends of the West have realized the advantages of publicity and persistent advertising of even ordinary goods, bearing an effective trade-mark. It is necessary for us to judiciously and persistently advertise our goods. The "Made in New England" doctrine should be ours. Our goods should bear its stamp. Our cases should be literally pasted with signs bearing the four magic words, so that when the goods reach the



THE OLD WAY

From an old woodcut in early literature sent out by McKay and Goodyear, showing the old cobbler with a capacity of three pairs of shoes per day.

New England," is all that is necessary to advertise her. We are all working together to make New England superior, not only in shoes, but in every other line of activity. Shoe manufacturers and shoe machinery interests have worked shoulder to shoulder. Without the great shoe industry and the "shoe feeling" in the air of New England, the United company would not have prospered so famously. Without the assistance of the company, the New England shoe would be held back many years in attaining her great supremacy. Our shoes have gone out from New England and made us

distant sections of the world where they are going each day in ever increasing quantities, New England-made shoes will have the same significance to distant folks that they have to the United States.

Recently a writer truly declared that the only thing the matter with New England is that she fails to appreciate her

and it is a well known fact that statistics recently showed that one-fifth of the savings of the American people are in New England savings and co-operative banks. It is a great place in which to live. Our children are well cared for by our great public schools, and with that persistent self-advertisement and alertness to pro-



THE NEW WAY

Showing the exquisitely proportioned Goodyear Welt and Turn Shoe Machine that works upon thousands of shoes every day with amazing and tireless accuracy.

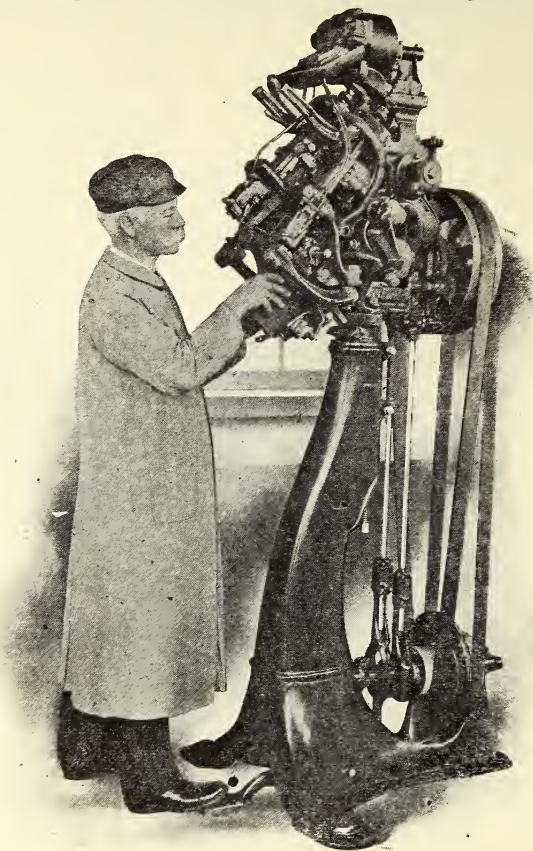
advantages. New England is superior to any other part of the country from a business and commercial standpoint, but constant reiteration by boards of trade and other commercial bodies seems to be absolutely necessary to keep the district alive to its advantages and responsibilities. We are in the wealthiest community in the world, which means that the purchasing power is correspondingly enormous. Our savings are greatest,

gressive business methods that mean business leadership, our future looms up gloriously.

The world has been opened up to us through the efficient assistance of the state department at Washington and the consular corps. The New England manufacturer had a good advance agent in the shoe machinery branch of our industry which sent its Yankee machines to Europe, but never appreciably dis-

turbed our shoe trade with them. New England must be awake to the importance of the international exposition to be held in Turin, Italy, during 1911. The State department is alive to the importance of this great exposition, and Secretary Knox has agreed to allow it to give the exposition its patronage.

uously labelling our product. "Made in New England" should be emphasized. There is nothing which our business men could do that would accrue more to their advantage than to cooperate with the Shoe and Leather Association, the able Chamber of Commerce of Boston, and other New England boards of trade in



REX PULLING-OVER MACHINE

With steel pincers operating far more rapidly and accurately than the human fingers. The leather is drawn over the last and nailed.

Our New England Shoe and Leather Association which so ably inaugurated and persistently pushed our consular forces to a realization of the importance of New England industries, deserves all the credit for this awakening of the State department to its responsibilities.

In connection with this foreign phase of the New England shoe industry we must emphasize the importance of the vigorous advertising of our product and our district, by generously and conspic-

spreading the "Made in New England" gospel. Billions of pairs of shoes have been sent out, some of them generously advertised with some sort of trade mark, but at least three billion pairs have been sent broadcast with their home market not indicated. Imagine the great impetus to our progressive trade movement here, if all those great shipments were generously bespattered with the "Made in New England" labels.

It is our intolerable New England



EXAMPLE OF MODERN NEW ENGLAND
MADE SHOES

complacency that so long deferred such a movement as the "Made in New England." Our ultra-conservatism has deterred us somewhat. Our energy should be directed more to the outside advertising of our produce. New England is ours safely enough, but the worth of our product and institutions must be more clearly enunciated in all corners of the world.

Although they have in Europe the advantage of the same highly perfected machinery which we have, the European shoe for four or five dollars cannot compare with our three dollar shoe either in beauty or comfort. We can maintain the New England lead even in Europe, as the tariff is not severe. It is not in excess of fifty cents per pair on any European tariff list, while the whole Italian market is open to us with a twenty cents per pair tariff.

New England individuality, which has made our goods immediately recognizable in the shoe consuming centers should be even more firmly impressed upon the world. We have nothing to learn from the West except to assimilate their hustling self-advertisement principles, and to be as sanguine as they are about the future.

The atmosphere of New England is bad for the pessimist. The very air buzzes with the hum of progress, and our own industry makes us just as distinctive to the United States as is Manchester,

England, through her great weaving organizations. Our shoes have made us famous, and our shoe machinery manufacturing interests have made it possible for us to become still more noted.

An organization that makes it possible for any intelligent shoemaker to begin the manufacture of shoes without the initial outlay of a vast sum of money, and without the attendant loss of interest on his investment as well as the loss through depreciation of equipment, has been a potent factor in our progress. No man can say that the startling advances that we have made in the past decade as shoe men and as New England business men would have been possible without that factor.

Exquisitely constructed is the shoe machinery of the present day, but our leadership would long ago have been seriously jeopardized, in my humble opinion, but for the distinction this branch of our industry gave to New England. We must admit that this shoe machinery organization has such a firm hold upon the trade that it would be presumptuous for any outsider to step in at this late day and attempt to dislodge it. The spirit of cooperation between the two principal branches of the industry, shoe machinery, and shoe manufacturing are a unit, working shoulder to shoulder



EXAMPLE OF MODERN NEW ENGLAND
MADE SHOES



EXAMPLE OF MODERN NEW ENGLAND
MADE SHOES

to tell the world about New England. This spirit has always been maintained and is growing even stronger.

These salient features must be forever remembered. Our preëminence in the shoe industry is due to an early start and the unusual geographical and climatic conditions that combine to give us that "Shoe feeling" previously mentioned. Competition for a long time remained inactive. But can we, of New England, ignore the fact that the very foundation, on which was erected the present imposing Western advertising of Western shoes was the distribution of the New England-made shoes which are still being

bought in enormous quantities and sold as a Western product. Then what can we not do if we add Western advertising methods to our own high-grade reputation?

These words from a publisher to New England shoe men neatly summarize the situation as regards New England: "It has been said that every ten years practically changes the entire personnel of the shoe retailers of the country. Old buyers who knew the material and skill your father used in making shoes, are giving place to young, progressive retailers who want goods that are known-goods that move.

"The public is being educated to call for all kinds of goods under a trade-mark name. They realize that no manufacturer can long afford to cheapen a product over his own name, and they place confidence in the trade-mark. New England shoe manufacturers have nothing to fear by telling the truth about your goods."

Let New England know herself. Her methods are superior. Fate was kind in decreeing that the industry of shoe making should be located within her boundaries. Yankee knack and genius made her famous and made it profitable for all branches of the industry to locate here. The world loves New England. The markets are open to her, and we stand upon the threshold of a better, more glorious and profitable future for our beloved district and ourselves.



HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR

AN APPRECIATION

By LATHAM TRUE, MUS. D.

IF on the map of Germany a triangle be drawn, having as its base a line connecting the cities of Leipzig and Dresden and as its apex the city of Berlin, about half-way between Dresden and Berlin and equally distant from the three cities, will be found the town of Finsterwalde, the birthplace and early home of Hermann Kotzschmar. Somewhat off beaten lines of travel, we still find in this region quaint walled towns into whose atmosphere of respectable antiquity the din of modernity has as yet hardly penetrated. Its people cling tenaciously to customs of by-gone days. Villages hold their weekly fairs, to which the country-side resorts, as of old, for gossip and barter; and the lusty voice of the town crier, proclaiming his news in public places, falls strangely on modern ears and carries us back to the more primitive days of Hermann Kotzschmar's youth. His father, Gottfried Kotzschmar, was town musician of Finsterwalde, and from his earliest childhood Hermann breathed an atmosphere of music. It is hard to realize that when he was born Beethoven had been dead less than three years, and that memories of Mozart and Haydn were as fresh in the minds of many yet living as are those of Wagner and Liszt to scores of our own contemporaries. The cities of Germany were at this time centers of musical unrest; but nothing of all this had as yet reached the smaller towns, and in Finsterwalde the traditions of Mozart and the early Beethoven still held peaceful sway. Stadtmusiker Kotzschmar was a busy man, but as was the custom of the country he taught his son to play passably on several instruments, and by the

time Hermann had reached his teens he was not only a pianist of marked ability, but was able also to perform his part creditably on the violin, flute, clarinet, trombone or horn. This training during his formative years was of incalculable value in later life. Not only did his familiarity with the different instruments and his orchestral experience develop his ability to read rapidly and perform accurately, and impress upon his plastic mind imperishable images of blended tone color; but from the music which he heard and performed he learned to value the directness and simplicity of style which we recognize as characteristic of his own compositions. While yet a mere boy he left these quiet home surroundings to continue his studies in Dresden, where for five years he worked industriously to broaden the technical foundations already laid. It was here that he mastered the intricacies of counterpoint, and in the music of Bach and his contemporaries he drank deeply at that fountain-head which has been for our time the source of all true musical appreciation. From this school of strict writing he developed the keen insight and critical knowledge which became so valuable to later generations, and in after years, in his adopted home, he delighted to show to students the pages he had filled with contrapuntal studies, painstakingly worked. It was here in Dresden that he breathed for the first time the fresh atmosphere of a new musical dawning, filling and expanding his youthful lungs with the crisp morning air of Romanticism. Our imagination loves to dwell on what might have happened had young Kotzschmar remained in this en-

vironment. The light which burned in his eye was never the quiet, steady flame of classicism; and despite an inborn love of form and an inbred technique of strict composition, no one who knew him can doubt that the passion of his genius would have swept him into the new movement, perhaps,—who knows?—to enroll his name among those whose fame is world-wide in the annals of music.

These were Hermann Kotzschmar's apprentice years. His period of wandering, following hard upon them, was of shorter duration, but it led him far afield into a new land across the sea, and left him stranded and penniless in a country with whose language and customs and musical ideals he was unfamiliar. That the sapling thrived and took firm root and grew into a hardy tree in its new environment, was due to the stock whence it sprang. Of Slavonic strain, as well as Teutonic,—for the name Kotzschmar is Czesch, meaning Landbesitzer, landed proprietor,—his nature possessed many of the hardy traits of his wandering ancestors, as well as the tenacity of purpose characteristic of the German people. These, and the practical experience he had already gained, sustained him during his early years in Portland, when he was obliged to labor under the pressure of immediate and stern necessity and to turn his abilities to practical account. It was no longer the cultivation of the fugue, it was the use of his bow in the theatre; no longer Romantic dreamings, but the driest of hack work, which filled his waking hours. But amid all this drudgery he found occasional spare moments and set to work bravely to develop still further his own taste and skill, until gradually, as he himself grew in breadth and independence, he lifted first his pupils, then his associates, and finally the whole musical community, to higher levels of attainment and appreciation. As he became more firmly established he dropped those labors which were most uncongenial in performance and least elevating in association, and as a performer he became identified solely with the organ and piano. By temperament and early training he was admirably fitted to command the resources of the

former instrument. Here again, though in somewhat different dress, were the shades of tone color to which the orchestra had accustomed his ear. The rows of stops were to him so many skilled performers, whose tones he interwove and blended at will,

Bidding his organ obey, calling its keys
to their work,
Chaining each slave of a sound at a
touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels
Should rush into sight at once, as he
named the ineffable Name.

As organist he grew to embody all the best characteristics of his time. Organ playing, in this country, at least, was confined largely to the offices of the church service, and the organ numbers, instead of being set compositions, as is the rule to-day, were generally extemporaneous. Mr. Kotzschmar's improvisation was undoubtedly the most untrammelled expression he ever attained of his inner musical nature. It was above all else forceful and original in treatment, while yet sufficiently conventional in detail to satisfy the demands of classic form. Portland has known other skilful organists, but in improvisation he stands unrivalled. People came from far and near to hear him, and returned again and again to "listen and bow the head." His mastery of the instrument was complete. As the bell tolled the hour of service, the soft tone of the organ pedals, half heard, half felt, seemed to

Burrow awhile and build broad on the
roots of things,
Then up again shoot into sight
And another would mount
Another and yet another, one crowd but
with many a crest,
Raising rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place
to the rest.

But through it all he never lost sight of the fitness of time and place. The voice of the organ was always modulated to its part in the church service, and he never

permitted his fancy to lure him too far astray into by-paths of frivolity or secularity. Such handling of the instrument could never be taught, and as he had no equal so he left no successor. Technically, an analysis of his style revealed only devices understood and practiced by every organist,—here a retardation, there an acceleration, again a blending of known stops to produce definite tonal effects. But formal analysis must always fail to sound the depths of an individuality through whose talent God has elected to speak, and the cleverest imitation of his methods failed to produce his results. He sermonized from the organ loft no less directly than did the line of scholarly men who spoke from the pulpit; and it is as organist, as priest of the divine art of spontaneous soul-outburst through the keys of his instrument, that whoever sat under his ministration in old First Parish meeting-house, will remember him longest and most fondly.

Many of these same charming characteristics showed themselves in his handling of the piano. But the piano seemed never quite to satisfy him. There was something lacking in its mechanical alliance of hammer and string, and he reached out, unconsciously perhaps, after something which that instrument, with its limitations, could never supply. This elusive ideal was color. When he sought to bring from the piano what the organ gave so willingly, he demanded impossibilities; but though he did not succeed in reproducing those lovely tone sketches, he was able to imitate them with marvelous fidelity. The piano is to the orchestra what drawing in black and white is to painting in oils. Light and shade pertain to both, but on the piano texture and color may be suggested only, never made quite real. To Mr. Kotzschmar such composers as Beethoven or Schumann spoke always in terms of orchestra, and he strove by every known device of touch to translate at the piano the blending of orchestral voices. Besides this, his playing had the charm of perpetual extemporization. Whether he played written notes or gave rein to his own imagination, to him music was al-

ways extemporization. This was his gypsy temperament, the inexplicable Slavonic mystery of race and blood which his fingers wove into the warp and woof of every fabric. Everything he played became as peculiarly his own as if he himself had composed it. This was equally true of his accompaniment playing, in which he excelled. Not only did he accompany intelligently, delicately, sympathetically,—every good accompanist does the same; he added individuality, and though he often seemed to violate all set rules of accompaniment playing, his was the authority of the master and his results always justified whatever liberties he took. No soloist outshone his brilliant support, and through the inspiration of his genius mediocrity in performance became interesting.

But though it was as a performer that Mr. Kotzschmar was best known locally, it was as a choral conductor that he attained widest recognition. He was one of the pioneers, and no list of America's great conductors is complete without his name. Under his baton the Haydn Association became one of the leading oratorio societies of the country, and had the growth of Portland enabled it to follow whither his genius led, it would still retain all its former prestige. His was the dominant personality which created in our city a taste for the performance of oratorio, his the inspiration of its success, his the indomitable will which sustained it as long as any human power could have done so. His methods as conductor were simple and direct, his interpretation forceful and earnest, his results dignified and musicianly. He sank his own individuality in that of the composer whose works he sought to interpret, and he scorned those idiosyncrasies of genius which inevitably detract from the sincerity of performance.

His most modest, and at the same time his most enduring professional work was as a teacher. In the reposeful hours of recurring lessons his contact with a student grew lovingly intimate, and he watched with tender solicitude over the unfolding of a musical nature. As a master he inspired respect and reverence, for

he imparted his knowledge with dignity and authority, though with unostentatious simplicity. Strict at times, he was always gentle and patient and painstaking. He built for eternity, therefore he built slowly. He loved to use many illustrations, drawn not only from his profound knowledge of music but from a seemingly inexhaustible store of general information, analyzing, criticising, generalizing and comparing, until the driest technicality, clothed from his mind, grew lovely in appearance. He developed ideals of beauty in the lives of his pupils; but he did far more than that,—he cultivated independence of thought. This is the secret of perfect teaching, and since he understood and applied it he should rank among the greatest of teachers. He produced, not slavish imitators of himself, but self-reliant musicians, masters of method and interpretation. His pupils have graced the high places of the land, and the precious heritage of his teaching has been handed down in ever-widening circles of influence.

Mr. Kotzschmar's contributions to musical literature were neither numerous nor pretentious. They were the thoughts of his spare hours, his occasional recreation from the arduous duties of his profession, rather than a part of his serious life work; and they bore the stamp of youthful ideals rather than those of his more dazzling maturity. Sung by his sympathetic choir his hymns and anthems added dignity to the service of his church, and his piano compositions and songs graced many a social hour. Few of his published works have come down to us, but at least one of these has attained almost world-wide recognition. His life melody had the freshness of eternal youth or true genius, and when he confided his thoughts to paper they flowed with naive simplicity. It was Kotzschmar the man who wrote, not Kotzschmar the musician, and like himself his sketches bubbled over with kindly humor. In them we may read his appreciation of Nature, the song of the brook, the murmur of waves. He delighted to wander all day long beside trout streams or to angle idly from shady banks. Such men

are always lovable, and when they speak to us in their hours of relaxation, whether in notes of music or in the less exact language of words, theirs is always a message of peace and purity to which we lend willing ears. If we knew naught of him save through these fragments of composition, we should still feel that his life had been pure, his nature guileless, his ideals lofty. To this we can add only that in all his outward relations, in the manifold interdependencies which build character,—as husband, father, friend, associate, citizen,—his life was worthy of emulation, and that he richly deserved the high esteem in which he was held.

The influence of such a life cannot be measured. His career will pass into history; but the notes he played, the words of wisdom he spoke, the impulses for good which radiated from his life of service, will endure in the souls which received from him the breath of musical life. Other fingers will draw music from his organ keys; other batons will inspire uplifted voices in concerted song; other worthy men will uphold Music's standard; but the life of Hermann Kotzschmar will not have been lived in vain: There never shall be one lost good!

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All we have willed or hoped or dreamed  
of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty  
nor good nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each  
survives . . .  
When eternity confirms the conceptions  
of an hour.

~~~~~

The sun sinks slowly towards the western horizon. Shadows lengthen; clouds reflect the richer tints of sunset, and the air grows vibrant with the solemn cadence of day. Birds cease their noon-tide songs; flowers are lulled to sleep in the drowsy stillness. Conflict is laid aside, and all Nature sinks to rest. So were the last years of his life. The lengthening shadows of approaching age softened his rugged outlines; the light of another world reflected in his countenance, and his voice grew vibrant with the solemn cadence of life. Conflict he knew no more, for he had learned Life's lesson,

and he saw its perfect pattern where only tangled threads had been. A "peace that passeth understanding" had entered his soul. The unity of God and Life and Music had been revealed to him. To his clearer vision the past had blended with the present into perfect harmony, and he understood and was satisfied. "Grow old along with me,"—his was now the ripe wisdom of the seer:—
 Grow old along with me;
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was

made.
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith, "A whole I planned;
 Youth shows but half; trust God, see all,
 nor be afraid."

And while he yet walked the last peaceful descent from the mountain-top, the sun had set, and the pall of night began to sink softly, lovingly, over the luminous twilight of old age, as

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
 Down around the weary world
 Falls the darkness.

BALLAD OF DICKEY-BIRD

By JAMES O'NEILL

O foolish little Dickey-Bird,—
 Of all the birds I knew,
 You really were the most absurd,
 And most pathetic, too,
 What tempted you to build your nest,
 Inside our garden wall?
 For, easily you might have guessed
 What danger would befall,
 Pray, had you never seen the cat
 Steal by on silent feet?
 She saw you—there's no doubt of that
 But glanced aside—discreet.
 You finished your soft nest, I know,
 About the first of May,—
 Your husband helped, but he was slow.
 And mostly in the way,—
 And then,—it really seemed too soon,—
 Four little ones you had,—
 'Twas in the early part of June,
 And both of us were glad,
 And aye, there was another still,
 As glad as you or I,
 Who watched with purpose and with will,
 And cruel, subtle eye,
 You flew away in quest of food,—
 She crept beside the wall,—
 And you returned,—where was your brood?
 Not one was left of all!
 And did this lesson make you wise?
 Nay, nay, 'twas quite in vain.—
 Next year you came, to my surprise,
 And lost your babes again!
 So I must say poor Dickey-Bird,
 With all respect to you,
 Your actions are the most absurd,
 And most pathetic, too!

ALEXANDER'S "ODES ON THE GENERATIONS OF MAN"

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

A FRIEND of mine to whose judgment I would often gladly yield, were I not constitutionally too stubborn, urged me the other day, to read a recently published book of verse by Hartley Burr Alexander of the University of Nebraska. Now if there is one thing more damnable than another it is personally recommended verse. To survive that curse poetry must be poetry indeed.

Half the pleasure of reading poetry lies in one's own discovery of its beauty, a pleasure somewhat akin, I fancy, to the original creation of it. The other half lies in the sympathetic sharing of one's discovery. When both of these are missing, only truly great verse can stand the test. I could no more enjoy a book of poems with notes to call my attention to their particular felicities than I could a landscape exploited by guide boards bearing such legends as "Note the weird effect of this dead branch against the sky," or "See reflection, very remarkable." And I think that all habitual readers of poetry must, by the same instinct, seek by-paths rather than high-ways for the pursuit of their quarry.

Something of this decidedly egoistic delight in discovery I was still able to enjoy a trifle surreptitiously and as an aftermath to the reading of the book itself. For if I was somewhat abashed from my first ardor upon learning that this all too slender volume had already enjoyed the distinction of "unusual praise" from "the critics," whoever they may be, I was somewhat rehabilitated into the role of bursting first into that silent sea by the further discovery, after very particular inquiry, that the volume

was not on sale in the book stalls of Boston—"would be happy to send, etc." And I, underneath the hypocritical scowl which I assumed, was secretly elated that the buying public of Boston had not yet discovered and appropriated this garden spot, nor thrown their lunch baskets all over its emerald lawns and haunted groves.

It puts me in the position of being able to say some rather sharp things to them for not having seen and not having enjoyed.

I wonder if the day will ever return when the publication of a volume of genuinely great poetry will cause even a momentary ripple over any considerable area in the daily flow of events. Alexander's "Odes on the Generations of Man" (not the happiest of titles) is such a volume. It was published January a year ago,—and not a copy is on sale in the city of Boston! The temptation is to make that the text and leave the verse to find its own way to the hearts of such as have them. This it is abundantly capable of doing, but the process is such a slow one. Besides, when a man has published a volume of verse he needs friends if he ever did in his life. And if there are any friends who ought to speak up it is those who have been made so and whose only thread of connection with the writer is the impersonal one created by the verse itself.

"Odes on the Generations of Man" is not a happy title for a latter-day volume of verse. The word "Odes" has an academic sound that is forbidding to most, and the "Generations of Man" savors of unpleasant didactics. The unfavourable impression of the title is

rather enhanced than otherwise by the prefatory note and its all too lame apology for the unnecessary use of the *tempo* indices of musical notation at the head of each division, or ode. Something is wrong with the poem whose first lines do not set its own *tempo*, and if the trouble is with the reader, fool's guides will not set him right. The use of these indices throughout the volume, as "Prelude, Largo, Ode I, Andante fiorito," etc., is unpleasantly suggestive of affectation or even pedantic nicety. But this is nothing. It is like criticizing the front door of a house whose hospitality has cheered and comforted us. Once inside we forget the artificial graining or veneer or what-not of the offending front door. Within is the sound of music of chords struck with a firm, masculine hand like the grand minstrelsy of old. His meaning? That is as you will. He strikes certain chords with a clear, strong touch and the rest is with the reader. His are not the "universally human" chords, in the common sense of that rather vague phrase. But they are the cosmically human ones. It is a music that finds us as motes in the infinite whirl

"Where to their slow extinguishment
 "Fall fated stars and the still years miss
 "All measurement."

On all this, modern science has lifted the veil so convincingly that most of us have taken it rather to heart. The utter cosmical insignificance of humanity appalls us. And the usual consolations are so baldly insufficient. Springing from those who have never felt the force of the truth they would palliate, what on earth is their use? Among these false consolers, these pretty singers of bygone prettinesses about a type of faith that never more can be, our poet is not to be numbered.

His songs find us in "the mid-earth life."

They have looked backward and forward—backward to man's beginning when

"In strange tropic forests he awoke

"From the long, brute dream,"

and forward to that last earth-day when

"The planet stays her nutrient yield
 "And the desert gates are sealed
 "On the last oasis of a dying continent."

Through the eyes of the last man on that dying continent, his songs look back on the whole of human history, brief, fatuous.

They sound the depths of our unhope and find something left. They search the offense of the human effort, uncloak its bizarre passions, its restless mischievousness, its animal cruelty and from such unpromising parts construct a total that is softly and beautifully spiritual, a Vesper song of the test tubes, a recession from the laboratory!

"Oh, the glittering things ye call real things,
 "And the glittering thoughts ye call truth,
 "They are trinkets and baubles and apings
 "For children and impotent shapings
 "Of the cowardly hearts that conceal things

"Burdened with ruth."

"They are weaves out of dream and illusion,
 "They are fabrics of mockery and cheat,
 "And their show is but shamming of graces,
 "And they stead ye in ruinous places.
 "And their work is a work of confusion
 "Compact in deceit."

"Yea, the glittering things ye call real things,
 "They are bauble and toy, they are dream,—
 "But the world that is real is another
 "Than this where we swelter and smother
 "And in tawdry and tinsel conceal things
 "Meant to redeem."

"And the heart of the man that is fearless,
 "And the vision of him that is wise,
 "They are strong unto Nature's revealing,

"And he bursted the seals of her sealing,
 "And layeth her beauteous and peerless
 "Prone to his eyes."

It is significant that a man should feel it in his heart to sing this—significant of our time and the stalwart faith with which it has learned to endure the probe of science. He has sung his monism into a better faith than itself. He finds us on our burnt out and slowly cooling cinder, earth, and leaves us no illusions about it but in the end makes us only the more divinely human. He knows the trial of our faith and therefore speaks with us and for us.

The science of our day may be but a passing phase, but it is mightily convincing in some of its utterances, and it has gripped the life of our day and mightily transformed it. It has changed the whole feeling of life. And that new feel of life—call it ephemeral if you will, is so adequately imagined in this book of Odes on the Generations of Man as to make it a very true and very genuine voice of our time. And the conclusion? There is none—or at least only a literary one, a satisfying of the canons of form, a structural completion, not a philosophical one. The nearest approach to this latter is in the sixth Ode on the Vision of the King of Pain,

"The countless spirits of the hurts that
 men
 "Have suffered for the making of the
 world:
 "Harsh pangs of birth and grievings for
 the dead
 "And smarts of passion, and strain of
 them that strove
 "Till broken on the rack of their en-
 deavour,
 "And the wound of them that sought
 with sightless eyes."

* * * *

And I knew
 "The sovereign cost of life, and again I

knew

"The sovereign redemption; and I saw
 "How through the acting aeons still is
 paid
 "The price of beauty in a price of pain."

The actual conclusion offered in the postlude is more after the manner of a musical return to theme than of a gathered result, and the entire poem is rather a musical movement than an argument. Indeed, artistically considered, it is a question if too much has not been conceded by the poet to the demand for logical development and argumentative conclusion. That which, at its best, the poem expresses is the total impression of the world-life of the modern scientific conception as it reacts on our emotional natures. It is in that utterance and in its beauty in detail that it appeals to us as a beautiful and noble poem. We find it stimulating and awakening intellectually rather than illuminating, the voice of a singer rather than of a seer.

Technically, his versification is more obediently formal than at first appears. Beneath its apparent structure one hears the lilt of the old stanzic forms. It is as if one should take the Eve of St. Agnes and redivide the lines according to their secondary rather than their primary, or ostensible rhythm. And he is at his best in his most symmetrical stanza form, which is the more remarkable as his spirit is that of the emancipators whom he betters in freedom, a singer—a great singer, a voice of our time, and yet—the book is not on sale in Boston. Verily, we need to hear the call of his own dithyrambic interlude.

"Awake! For the white-pillared porches
 "Of dawn are flung open to-day!
 "And the jubilant voices of morning
 "With laughter and boisterous warning
 "On, on through the azuring arches,
 "Summon away!"



The evil that nature does lives after in the memories of men, "the good is oft interred with the dead leaves of the passing season. But, surely, among the grateful acknowledgments of blessings received which the Thanksgiving season forces through the thick skin of our self absorption, New England at least has, this year, to be grateful for the most genial and kindly Fall that our climate has known for many a season. No devastating storms, no untimely cold, no serious drought, but a nip of frost in the air at night, an occasional shower to moisten the earth and days like the most golden of October weather. This beautiful fall season succeeds a temperate and pleasant summer. It may be necessary yet to rewrite that portion of our literature which so maligns the changeableness and harshness of our climate.

There has been a notable quickening of the pulse of business, and, in spite of the widely decried "high cost of living," the country is prosperous and this section particularly so. And never was it more apparent that this prosperity springs so largely from the bounties of Providence and so little from the wisdom of men. That man is indeed hopelessly self-centered who cannot mingle a little of devotional feeling with the mastication of this year's Thanksgiving turkey.

MR. MELLER RENOUNCES POLITICS

Quite the most interesting and significant word of the month is that of President Mellen in which he pledges the

Boston and Maine Railroad to keep their hands off New Hampshire politics. And now is New Hampshire pleased or displeased? How many are staring in hopeless dejection at that little sign hung up on the doors of the executive offices of the corporation that has so long enjoyed the unsavory reputation of "owning New Hampshire"? "We are not playing politics," cuts off so many little contributions! The gloom in the ranks of the politicians and grafters calls for the cartoonist's pencil to do it justice. And then there are those whose whole stock in trade, politically and commercially, has been opposition to the "iniquitous corporation." I know of one lawyer whose card has for years carried the legend, "not retained by railroads." What a disappointment to all this flourishing opposition! They have what they claim to have wanted. Why don't we see a more eager throwing up of caps?

This phase of the situation is only amusing. If President Mellen was not merely playing politics when he made his speech, if the Boston and Maine Railroad does cease from all unwholesome political activity in the Granite State, her own citizens will be astonished at the brightening of the state life all along the line. A sound foundation is the first requirement of prosperity. The New England Magazine is ready to accept Mr. Mellen's statement at its face value and to hail him as a wise leader and true friend of good government. May his administration of the great property committed to his care abundantly justify the hopeful auspices under which it begins.

OVER THE BORDER

The Granite State is entirely too self-respecting a community to allow itself to become an over-the-border harbour for the evil doers of the large cities situated so near to the state line. The astounding situation revealed by the investigations of Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly and described in the New England Magazine for October and November should be the immediate subject of corrective legislation. Let New Hampshire say with no uncertain voice, "You must not send your wickedness over here to soil our good name and contaminate us with vices that do not originate within our borders." It is incredible that a state with the noble history of New Hampshire will take any other stand, not only in regard to this, but all similar just-over-the-border troubles. Miss O'Reilly should be looked upon, not as the traducer of the state, but as its warm friend and helper, and her work should be met with grateful appreciation.

A PROGRESSIVE CITY

Quaint, puritanical Salem, known to fame as the "Witch City," reposing peacefully in the shadow of Gallows Hill, rich in historic lore, the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who first saw the light of day in the then conservative old Salem of over one hundred years ago. What changes have taken place since then! Salem has not allowed herself to sink into oblivion but has gone steadily onward and the year 1910 has been a singularly successful one, a veritable record-breaker, and a year of still greater prosperity is predicted for 1911.

Quietly, tranquilly, Salem has kept pace with the march of time. When, presto! The beginning of the year 1910 brought great changes to the old Witch City, and the calm of years was broken, and the city aroused as never before since the old witchcraft days and once again the country became aware that old historic Salem still existed and that modern Salem is in a state of rapid progression.

For some time past the good citizens of

Salem have been making elaborate plans for improving the water-front, but as yet no definite steps have been taken by the city, although several individual plants have built sea walls.

The Salem Gas Light Company has recently built a sea-wall and is increasing its plant. The Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company is also building a sea-wall, and has greatly increased the value of land on the harbor front by filling land behind them and erecting new buildings thereon.

The Salem Electric Lighting Company is enlarging its plant and laying plans for a new sea-wall, and aspires to supply all the manufacturing plants with electric power.

A much-needed improvement in the elimination of the old-time grade crossings is afoot. The people of Salem are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when all grade crossings will be abolished.

The Boston & Eastern railroad proposes to spend a large sum in providing a new means of transportation for Salem and vicinity, which will be of great benefit to the manufacturing interests, and it is sincerely hoped that nothing will interfere with the consummation of these plans.

The S. E. Cassino Co., publishers of several first-class magazines, have made an extensive addition to their already well-equipped printing plant, and installed new machinery.

Four fine large pharmacies, two modern bank buildings, and the complete remodeling of a third, a number of new shoe factories, a new plant for the manufacture of marine motors, now in process of construction, and a new stone church, a model of architectural beauty, also in the construction state, is Salem's business record for the past year.

Within the past two years Salem has added to her already large list of fine buildings, a new State Armory and model High School building.

Two daily newspapers flourish and are well patronized by the merchants of Salem. For some time the city could boast of but one daily, and, as a stranger to the city once remarked, "It did seem a pity that a city the size of Salem could sup-

port but one daily paper." But the keen, far-seeing business men of the city, knowing that competition stimulates business enterprise and that the city ought to have at least two newspapers, rallied nobly to the support of both. Thereby showing that Salem had departed from the spirit of narrow conservatism that nearly two hundred and eighty years ago drove Roger Williams from its doors, and was growing more liberal and cosmopolitan each year.

ALL EYES ON THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

Tariff reform is quiet but not quiescent. The situation is one of expectation, with all eyes on the Tariff Commission, and the temper of the community is such that this body is likely to make or break itself by its first action. If it shall yield to popular outcry and make some grandstand play, it will lose the confidence of the business community and be regarded as a mischievous creation. If, on the other hand, it shall merely temporize and put off with fair words the hopes of the people, its doom is swift and sure. What is demanded is just what was promised, a judicial body acting fearlessly but in a thorough and scientific spirit.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT MAKES MR. TRACY EDITOR

The appointment of Frank Basil Tracy to the editorship of the Boston Transcript, a position made vacant by the resignation of Robert Lincoln O'Brien, is a well-earned promotion of one of the most efficient members of the Transcript staff.

As editor of the Magazine Department of the Transcript, Mr. Tracy has long had charge of one of the most distinctive features of the paper. No man could be found better able to speak for the Transcript's constituency and voice their sentiment. A thoroughly trained journalist, a clear and straightforward writer, his judgement is sure and firm, and the development of the editorial page of the Transcript in his hands will be worth watching.

Mr. O'Brien, his predecessor, has won

the respect and good-will of the publishing community to an unusual degree, and the Boston Herald is fortunate in securing so able a man as its new editor.

NEW FOOTBALL FAILS TO PLEASE

As the New England Magazine predicted from the beginning, the failure of the new foot-ball rules becomes more and more apparent as the season progresses. The scores do not accurately reflect the relative strength of the teams, and 0 to 0 scores are frequent between teams that are plainly not so evenly matched as that result would indicate. The game is unbalanced. The officials are over-worked and placed in a position of the utmost difficulty and delicacy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Houghton, upon whom the responsibility for the new rules principally rests, will have the grace to admit his mistakes and not throw the powerful influence of Harvard University into a false attitude. The coquetting of Harvard with Princeton and dallying with Dartmouth does not add to the gracefulness of the present Harvard attitude. The Dartmouth game should be retained.

PILGRIM PUBLICITY BANQUETS

The Pilgrim Publicity Association formally opened the year of 1910-1911 with the "New England Night" on October 21st. A conference was held in the afternoon between the Association and representatives of various civic organizations throughout New England, and at the evening banquet the "New England spirit" was fostered by Bernard J. Rothwell, President Boston Chamber of Commerce, C. E. Bosworth of Springfield, E. F. Trefz of Chicago, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Publisher National Magazine.

Mr. Rothwell spoke of the new spirit which has come to stay and has already worked wonders in the six eastern states. He called attention to the industrial survey which the Chamber of Commerce has been making of the eastern half of Massachusetts as representative of New England, and stated that it exhibited a wonderful degree of steadily progressive

prosperity which is built along lines of assured permanence. "The New England factory mark denotes the last word, in material, design, novelty workmanship and utility. It must mean freedom from shoddy or pretense. It must mean honesty visible and invisible. This accomplished we shall remain supreme in the industrial arts. Then must the heralds of commerce of whom the Pilgrim Publicity Association constitutes so important a contingent unfold to the world at large, the wonders which our artisans have wrought and lure within our gates the eager buyers of 90,000,000 of the highest powered purchasers the world has ever known."

Mr. Bosworth called attention to the close relationship and uniform development of New England's agriculture, transportation and manufactures.

Mr. Trefz spoke of New England as a garden spot hampered only by this ingrained conservatism and prophesied that the spirit of "get-together" and "team work" would accomplish great things.

Mr. Chapple stated that the average price of farm-land in Massachusetts was \$7.50 an acre and that the land was rich for tillage, and asked why New Englanders should dream of going to the West for cheap land; and although Rhode Island is the most densely populated state in the Union, it has a larger percentage of undeveloped farm-land than any state in the Union.

The whole sentiment of the meeting which was attended by the largest number of members of any dinner of the Association, was one of undivided enthusiasm and presages the great work to be done in the coming months and years by the Pilgrim Publicity Association in building up New England and in getting New England to let the rest of the world know its advantages both natural and commercial and the advantages of its manufactured products.



William Gillette in repertoire at the

Hollis, Seven Days at the Park, Montgomery and Stone at the Colonial, The Chocolate Soldier at the Majestic, Sothorn and Marlowe in Shakespearian repertoire, at the Schubert, The Fortune Hunter at the Tremont and Sherlock Holmes at the Boston Theatre, make a very strong list of November attractions at the Boston theatres.

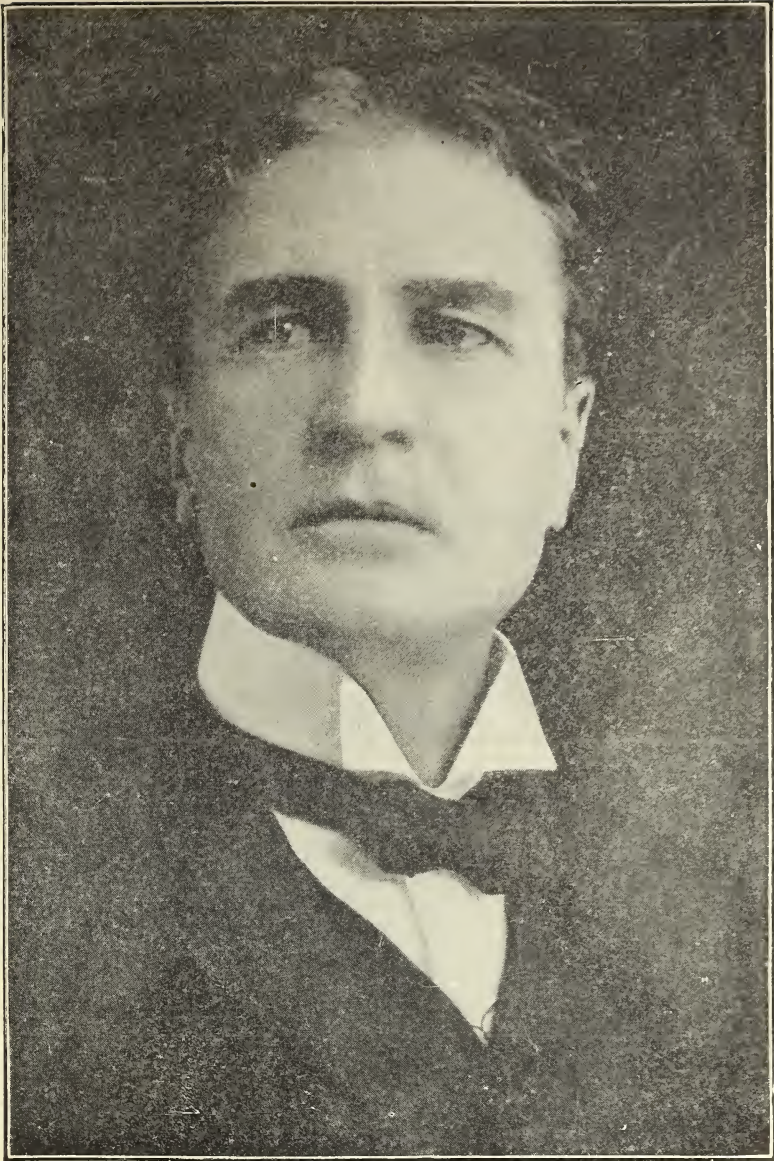
Such an array emphasizes anew that Boston, in the matter of theatrical art has reached thoroughly Metropolitan proportions. The simultaneous support of these leading attractions of the season gives evidence of a play-going public drawn from a very wide area.

William Gillette is to appear in his leading successes, such as Sherlock Holmes, Secret Service, Held by the Enemy, Too Much Johnson, The Private Secretary, Clarice, etc., and each production is presented with specially engaged casts, and entirely new scenic effects. It is very probable that this will be the last opportunity to see Gillette, whose work ranks as one of the classics of the American stage.

Mr. Gillette is the creator of the stage-land Sherlock Holmes and his work in that character stands in a class by itself. Held by the Enemy is the play which for twenty years he has produced regularly and in all parts of the world and yet, strange to say, this is his first appearance in the play personally.

"Seven Days" is capital farce. It is a play for those who love to laugh long and loud. The cast includes Georgia O'Ramey, Hope Latham, Florence Reed, Lucille La Verue, Albert Brown, Allan Pollock and others who are setting a standard in the presentation of this kind of comedy.

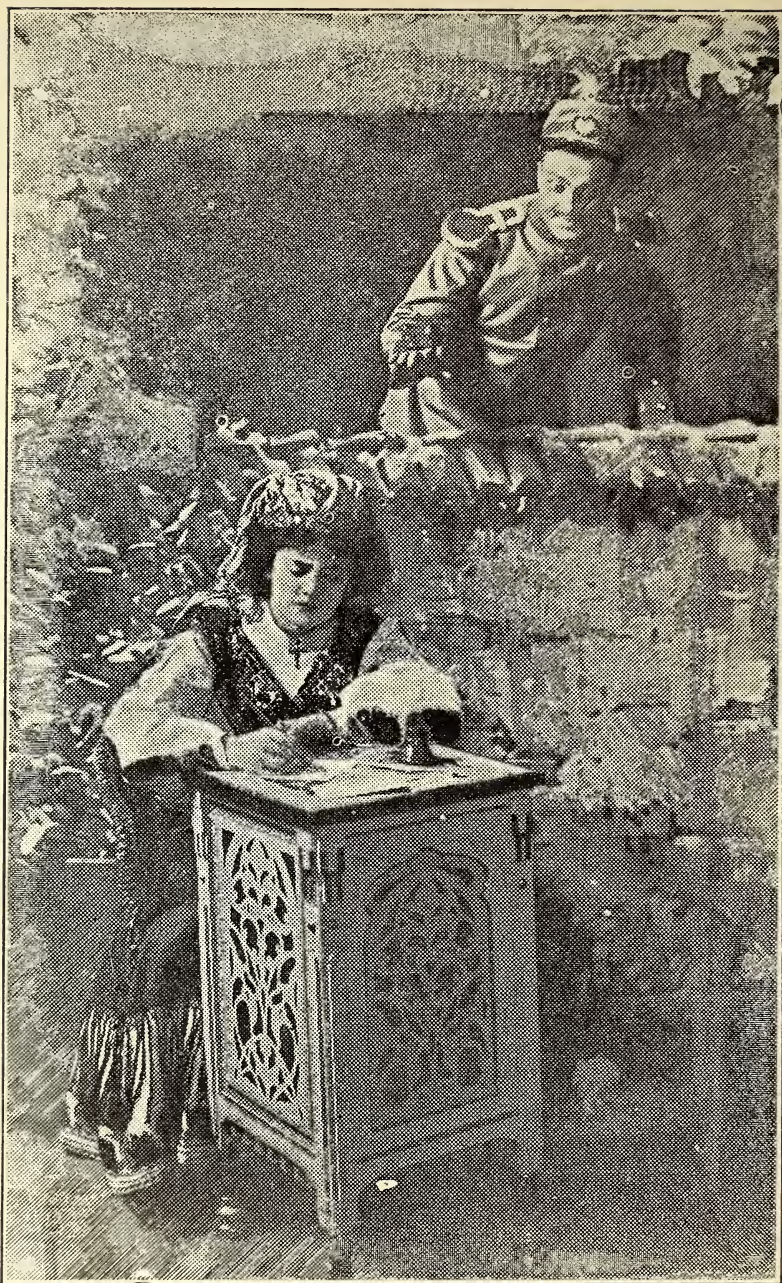
"The Chocolate Soldier" is an entirely unique production and its presentation at the Majestic has been universally enjoyed. The musical quality of the piece is decidedly above the average, and the management have shown their recognition of this fact by selecting a cast of singers as well as actors. The chorus, also, is of unusually excellent material, and the success of the play is substantially founded on the genuine merits of its production. Of Sothorn and Marlowe



WILLIAM GILLETTE NOW APPEARING AT THE HOLLIS

in Shakespearean role, it is unnecessary to do more than make the announcement, of their engagement. This begins at the Shubert Theatre November 14, and the engagement will last for three weeks. During the entire first week including the Saturday matinee the new production of "Macbeth" will be given. For the second week "As You Like It," on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evening and Thursday, Thanksgiving Day

matinee; "Romeo and Juliet" on Thursday and Friday evenings and at their Saturday matinee, and "Hamlet" Saturday night. For the third week "Taming of the Shrew" is scheduled for Monday and Tuesday evenings, "The Merchant of Venice" for Wednesday and Thursday, "Twelfth Night" for Friday, "As You Like It" at the Saturday matinee and "Macbeth" Saturday night. Subscription blanks containing all informa-



THE FAMOUS LETTER SONG FROM "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER"

tion relative to the engagement may now be secured at the box office.

"The Fortune Hunter" is nearing the end of its second month at the Tremont Theatre, with no indication of a lessening in public interest. With John Barrymore in the title role the company in

support is made up of fine actors. The rehabilitation of the young Nat Duncan, who has failed in all his efforts to make his own way in the world, is the real basis of the story of the play, though it is neatly hidden by the many interesting incidents and situations. The other

characters are played by Forrest Robinson, Francis Byrne, Mary Ryan, Eda Bruna, Kathryn Marshall, Charles Fisher and John C. Brownell.

Never in the old days at the Boston Theatre, where it had so many successful melodramas, has there been a play that sprang into such immediate favor as "The Speckled Band." The reception of this play shows that Sherlock Holmes has not lost his grip upon the public. The vast audience that filled the Boston Theatre on the opening night were so deeply interested that they were held spellbound to the very end of the play.

At the Colonial Theatre "The Arcadians" positively closes Saturday night, the 12th of November. No play in the city has been so universally commented on as "The Arcadians." If there are any who have not seen the production, they should not delay to order their seats before this positively closing date. "The Arcadians" will be followed by Montgomery and Stone, who open on the 14th with "The Old Town," and the cast that has brought them success. Montgomery and Stone are a fixture in popular esteem. They have set their own standard and consistently lived up to it. The people know what to expect and are quick in showing their appreciation of the fact.

Shakespeare has always succeeded at the Castle Square. Last season "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Othello" were played to large and appreciative audiences, and now for the first time this season, Mr. Craig will make a Shakespearean production. He has chosen "Richard III." as one of the most notable of the great dramas by the master dramatist and he is sure that the revival of so rarely produced a play will arouse more than ordinary attention. "Richard III." has for its leading character the great Duke of Gloster, who won the throne for himself after persistent efforts in which he stopped at nothing to reach the height of his ambition, and the play itself forms a vivid and picturesque narrative of the most interesting episodes of his career.

The part of Richard will be played by Mr. Craig for the first time in a number of years, and he will bring to it all his

well known skill at character interpretation. The role is one of great finesse and varying emotion, and to many of his admirers it will display Mr. Craig in an entirely new light. The other parts will be carefully assigned to Mr. Craig's associate players, and the scenic production will be elaborate and historically faithful. The run of "Richard III." will be limited to a single week.

After "Richard III.," Mr. Craig will present "Going Some" during the week of November 14, "The Lion and the Mouse" for two weeks, beginning November 21, and "Twelfth Night" during the week of December 5.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PAGEANTRY

Louis W. Parker, English playwright and musical director, the "dean of English pageantry" came to America about a year ago and was impressed with the possibilities of pageantry in the country. It was partly due to the interest that he aroused in this subject while in Boston that plans were laid for the pageant, "From Cave Life to City Life," to be presented by Boston-1905 in the Arena November 10, 11 and 12.

One of the most striking features of this Boston pageant will be the contrasts shown between old and new educational methods. The "Dame School" of the colonies which brought together a few of the children of the church to be instructed in the three Rs will be depicted along with modern school training with its thousand and one privileges and advantages unknown even to the colleges of the old days.

The pageant itself is a striking example of a new educational force that is just awakening in this country. Through its means young and old, actors and spectators take added pride in the community's growth and strength. Acquaintances spring up which bind together districts not closely related before. The pageant is furthermore an excellent school for the development of the arts and crafts and gives wonderful opportunity for the exhibition of the skill and talent of those who have not had op-

portunity to show what they could do. Historians, poets, composers, craftsmen, singers, dancers and artists are discovered through its means.

The Boston-1915 pageant is more or less of an experiment. Its success, which seems assured, means that this newest educational tool will be adopted in other portions of the country.



The art community of Boston will receive a very promising accession to its numbers when Mr. Gail Stearns opens his permanent studio here, after a period of preliminary training in New York and Paris and of general travel and study.

"Promise" is the brightest word in the lexicon of art, and it is just the word to apply to such work as that of Mr. Stearns, as revealed in the landscape sketches which have been seen here and in the very effective decorative paintings for the walls of the dining room in the Commonwealth Avenue residence of Mrs. Charles W. Bard.

As revealed in this work, Mr. Stearns is extremely sensitive to the more tender moods of the great world of out-of-doors. As a colourist he is luminous and opalescent, delicate rather than strong. There is a latent poetry in his work, a dreamy, brooding poetry like that of indeterminate music. Therefore he loves soft shadows that melt almost imperceptibly into the more vivid light, and misty distances. The earth which he paints is maturing, moist, in process of transition. His technique is swift and direct and will become less hesitating with greater familiarity portunity, and, as is usual with artists, with important work. He needs his ophe will probably be compelled to hew out that opportunity for himself. The process may give him a larger sympathy with the sterner aspects of life and nature than he would seem, from these sketches, to possess at present. I wonder how Boston appears to an eager and

aspiring artist fighting for his chance. Possibly it may merit its reputation of coldness. But it is difficult to appear otherwise, and to demand substantial accomplishment is necessary. But there is sympathy enough, at bottom, here in Boston for the struggling artist to nerve him to his best endeavors, if he can but appreciate and believe in its existence. A number of Mr. Stearn's sketches are in Doll and Richards gallery on Newbury street and will be shown on request.

A very pretty compliment to Mr. Frank H. Tompkins is implied in his invitation to exhibit his work in the city of Cleveland, where he made his home for some years. Cleveland claims part of the credit for Mr. Tompkins' success, and this very gratifying recognition is, in part, an assertion of that claim. In the way of new work he will take with him several strong portraits painted with great force and vitality. It is to be hoped that he will not fail, also, to exhibit some of his recent sketches of landscapes with buildings and figures. This is a line in which Mr. Tompkins excels, his draughtsmanship being swift and sure and his work done with that lightning speed which can catch the most fleeting impression.

Mr. Darius Cobb is receiving congratulations on the noble conception of his large canvass, *The Last Decoration Day*. It is in this mental grasp of a grand subject that this aged artist earns a gladly accorded admiration.



An interesting bit of criticism appeared in *Le Paris Temps*. Pierre Lalo, son of the distinguished composer of that name who is music critic for *Le Temps*, says the following concerning Caruso: "Take away his voice and he is nothing. He is neither a good singer nor a good actor. Of the art of singing, Caruso has never possessed anything but the most mediocre and vulgar parts,—how to spin out a song, prepare a cadence, multiply the opposition of shades, and accomplish all



JAROSLAV KOCIAN, BOHEMIAN VIOLIN VIRTUOSO

sorts of voice effects out of place. Along with these voice effects, isolated and factitious—nothing. No taste, no style, no appearance of style, absolute incapability of giving to a melody that has any beauty of form or line, the continuity which belongs to it.”

A new pianist will visit America this season. His name is Adolphe Borchard. This French artist will make his debut

with the Thomas Orchestra and will tour America in recital. He seems to have completely astounded the Berlin critics and if their unanimous and enthusiastic commendation is to be credited, he is a rare artist. He is spoken of as a born interpreter of Liszt. Another criticism mentions his playing a Chopin prelude in such an unusual and compelling way that the audience was actually taken off its

feet. His programs are almost entirely made up from the classics but invariably include one or two modern things. He is spoken of as a masterful virtuoso and an original interpreter of the masters. He will be heard in Boston in a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, November 28th.

A big success was scored by Rudolph Ganz recently in Berlin. He gave a concert in Beethoven Hall, assisted by the Philharmonic Orchestra with Dr. Rudolph Siegel of Munich as conductor. Mr. Ganz played the new D Major Concerto by Hans Huber, which is dedicated to him and with which he made such a rousing success at the Zurich Music Festival last spring. It is said to be a very brilliant concerto. The scherzo is spoken of as sprightly and charming. The slow movement is full of beauties and the finale is sparkling and full of life and vigor. The work is beautifully instrumentated and it reveals admirable workmanship. Mr. Ganz's playing was sparkling and bubbling* over with esprit and vivacity in the quick movements, while in the adagio he played with a beautiful singing legato and with a great deal of feeling. Mr. Arthur Abell says Mr. Ganz gave a truly wonderful performance of the work; also, that he has improved tremendously since his last appearance here. His touch is spoken of as softer and more appealing. His performance of the Liszt E Flat Concerto is spoken of as magnificent. His success was immense.

Mr. Ganz is one of the truly great pianists. He has a complete mastery of the art of pianism as a means of artistic expression. Beside this he is endowed with a psychological and human interpretation of life which is so forceful that those who look for placid sweetness and who do not realize that the greatest emotion is intellect plus passion, are liable to be overwhelmed by this greatness and wonder if it be chaos. Mr. Ganz will visit America next season.

One of the rare treats of the musical year is the annual work of the Cecilia Society. The concerts will number three in all this year and orders for season tickets are being filled. At each concert

the Cecilia Society will be assisted by the entire Symphony Orchestra and Max Fiedler will conduct. The first concert will be on Thursday, December 1st when Granville Bantock's Omar Khayam will be given for the first time in Boston. The soloists will be Margaret Keyes, George Harris, Jr., and Robert Maitland. On Thursday, February 16th, will be given Gabriel Pierne's "Children's Crusade." The soloists will be Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Edith Chapman Goold, Edmond Clément and Claude Cunningham. On Good Friday evening, April 14th, The Passion Music, according to St. Matthew, by Johann Sebastian Bach, will be given. The soloists will be Marie Zimmerman, George Hamlin, Janet Spencer and David Bispham.

At each concert there will be a chorus of one hundred and seventy-five voices, a children's chorus of one hundred voices, and the regular Boston Symphony Orchestra of one hundred players.

The Flonzaley Quartet recently created a furore in Berlin with a magnificent performance of the DeBussy Quartette. This is without doubt the finest string quartette in existence at the present time. The Flonzaley Quartette is the highest paid quartette which plays in America. Aside from its eminently artistic superiority it is a unique organization—being actually founded with real art purpose. Not one of the four players,—each a consummate artist—could be engaged, for money or for otherwise, for individual performance. The quartet was founded at Le Chateau Flonzaley near Lauzanne, Switzerland, by E. J. de Coppet, solely for the sake of art. It is exceptional as an organization inasmuch as all the players are free from material occupation and devote their time exclusively to the cultivation of chamber music. The quartet appeared for the first time in public in November, 1905, in Switzerland. They were originally brought together by M. Coppet solely for performance at his villa Le Flonzaley. They will be heard in Boston this season.

Jaroslav Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, will give a recital in Chickering Hall. December 9th.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, November 29th, Madame Schumann-Heinck, the great contralto who is loved by all, will give a song recital in Symphony Hall. Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone who recently appeared as soloist at the first Apollo Club concert, will give a song recital in Jordan Hall the afternoon of November 21st.



An attractive handy volume edition of Sarah Orne Jewett.

The short stories of Sarah Orne Jewett are brought out by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, in an attractive handy volume series, and no more suitable form could well be devised for their enjoyment. The collection in attractive library form of Miss Jewett's work will meet an inevitable and continuing demand. Miss Jewett's work amounts to a scientific study of the rural New England type that is so rapidly passing away. Its value in this respect is permanent. Her portraiture is as subtle as it is just. Not history, but the foundations of history are brought to light. The volumes are as illuminating to the student as they are delightful to the reader who is seeking only entertainment. Whimsical humor, poignant pathos, deliciously human situations abound. Sincerity and grace, the atmosphere of the author's own personality, pervade the work. These stories have long been the delight of magazine readers and their availability in a permanent library form will be most welcome. The volumes are very attractive and are so published that they may be bought singly without the appearance of a broken set. The selling price is 70 cents per volume.

"Lips of Music" is the title of a book of poems by Charlotte Porter. This author has been best known as editor of Shakespeare's work and of the *Camberwell Browning*. "Lips of Music" is a collection of one hundred and fifty poems, some of which have appeared as magazine verse.

The book includes several poems which have been set to music by various composers, translations from D'Annunzio and the Epilogue Songs from the "Return of the Druses,"—also one from Rostand.

The poems are, in the main lyrical. They are full of a certain practiced skill which many times is even spontaneous. "The Sea Gull" is a charming wood-picture which contains considerable feeling and freedom. "The Beat of a Wing" accomplishes much the same thing. "Daylight" is an interpretation which has considerable human feeling woven into its meshes,—likewise "Aware" seems more sincere than some of the others. It has been said that Miss Porter's poetry shows the effect of association with Browning. If so it is merely affected, slightly the mode of expression. The Epilogue Songs accomplish only partial interpretation. At times the accomplishment seems only affectation and effete æstheticism. At times the demands of form are satisfied by meaningless euphonism.

However, it is a very attractive volume and, in several instances, better than the ordinary verse. The book is published by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company at \$1.25 net; postage 10 cents.

CHESSE GENERALSHIP

Chess players in general and especially all who are interested in the study of war and warfare, will read with much satisfaction the latest work by the noted chess master and military expert, Mr. Franklin K. Young.

From a remote period Chess has been regarded as the reduplication of warfare and its practice enjoined upon their officers by the leading exponents of the military art. Hence it is logical that the fundamental and essential processes of each are identical. This is the drift of Mr. Young's teachings as embodied in his prior books on the game. His exposition of scientific chessplay culminates in this present series of three volumes, whose sub-titles are, Volume I., *Grand Reconnaissance*, Volume II., *Grand Manœuvres*, Volume III., *Grand Operations*, of which

Volume I, *Grand Reconnaissance*, is now on sale.

In this book the military phase of chess-play is dominant; its obvious purpose is to make a good chess player by first making a good general, and all examples and illustrations are drawn from the more notable battles and campaigns of the great captains.

The value to chess players of any book on the game by Mr. Young needs no argument. The originality and ingenuity whereby military processes are adapted to the chess board make the work unique in literature and as an epitome of wide and interesting military knowledge the work undoubtedly will appeal to a clientele far beyond the limitations of the ordinary chess field.

Eight volumes, cloth, stamped and edged in gold, 230 pages, \$1.75 net. International Publishing Company, Boston.

"PAN'S MOUNTAIN"

From the old Virginian mansions of "The Quick or the Dead?" and "The Golden Rose" to the azure Italian skies over Lago Maggiore is a far cry. Years of loving familiarity with the beautiful scenes of Northern Italy have enabled Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) to reproduce the color and spirit and atmosphere of the Lago Maggiore district in her latest novel, "Pan's Mountain" (Harper & Brothers, New York). Brilliant qualities, in which literary expression and poetic imagination are felicitously wedded, give rare distinction to this exceptional piece of modern fiction. The conception is one of those rare instances of originality to be found among the thousand or more novels in the English language published annually.

Princess Troubetzkoy portrays a girl of exotic personality in Dione, whose mother was Italian and her father a Serbian. Under her father's guidance Dione grew up a pure pagan, imbued with the spirit of Greek poetry and mystically devoted to the worship of the old gods. Especially she has chosen Pan as her protecting deity, and she has named one of the peaks near her home Pan's Mountain. Dione is endowed with splendid

purity, sincerity and capacity of happiness; but the reader insensibly feels that the pagan girl born 2000 years out of her time is doomed to disappointment and that the shadow of tragedy hangs over her.

Dione is a beautiful girl, but boyish in her straightforward disposition, fine spirited and independent. Her superstitious old Italian nurse, Cecca, regards with holy horror Dione's mystic worship of Pan, to whom the girl prays and pours libations. Yet the girl finds in Cecca's own signs and omens confirmation of her Paganism. A foppish young Italian named Varoni is an ardent suitor for Dione, but she has nothing for him but contempt, because he is of the type who wears extravagant English clothes and sends his linen to London to be laundered.

Along comes Alaric Kent, an English poet, who, like herself, has absorbed the pagan spirit of the Greeks and in his poetic way is a worshipper of Pan. With all the intensity of their natures they fall in love and give themselves up to its passion and happiness. Not until too late, when motherhood has come to poor Dione, does Alaric Kent reveal to her the tragic fact that he is not free to marry her, being already married. This leads to a climax of masterly contrivance. The mystical Dione, obsessed by the ruling idea of her pagan life, gradually loses her sanity. With persuasive cunning, she manages to bring Alaric Kent to Pan's Mountain at night and deliver him as a sacrifice to the great god Pan of their common worship. But how this is brought about without any sense of depression to the reader, though with a tender feeling of the poignant pathos of it all, cannot fairly be indicated in a few lines of description.

The poetry and mysticism that runs through the book sustain the sense of beauty, but never prevent a full realization of the characters as living, sentient human beings, whose aspirations and ideas can be readily understood and appreciated. Before the story ends the reader and Dione are both made aware that the young Italian, Varoni has a heart of gold.

A Fair Witch



A Novel
Complete
In this Issue.
by
Frederick Sterling

With Best Wishes for a Happy New Year!

Again the publishers of the New England are presenting their readers with a greatly enlarged and radically improved magazine.

It is our earnest hope that this new feature, the publication of a complete novel in each issue, not taking the space of other matter, but as an addition to the book, will meet with so cordial a reception as to justify us in its continuance. We are not aware that any other general magazine selling for fifteen cents undertakes this feature.

From a literary standpoint the field of the long short-story is an inviting one; but publishing conditions have greatly retarded its development. It is our belief, therefore, that this experiment by the New England Magazine will be as warmly welcomed by writers as by readers. At any rate we are planning to try it out, and we should be glad to hear from our readers about it.

The installation of new machinery by our printers enables us, at the same time, to introduce modern color work into our covers, illustrations and decorations. This we hope to develop to the embellishment and enrichment of our pages. Carefully retaining the best of that which has gone before, it is our intention that these and all other new developments shall be introduced without the sacrifice of any of those features which have, in the past, made the New England Magazine a welcome visitor in so many homes.

THE PUBLISHERS.

A Fair Witch Salem 1692 by Frederick Sterling



INTRODUCTION



THE summer of the year 1692 will never be forgotten by Salemites, although more than two centuries have flown.

Throughout the community there was a deep-seated conviction that Satan was visibly among them, walking their streets, in their houses, roaming the forests, and even in the sanctuary.

No less a man than Cotton Mather declared in a sermon that in the very meeting-house where they were then gathered, there were more emissaries of Satan than the number of the congregation.

From the highest to the lowest, all believed in his personal presence and agency. Neither magistrate, minister, citizen, nor slave had the slightest doubt of it, and he who questioned was looked upon by friends and neighbors with the same degree of aversion and distrust with which the heretic had always been regarded by the orthodox.

Belief in demonology and witchcraft has existed from the earliest recorded times among savage and civilized, and the more widely spread became the Christian religion with its sharp differentiation of the power that makes for good, and the power that makes for evil, into the conception of a concrete, personal

God, and a personal devil, the more intense became the belief in the warfare waged between the two for the possession of human souls.

Hand in hand with this belief was the conviction that the devil must have human agents, and that these were employed by him to work his will upon the innocent, as marauding bands of an ill-disciplined army harry and torture the helpless and peaceful inhabitants of a country with whom they may be at war.

It was believed that these human agents had been bought by him for a price, some bargain, whereby for the gratification of some earthly desire, property, power, love, vengeance, they were willing to give him in exchange the ultimate possession of their souls.

History is replete with instances of this belief. These were the so-called witches, and to find them out, to convict them, to make them suffer all the contumely, scorn and ignominy that a human being can know, all the torture that a fiendish ingenuity can contrive, and at last to be put to a shameful death, became a pious duty. Not only were the victims condemned to a felon's death, but they were denied Christian burial and interment, their bodies being thrown among rocks, brambles and refuse, to become the prey of beasts and fowl.

The horrors of the inquisition pale beside the tragedies enacted in the Mass-

achusetts colony. From the former, there was always escape by recantation. From the latter, there was none. Once accused, the victim was hounded with a relentlessness of which only man is capable. The plea of guilty carried with it its own condemnation. The plea of not guilty availed no more, for those in charge of the prosecution had pre-determined, and though the form of trial was had, saintly men and holy women were convicted and put to death on the evidence of hysterical children, who, prompted and incited by clergymen and magistrates, gave utterance to the wildest and most imaginative of statements that were received with all the gravity attaching to a judgment rendered by a supreme court justice.

England had passed through a witch persecution earlier in the century. The Massachusetts colony had sought the refuge of the new world for freedom to worship according to their conscience, and it was a universal belief that the arch enemy of souls was making a renewed and desperate effort to assert his dominion in this new region. The surrounding forests were filled with Indians, and they especially, were considered as allies and henchmen of the devil, as well as the prowling beasts, for the conception was universal that he assumed protean forms, of which the favorites were dogs, cats, lynxes and wolves.

This brief sketch of the condition of things in Salem and its vicinity is not introduced here for the purpose of historical instruction, but to make more intelligible the atmosphere of the time during which this story is cast.

CHAPTER I.

"Nay, nay, love, it cannot be! The terror of these times hath frightened thee, as well it may, but surely, no accusation can lie against thee, so young, so pure, so innocent, so godly in all thy ways. We know that Satan is abroad, and that the powers of darkness have been loosed to work his will, but surely, not to bring danger and death to thee. Thou art wrought up to a pitch of fear whereby thou canst not use thy usual reason."

"Would God it were so, Philip, but I

have that prescience of the future that makes me tremble, and I see myself before those stern-eyed magistrates; I hear the testimony that will consign me to the chains and prison, then to the Witch's Hill, and then! Oh God! can it be that I, too, must suffer that frightful fate?"

"No! By the God of Israel, I say no! and by Satan himself, and all his myrmidons, I swear no! I know not why thou should'st fear this, but this I swear; that should such fate o'ertake thee, I, myself will plunge a knife through thy sweet bosom, deep into thy pure heart, sooner than that thou shalt be one of those to wend thy way up that ghastly slope; and of those that send thee there, one at least, and more, can I but compass it, shall join thee and me on the thither side. But why, love, why hast thou this fear that hath taken such strange hold on thee?"

The violence of the girl's emotion had partially abated, and though her bosom still heaved, she compelled herself to sufficient calmness to answer.

"Listen. Thou rememberest Goodwife Nourse, a woman of saintly life for three score and ten years, all of which were filled with deeds of kindness and the fear of God?"

"What availed her saintly life and deeds of kindness, her defence, her pleadings? And her memory to-day? Who dare speak of her save in terms of reproach and anathema, and this but one week gone? Tell me?"

"Nay, Martha, I cannot. These matters be too great for me. We are taught that wisdom and justice abideth in the ministers, and the counsel of the elders and magistrates——"

"Wisdom and justice!" she interrupted hotly. "Aye! so is wisdom and justice, and pity and mercy in the heart of the tigress and the lion when the lust for blood is on them as much as in those thou namest."

"But why, Martha, I pray thee, fearest thou that this blood lust will be turned upon thee? Truly, if thou curbest not thy tongue, I fear evil will befall thee, for thou knowest thy speech is not meet and reverent, but reckless and imprudent were it heard by other ears than mine."

"I know full well that I must not say to others what is in my heart, but the horror of these trials and hangings hath swelled it almost to bursting, and speech I must have, although but to thee, for thee I trust."

"And well thou mayest, for in thy well-being is my life. Say on, for thou knowest the rack would not tear from me one word that would imperil thee."

"I know it, for have I not promised to be thy wife, and would I have given thee that promise did I not trust thee utterly? Kiss me."

As the man bent to meet her lips the girl threw her arms about him and held him in a passion of clinging, the while a shudder passed through her as she whispered: "Oh, my love, my love! Shouldst they tear me from thee, I should die, even before they willed it. Promise me that should that happen which I fear, thou wilt give me the release of which thou hast spoken. It mayhap that such a deed will waken them from this madness by the very horror of its protest, and be counted unto thee by God for righteousness."

"I have already told thee, sworn it, that so will I do sooner than have thee meet such doom. Thou, at least, wilt know that it is done in love, and to save thee and thine from the frightful ignominy of that thrice accursed hill. But thou hast not told me why thou fearest that such may be thy fate."

"This is the reason thereof. Thou knowest who have been the accusers; a parcel of silly children, wrought upon by their own imaginations and the tales of the slave woman, Tetuba; then, incited by one, who, while he wears the livery of God's minister, yet do I believe his heart blacker and more cruel than that of the arch-fiend himself, the Reverend Samuel Parris.

"Something of that have I hinted to Mercy Lewis, whom I have known from her cradle. Thou rememberest that it is upon her accusation that Goodwife Easty now lieth in prison loaded with chains. Reply she made not, but her eye had a baleful light as she looked at me, and her shoulders began to twitch. I seized her and shook her with somewhat of violence

and the twitching ceased, but she broke into weeping. I placed my arm about her and comforted her, telling her that she was o'er-wrought, and to go home, advising her that she should abandon those meetings at the minister's house, for verily, of a truth, I believe that there the trouble began, though of that I said naught."

The young man's face was very grave as he replied: "Alas, Martha, I fear me thy apprehensions have some foundation, and that thou hast struck a spark that may enkindle a conflagration which may yet enwrap thee in its flames. I believe, even as thou dost, that thou hast spoken truth concerning the man thou hast named, but it was most unwise. His life since he hath had this charge hath been one of contention, marked by greed and avarice. Moreover, he is vengeful, lustful of power and influence, and should the girl, Mercy Lewis, betray to him the hint thou hast dropped and the advice thou gavest, I doubt not but that he will endeavor to brew trouble for thee. I like not these men, who, though they be ordained ministers, can find divine warrant to accomplish ends, which in us, who wear not the cloak of sanctity, would be attributed to personal motives, from which none is entirely free. What would life be to me, if harm should come to thee, Martha?"

The girl, now more alarmed at the thought of her lover's distress than of her own possible danger, endeavored to make light of her previous fears.

"I told thee, Philip, I had but hinted, and that lightly, and as for the advice I gave the child, 'twas good, but I'll warrant me she had forgotten both ere she reached her home as I shall forget my fears. 'Tis when I think of my love for thee, and all the happiness the future may contain by thy side, that my silly fears do threaten me, that such unclouded bliss be not for sinful man or woman. Forgive me for raising such darksome thoughts. They are foolish, and I will cast them from me, and dwell only on the delight that thou lovest me."

Their lips met in a long caress as he bade her farewell, but the heart of Philip English was very heavy as he went his

way, for he well knew the temper of the community, and that the fanaticism which had already shed the blood of six innocent victims would never be satisfied until its appetite had been gorged by the death of many others, and that his betrothed and he himself, might be among them.

CHAPTER II.

Some ten days later, as young English was cutting poles in the woods to fence a piece of ground, a youth, whom he knew as a servant in the family of his betrothed approached, handing him a piece of folded paper.

The apprehension which Martha's talk with him had previously aroused had become lulled, for nothing had occurred to warrant the fears she had expressed, and on those occasions when he had seen her since then, and had referred to the matter, she had declared that they were of little account; that she had been nervous and over-wrought, but his hand trembled as he took the note.

In those days correspondence between lovers by letters and billet doux on all possible excuses was a thing unknown, and only a matter of grave importance could warrant it, so his fears returned with renewed force as he unfolded and read what she had written: "My well beloved. I am in sore travail and distress, and have need of thee at the soonest thou canst come to me. Thine ——."

He turned to the boy sharply.

"When gave she you, this note?"

"The sun was about four hours high."

"And now it lacks a scant hour of mid-day. Said she anything?"

"Take this to Mr. English, and lose no time. Say naught to any, but place it in his own hands."

"You have been more than three hours coming but little more than a league. Why the delay?"

"I could not start at once. When here, I knew not where to find you. She bade me say naught, so I asked no questions, but sought."

"Wherein you showed discretion and obedience. Be ever so and it may advantage you. Here is a token," and he handed the lad a shilling.

"How go things at your master's?" he continued.

"As usual till yester afternoon, when the worshipful Messers. Hutchinson and Putnam did ride up to the house. There they remained for an hour. Since then there seemeth to be somewhat of anxiety if one may guess from the grave faces of my master's family. More, I saw tears in the eyes of Mistress Martha."

"William, observation and a silent tongue are of great worth. How look you upon your mistress, Martha?"

"I would give my life for her!" cried the boy earnestly. "Well you know, sir, that the lot of a redemptioner is not easy. She hath shown me unvarying kindness, and in the pain I had last winter when the log fell upon my leg, she ministered to me as a sister might have done," and the boy's eyes moistened.

"I believe you, William. She hath a good heart. It mayhap that she will need friends ere much time hath flown. Can she depend on you?"

"I have but my life, sir. That is hers and she need it, as I have just said."

"I do not doubt it were she in peril of life or limb by attack from wild beast, savage or accident, but there be perils in the air these times that turn men's hearts to water. How then?"

"I know to what you refer, sir. 'Tis but one to me what threats her, be it beast, savage or devil, as I have but the one life. 'Tis hers."

"Give me your hand, lad," and the colonial aristocrat and redemptioner boy looked each other in the eye, and though no word was said, each knew that a vow was registered, and each gave trust to the other. Silence was golden in those days, and especially at that particular time and in that locality.

"Do you return at once?" asked the elder man.

"I was bade to do some commissions, and she also whispered to me, 'Be in no haste to return. Keep a silent tongue and open ears about the town, learning what may be said.' So it will be toward night-fall ere I go back."

"Follow the advice given. I go at once. Tell no one you have seen me or been entrusted with a message. Neither

accompany me. Wait until I have been gone half an hour, and if idleness irks, here is my axe." So saying, Philip English hurried away to his home, saddled his horse, and drew no rein until he had reached the home of his affianced.

As he dismounted, Martha met him, saying only, "It was good and sweet in thee to come so quickly. Wilt always when I call?"

"While life remains, and I think I should hear thy sweet voice even had death claimed me. But why needest thou me now? Surely that which thou fearest—"

"Nay, not in the way I feared then. I will tell thee all. But thou hast not eaten?"

"No. William found me in the wood and I lost no time. Thy message seemed urgent."

"It was unnecessarily so, but I wanted thee so much," and she laid her hand on her lover's arm. "Wilt come into the kitchen, or shall I bring thee something here?" and she indicated a rude table standing under a magnificent oak in the yard.

"Out here is better. I stifle indoors, not only from the heat, but from this terror that stalketh at noon-day. I want to be in the open. I want to see about me. I feel as if secret enemies lurked in every corner, and I need to be where I can face them, though facing what we face boots little."

"Then sit down, and I will bring thee something."

She disappeared into the house and soon returned bringing a table-cloth of home-spun linen, but white as bleaching on green grass could make it; a plate of blue Canton-ware, a knife, steel fork and silver spoon. These she set in order on the table, went back and forth until she had placed before him some cold meat, a loaf of bread, fresh butter, cakes, a pitcher of thick, yellow cream, some berries and half a pie.

"Now, eat, my love. When thou hast finished I will tell thee why I sent for thee, but first, let me hear again that thou lovest me," and she leaned forward, her hands resting on the table, her rounded arms and dimpled elbows showing below

her rolled up sleeves, while she gazed at him with an intentness of passion that stirred his inmost soul.

"Love thee, Martha! I would that my tongue could find the words that might express my heart, or give thee such assurance that thou couldst not doubt—"

"Nay, nay, Philip, thou mistakest me. I do not doubt. I know that thou lovest me as well as ever was woman loved by man, but it is so sweet to hear it. Ah! we women never tire of listening, but wish to hear it o'er and o'er again, and each time it hath new music in our ears. That is why I asked thee. It gives us courage, and I bethink me that I shall have need of all that my faith in God and the assurance of thy love can give me. Dost thou know that Goodmen Hutchinson and Putnam visited us yester afternoon?"

"William said something of it, and that they left behind them grave faces. Why did they call?"

"Thou knowest my mother, and that a godlier woman doth not live, full of all Christian virtues and human kindliness.

"Thou knowest her brightness and cheerfulness, so different from the solemn-visaged goodwives of the town. Thou knowest how the very children love her, and whenever she appeareth on the street, one or more do always seek to accompany her, to bear her parcels, to hold her hand, to listen to her speech, and are loath to leave her when she returns to her door. And to think that these traits of her sweet nature should be the instruments they are trying to turn against her to her undoing! Oh, Philip! Philip!" and the girl's voice broke as the tears fell from her eyes.

"This then was what the visit of these men meant! Dost mean to tell me that they are so mad and blind that they dare bring accusation against thy mother?"

"No, not accusation. The matter hath not yet reached that stage, but their visit was one of inquiry, and thou knowest what a visit of inquiry from those men meaneth. They are like wolves, who once having caught the scent of blood, pursue their quarry until they come up with it and rend it with their fangs."

"But how came this about? What said

they, and why should they make thy mother the subject of inquiry?"

To tell how the matter started I cannot, for their method is not direct, but I gathered it was somewhat in this wise. As I said, thou knowest how the children flock after her, and how she hath a laugh with this one, a merry jest with that one, and a kiss for another one, wherein she differeth mightily from the other women who are always chiding, and telling the little ones that this or that is not meet or seemly. It would seem that someone hath intimated that these very qualities which surely savor more of the spirit of Christ than of the evil one, are inspired by the latter, and that he hath given her uncanny power to attract the children, and this visit was that they might interrogate her on the matter."

"And what came of it?"

"Nothing as yet, but thou knowest that once the finger of suspicion is pointed at any one, it groweth like those noisome things that come up in a night. At sunset, the grass is clean and beautiful; in the morning it is speckled with the poisonous growths."

"I know it well, but what said they further?"

"They asked her if she had ever had communication with Satan, and where got she the power to so attract the children."

"And what answer made she?"

"That never had she had such communication as that to which they referred; that she had no desire so to do, and more, that had she such desire, she would be ignorant of the way and manner of going about it, adding that were the subject not so serious, she would feel like laughing at the absurdity thereof. That as for the children being fond of her, it was but natural, she supposed, because she was fond of them."

"And then?"

"They cautioned her about speaking lightly on so grave a matter; that it was beyond argument that Satan had ways and means of making himself understood, and that her reply savored of evasion.

"As to the attraction she exerted on the little ones, they asked her if she

presumed to say that she loved them more than other goodwives. If she said 'yes,' that she was arrogant and presumptuous; if she said 'no,' that it must be an unholy influence that drew them, for no other woman did they seek as her."

"And her reply?"

"That she could say no more, for more she knew not. She could but repeat her denial and assert her belief that children were more attracted by a smiling face than a sour one, and by cheerful, pleasant words than by constant admonition."

"What said they when they departed?"

"That they would make their report to those who sent them, advising her meanwhile to beseech divine aid against the machinations of the evil one, to conduct herself with more of gravity and less of lightsomeness, especially in the matter of the children, lest the affair be taken up more seriously."

"I marvel not that they left grave faces behind them. Made your mother any final reply?"

"No. Though bright and sunny, thou knowest that she hath a temper of quickness—" "Which her daughter inheriteth," interjected Philip, with a smile, "and she was tempted to reply with somewhat of tartness, but a look at my father's sad face and sightless eyes cooled her tongue, and she made answer that she would bear in mind the advice given her, and follow it so far as in her lay."

"That is well, and I am glad that she showed so much of discretion. Can I see your father and mother?"

"Assuredly, for they will be glad to talk the matter over. They rely on thy wisdom and prudence, even as I do. Let us go in," and taking his hand, she led him into the house, coming out soon after and removing the remnants of the luncheon she had laid for him.

Philip remained till toward nightfall when William returned, and after attending to his outside duties, milking, feeding, and bringing in the firewood for the next day, he came to the house, and was asked what he had learned during his absence.

"I have learned more than I desired," he replied. "Accusations have been

made against Goodwives Corey, Bradford, Windom, Love, Sterret and Jackson. Also against Goodmen Hungerford and Patton. These are to be arrested to-morrow. The Reverend Mr. Burroughs hath arrived from Maine, whence as you know, he hath been summoned, and hath been committed to prison."

"Heard you anything regarding my mother?" asked Martha.

"But little. Those who were here yester afternoon have made their report, and the matter hath been taken under advisement."

"Heard you anything further?"

The lad hesitated, while his chest heaved and his hands clenched, but he made no reply.

"Answer, William. It is well to know the worst, otherwise how can it be met?"

"I heard mention of your name also, Mistress Martha."

"Martha's name?" ejaculated Philip, as he sprang to his feet, while a deep groan came from her blind father. Martha and her mother sat as if stunned, making no sound.

"Aye, sir, her name. May the foul fiend take him or her who first uttered it."

"Tell us, William, all that you have heard, or know of the matter."

"It is but little that any particular one said; a word here, and a word there, and I durst ask few questions for I was bade be silent. One asked me were any broomsticks missing at our house, and thrust his tongue into his cheek. Another asked, did we harbor black dogs at the farm. Another said that a second visit of those who were here yesterday would soon be made, and not for the goodwife, either."

"But you said that your young mistress' name was mentioned."

"I know, sir, and I am coming to that. These remarks did distress me sorely, and I made bold to ask one whom I knew, what they meant. He hath been doing some work at the house of the minister, and the children like to talk to him. I know not whether it was the daughter, or the niece who liveth with them, but one began speech regarding Mercy Lewis, saying that she had been sorely distressed

lately, and had declared when questioned, that it was my young mistress here, who had tormented her.

"He pledged me to secrecy concerning what he told me, but for that pledge I care no whit if the knowledge beforehand may advantage my mistress, and that, sir, you know."

"I know it well, William, and you have acted wisely and discreetly, although it is ill news you bring. When Mercy Lewis accuses, it behooves the one she names to take prompt measures. Between her and the minister, half the community will be in jail ere long."

"I must get thee away at once, Martha. My father hath a vessel that saileth the day after to-morrow. Get thee thy things together, not many, but enough for thy comfort. William shall bring them to my house, and I will see that they are safely on board. This will he do to-morrow after thou hast packed them. Thyself, I will come for to-morrow after dark, and thou shalt ride with me directly to the ship. She saileth at daybreak. I can trust the master, and though he feareth neither God, man nor devil, he is a good and kindly man. Once upon the blue water, the marriage he performs is as binding as that of any clergyman, and ere the sun sets on that day, thou wilt be my wedded wife."

Martha rose, and going to her lover, took his hand in hers.

"I know, Philip, thou wouldst do all in thy power to help me, but I must not go. Nay, interrupt me not, dear one, until I have finished," as he started to protest. "Look there," and she pointed to her blind father, who sat with his head between his hands.

"One of us three must care for him. It is evident that they have determined that one of us shall be taken, my mother or myself. I doubt me if they take us both. If they take my mother, I must remain with him. If I am taken, they will probably leave her. If I flee with thee, balked of their desire, they will surely take her. If they take us both, on whom can he rely but on thee? I know William is good and faithful but he is but a lad, while thou art a man. Nay, Philip, it may not be, sweet as it would

be to flee to safety as thy wife, but thinkest thou she would prove a true and good wife who would thus desert her sire in his helplessness?"

"But, Martha," he began, "think—"

"Nay, Philip, urge me not, nor make it harder for me to refuse, either by picturing the terrors of imprisonment and trial, or setting before me the temptation of safety. Here is my place and duty and here I stay." If the worst befall, I shall never ascend that tragic hill, for have I not thy promise?"

Neither argument, persuasion nor entreaty could move her, and in despair, Philip mounted his horse and rode homeward, alternately cursing at what he called her obstinacy, and loving her the more for her loyalty.

CHAPTER III.

When the Reverend Samuel Parris determined upon a thing, he held his course relentlessly.

He had for some time cherished a resentment against Martha Howes, which had its root in two or three things.

He had come to Salem a widower, with his one child, Elizabeth, a girl of nine years, and a niece, Abigail Williams, of eleven. These, with a slave woman, Tetuba, and an Indian servant, John, constituted his household.

He had looked upon the eligible maidens of the community, and had singled out Martha as the one whom he would gladly make the second Mrs. Parris.

She was notable among the young women for her housewifely qualities. Her butter was the sweetest and firmest; the linen she spun, the finest and whitest; her cooking, the most savory and delicious he had ever tasted. He was fond of his stomach, and the contrast between the food prepared by his negro woman, Tetuba, and that he enjoyed at the Howes' farm appealed to him strongly. But more than all, he desired her for her beauty.

He was cruel as a tiger, relentless as an Indian, mercenary as a grafting officeholder, and an amorous voluptuary. These qualities, however, were concealed under the garb of his ministerial calling.

Often, as Martha sat under his preaching, his eyes would feast on the whiteness of her round throat, the exquisite taper of her arms, and the ripe fullness of her bosom, as she sat with downcast eyes, or raised them in startled wonder at some impassioned climax in his sermons.

The Song of Solomon became a favorite source from which he drew the imagery for his exhortations, and a frequent selection for the scripture readings in the public service.

He would read such verses as, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine"; "Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair. Thou hast dove's eyes"; "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely"; "Thy two breasts are like two young roses that are twins which feed among the lilies," with a fervor and unction that came from his very soul.

Now and then she would catch his eye in some fervid moment of his reading, and drop her own, shame-faced and embarrassed, for her woman's subtle sense told her that in his mind they had an application to herself.

He visited the farm on all possible occasions when he could make decent pretext for so doing, and at last proposed to her, to be respectfully, but firmly refused. Not content with one rejection, he persisted, until she was forced to tell him that his wooing was offensive, and much as she disliked to show disrespect to her minister, she should decline to see him when he called.

Angry at his failure, he preached from the texts that threatened God's vengeance upon those who despitefully used His ministers, until the poor girl was forced to remain away from church, rather than listen to his scathing denunciations, which she knew were directed at her, personally.

Abstention from public worship was a grave misdemeanor in those days, and generally resulted in the offender being cited before the authorities for discipline, but in Martha's case, the minister determined to proceed differently, for he had conceived a dark plan whereby he hoped to both gratify his spite, and at the same

time, ultimately win her for his wife.

The morning after Philip had left her, when he had fruitlessly urged her to flee with him, Martha and her mother had scarcely finished clearing away the breakfast table and tidying up the house, when two constables rode up, and presented a warrant in due form for the arrest of one Martha Howes, spinster, on the charge of witchcraft, said charge being made by one Mercy Lewis, and attestation made thereto by the Reverend Samuel Parris.

Although partially prepared for it by William's recital of the previous evening, the bolt had fallen with startling suddenness. Resistance was useless. Her blind father, totally overcome, had fallen on his knees in prayer. Her mother, more energetic, had faced the constables, indignantly demanding to know the reason of such precipitateness, and why a visit of inquiry had not been made as in her own case, two days before. The constables made brief reply.

"Goodwife, we but perform our duty, and execute the orders of our superiors. It is not for us to question their wisdom, or explain their reasons. The young woman will prepare to accompany us immediately."

Martha, seeing that her mother's temper was beginning to rouse, and fearful that intemperate speech might make it worse for all, hastened to interpose.

"Nay, mother, blame them not. They are but doing their duty, as they truly say," and though her heart was breaking at being so ruthlessly torn from her home, and in terror of the confinement in the vile prison that she knew awaited her, stilled her own fears, and sought to comfort her stricken parents.

"Grieve not, dear father and mother. Surely, no accusation so monstrous can lie against me. It will be but a short detention. I may even return to you against the setting of the sun. My innocence of so heinous a charge can easily be proven, and I shall soon be restored to your loving arms, though it grieves me sorely to leave you even for one day. There is much to be done here, and I can ill be spared," as she turned to the officers, "but protest and refusal

avaleth nothing. It but maketh a bad matter worse. So have hope that I soon return. Give not way to useless grief and lamentation. My father needeth tender care, and to whom can he look but to his wife?"

She turned to the officers again. "I will be ready to accompany you anon. I must make some changes in my apparel, and prepare a few things against necessities. Is there need for urgent haste?"

"Not within reason," replied one. "Take what time seems good to you, although we must deliver your person against the mid-day."

"How am I to go?" she asked.

"You must provide your own transportation, or walk. Neither of us have brought a pillion."

"Very well. Williams shall ride, and carry me behind him. I will summon him."

She went out and called the boy, bidding him saddle a horse and add a pillion for herself, but said nothing of the reason.

The lad, however, had seen the constables ride up, whose duties and persons he knew, and his heart was hot with fear and anger at the peril that threatened his beloved mistress.

"How much time have they given you?" he asked.

"All that is needful, so that they deliver me by the noon hour."

"Then listen. I know them and their horses. Also I know there is not a horse in the colony finer than The Earl, for he comes of the best English stock. He can go and come back, carrying double, while they go one way. Tell them it will take an hour or more to make the needful preparation. Leave the house secretly by the buttery door, and meet me behind the barn. I will have The Earl ready, and we can gain the road beyond the bend, through the wood, unseen. I will deliver you to the care of Mr. English, and be back here before they know aught."

Martha smiled sadly.

"But when they find how you have tricked them, how about yourself?"

"What care I what haps to me, if I can but aid your escape? Mr. English

knows that my life is yours."

"Nay, William, I but asked to hear the reply. I know your loyalty and fealty, bond-servant though you are. I need not tell you of my gratitude and trust, but your plan is useless. You heard my decision but last night, and the reasons therefor. Beside that, it is hopeless, for it hath befallen so soon. He could not hide me now, and were I at this moment on board *The Monarch*, yet could I be taken. No, not in this way will I escape, or bring peril upon you. It may be that later you may be able to do me a greater service, therefore, wish I that you should be free to do it. Remember also, the dependence of those that remain. Do as I say, and bring the horse around within the hour."

She returned to the house, and telling the officers that she would detain them no longer than possible, began her preparations for departure.

She was ready in less than an hour, and after a sad and pathetic farewell to her heartbroken father and mother whom she cheered to the last with brave words, although her own heart was torn with anguish and terror, started for the village with the two officers, one on either side, while she rode in the middle with William.

They had gone scarcely half way when they saw a horseman in the distance, riding furiously toward them, whom they soon recognized as Philip English.

As he reached them, they saw that his horse was covered with lather while his own face was livid. He reined up sharply, and drew a pair of pistols from the holsters.

"Halt, where ye stand!" he shouted, "or by the living God I'll shoot ye like so much vermin, as indeed ye are. What meaneth this outrage?"

The constables by no means liked the look of the shining barrels in either hand, pointed directly at them, and still less the look of the desperate man, and they obeyed promptly.

"I ask ye what meaneth this outrage?" he repeated. "Know ye not that this woman is my affianced wife, spotless as the snow of crime or misdemeanor, and yet ye hell-hounds are bearing her off to

prison like a common felon? Answer, I tell ye, and without delay, or by Him who made ye, ye will never speak more."

Although they knew they were acting under authority, they knew equally well that it would boot themselves but little if Philip's anger and indignation should lead to the execution of his threat, and they hastened to explain.

"We are but servants of the law, Mr. English, and that you know. We were ordered to secure the person of Martha Howes, and deliver her at the jail in Salem town by the hour of noon. It is no task to our liking, but we have no discretion in the matter."

"I will answer for your discretion. Release her, and allow her to proceed homeward."

"Nay, sir, that we cannot do. We are sworn officers of the law, and must do our duty, making report thereof to the honorable court."

"Heard ye what I said? Permit her to depart instantly to her own home, or ye shall make report before a higher court than sitteth in Salem town," and the man's flashing eye told them, that reckless of consequences he would make good his threat.

"Philip!"

Martha's voice, calm, low, reproachful, yet sweet as the strings of a harp, cooled the half-frenzied man instantly.

"Put back the pistols, Philip."

Like a child, Philip obeyed.

"Listen," she continued. "What thou wert about to do is right, neither in the sight of God nor man. These men have spoken truth, and are but doing their sworn duty. They have done me no despite, but have performed their ungracious task with what of courtesy they could. Think what might have been the outcome of thy mad design. Would it have availed me aught? Nay. Rather would it have left me more defenceless than before, for I should have been deprived of thy help later, which I may yet sorely need, for thou wouldst have had to choose betwixt arrest or flight, and then what couldst thou do for me, or for those I have left behind?"

"More: thou wouldst have had thy hands stained with murder. Shouldst

thou have succeeded in freeing me and escaping thyself, and all this bitter coil ultimately have ended happily, and thou wert free to marry me, wouldst like to have thy wife know that her husband was a murderer? Nay, Philip, this is not the way to aid thy betrothed."

While she was speaking, a singular change came over his face. The frenzied look of half-insane anger and recklessness gave way to a look of wonder, and he listened as he might have listened to the voice of an angel. Gradually his head drooped, and a look of shame came over him as he realized how his impetuosity might have complicated the fate of the woman he loved so wildly.

As she finished, he looked at her as if pleading with her to forgive his rashness, knowing that his fears for her had caused him to lose his self-control. He said nothing for a moment, while the others waited in silence. At last he spoke.

"Martha, thou art ever wise. Whilest thou wert speaking, I saw plainly what my misguided zeal might have wrought to thine injury. Thou art right as always. A fugitive, with blood-stained hands could help thee little." He turned to the officers.

"Good friends, forgive me. Perhaps ye may guess what madness seized me when I learned this morn on what errand ye were bent, if ever ye have had a sweetheart whom ye loved as I love this woman. Forget it if ye can, and here is that which may save the hurt to your office," and he drew out and gave to each a golden sovereign.

"I will ride back to town with ye. One thing I crave. Take her not to the jail, but directly to the magistrate. It may be that I have that influence which may obtain her a respite, if not entire release. And if ye will do further kindness, drop back a few paces, and let the maiden and myself ride together. William can place his pillion on my horse."

To this, the constables were perfectly willing to agree, and in a few moments Martha was seated behind her lover, William following a few steps behind, the officers bringing up the rear. Thus they entered the village.

CHAPTER IV.

Philip did not speak without reason when he told the constables that he might have influence enough to secure a respite for Martha.

He was the son of the wealthiest man in Salem, and popular with every one. Moreover, he was directing all of his father's large business, for both Mr. English and his wife had been arrested, placed in prison, from where they had managed to escape, and were then in New York, remaining there until the trouble was over.

So the management of his affairs fell upon Philip as the eldest son, and when favors from those in power were requested by him, Philip found that they were generally granted when it could be done without too great evidence of partiality or infringement of their dignity.

The little cavalcade rode directly to the house of the presiding magistrate, and leaving Martha with the others, Philip sought entrance and was admitted.

He presented his petition, stating that he had persuaded the constables to bring Martha directly there rather than to the prison, and begging indulgence for them in the slight technical departure from the letter of their instructions.

He offered himself as surety for Martha in any sum that might be named for the time she might remain at home, and begged that she should be spared the ignominy and distress of remaining in prison until the time for her trial.

This, after some hesitation the magistrate granted, signed a paper which temporarily freed Martha, sent for the constables, endorsed the return of the warrant, and Philip and his affianced returned to her home and over-joyed parents, happy, yet not free from the menace that still hung over her.

Later in the afternoon the Reverend Mr. Parris went to the jail as was his daily custom, ostensibly to pray with the prisoners, exhort them to confess and renudiate their unholy alliances with the evil one, but in reality to gloat over their sufferings.

As has been intimated, he had been instrumental in the arrest of Martha,

having incited Mercy Lewis to make the accusation, and was hugging himself at the prospect of soon seeing the woman he so desired, practically at his mercy, and feasting his eyes daily on her beauty, as in his pastoral capacity he would sanctimoniously pray and exhort in the prison.

His chagrin was great, and his anger furious when he found that Martha had been respited and allowed to return to her home.

He cut his pious ministrations exceedingly short, and hastened to the home of the magistrate whom he severely upbraided for having granted Philip's request.

The magistrate defended his course, saying that Martha was perfectly secure, that the bonds were ample, and that she would appear for trial at the proper time; moreover, that it was entirely within his power and province so to do.

This by no means pleased the minister, and he brought to bear all the arguments that he could muster, but chiefly laid stress on the fact that it was well known that only in one possible way could those who exercised the unholy art of witchcraft be controlled, and that this, the magistrate knew as well as himself; viz., that they should be chained.

He went on to point out that in no other case had an exception been made; that the magistrate had allowed his tender heart to over-ride his sense of justice; that with Martha Howes unrestrained, she could still exercise her Satanic arts, and that it was the magistrate's duty to the community to see that she was not allowed the opportunity, for who knew how many she might torment.

To this, the magistrate could make no reply, for he believed as did all, that chains and manacles only, could restrain the manifestation of a witch's demoniacal powers, and he reluctantly rescinded the reprieve he had given.

Mr. Parris had had previous experience with Philip in many controversies, and he knew him to be both resourceful and able.

He attributed his own failure to win Martha to Philip, and he hated him for the success where he himself had so dis-

mally failed, with a venomous hatred such as only natures like his own can feel.

It was this feeling that had prompted him to bring about the arrest of Philip's father and mother, thinking that in the distress of his parents, Philip's mind and attention would be diverted from Martha, and he himself have a fairer field.

In this, he had conspicuously failed, for Mr. and Mrs. English had succeeded in escaping, and were beyond his reach, while he had been denied access to Martha at her home. Therefore he determined on Martha's own arrest, and he spurred on Mercy Lewis to make the accusation.

He knew that Philip had gone home with Martha, and would probably remain for supper, and for sometime in the evening.

He knew nothing of Philip's encounter with the constables on the way, for the gold had been a great aid in helping them to forgetfulness. Still, he knew something of Philip's temper, and he wished no altercation in the re-arrest. He wanted Martha secured where he could see her daily, and he made his preparations accordingly.

Philip had remained at the Howes' farm for supper, and the time had passed pleasantly. The affair had been discussed in all its aspects, and he had kissed Martha good night between nine and ten, riding home with a light heart, for he believed that from the ease with which he had succeeded that day, he could doubtless succeed later in freeing her entirely.

Martha's mother, with her optimistic disposition, shared this belief, and the girl threw no damper of doubt, for she would not chill their hopes, although in her heart she feared greatly, for she was far more conscious than the others of the reasons that lay behind her accusation, and the malignant devilry that inspired it.

All had retired and were in sound sleep when they were awakened a little after midnight by a pounding at the door.

This was a rare thing, save in the

case of a neighbor's sudden illness some woman in childbirth, or sudden death, and like emergencies.

When such occurred, Goodwife Howes was almost always the one summoned by those who lived within reach of her, for she was a ministering angel to the sick and helpless, as well as sunshine and brightness to the children.

She wakened her husband who had not heard the knocking, saying that some one was at the door, and she wondered who it might be.

"I know of none who are ill, save the child of Goodwife Porter, and that was but a matter of an over-laden stomach, and I supposed that the child had ere now recovered. These last two days have borne so heavily on us with our own griefs, I know not what hath been going on among the neighbors."

The knocking was repeated, and she raised the window, asking who was there.

"Open," replied a voice. "We come in the name of the law for the arrest of Martha Howes. Lives she not here?"

"Truly, she liveth here, but there is some mistake. She of whom you speak was returned with respite from the magistrate but this afternoon."

"Naithless, Goodwife, there is no mistake. The reprieve hath been called back, and we are sent to secure the said Martha Howes."

Martha, who had been awakened by the knocking and the voices, now joined her mother, and asked if they had warrant and authority for their demand.

"Aye, that we have, and all in good form, and we were told to fail not in our duty; therefore, if it be either of ye who speak, make what haste ye can, for we were bade to be quick."

"It is true, mother. I feared it all the time, though I would not cast gloom on your bright hopes when I had returned. Still, I thought not that it would come thus soon." She spoke to the waiting men.

"I will make what speed I can in dressing. How go I?"

"One of us hath brought a pillion on which ye can ride. Waste no time."

She hastened to dress, and throwing her arms about her mother and blind

father, sobbed a few moments on their breasts, her own courage too far gone to attempt to comfort them, opened the door, saying to the constables, "I am here, have your will with me."

She was assisted to the pillion and they rode away, leaving desolated hearts behind them, though little of out-cry, for our Puritan ancestors gave vent to little show of emotion.

At three in the morning, Martha Howes was in Salem jail, iron manacles about her round arms with chains between, and fetters fastened in the same way about her delicate ankles, for thus did our noble forefathers do to their best and loveliest when accused of witchcraft.

CHAPTER V.

The morning after Philip had spent the evening with Martha, and during the night of which she was re-arrested, he was in the office of the warehouse on the wharf from which his father's vessels sailed. The Monarch, on which he had intended to place Martha, and sail with her away from the peril that threatened her, had departed at sunrise, and was now but a dot on the ocean's horizon. Philip had remained, casting up some accounts, and making preparations for another vessel that was hourly expected.

He had come down very early, and had heard nothing of what had befallen his betrothed. He was nearly through with the duties that had detained him, and was preparing to go to his home for a belated breakfast, when a young man, an acquaintance and friend, dropped in.

They passed the usual greetings, and Philip was in unusually good spirits, for the respite he had secured the day before had heartened him greatly. The Monarch had sailed with a good cargo, and he had reason to think that the vessel he was now expecting had made a prosperous voyage. So, as he greeted his friend, his manner was blithe and buoyant.

"Good morning, David. I am glad thou art here. Hast broken thy fast? Come home with me, and we will eat together. I had to be here betimes to see The Monarch under way. She saileth with a good cargo, and if fortune favor, will return with much of profit. The Merry

Maiden is now expected, and if things have gone as well as there be reason to hope from her venture, there should be a satisfactory balance. Matters go well, even if my father be not here to direct, and if no ill befall, I shall be able to render to him a good account of the stewardship that hath come to me. But why this grave face? Hath ill befallen thee or thine?"

"Hast not heard, Philip, of what has happened?"

"Nay. I have heard nothing. I have been here since before the dawn. Of what speakest thou?"

"Dost not know that Martha Howes is in the jail?"

"Martha Howes in jail?" said Philip slowly, while a gray pallor crept over his face. "What meanest thou? Why, 'tis scarce eight hours since I left her safe in her own room, with reprieve granted by the magistrate, under surety of bonds furnished by myself. Speak, man, speak, and tell me what thou meanest."

"She hath been re-arrested, and now lieth in prison, chained and fettered like the others under accusation."

"May the curse of God rest on that lying magistrate! How dare he play me false like this? I will at once to him, and it shall go ill with him and I find it true," and he started for the door, but suddenly stopped.

"Nay, but I must put a curb on this impetuosity that leadeth me to do wild things. 'Twas but yesterday that I came near to doing that by reason of my temper, which I should regret to my dying day. Tell me all."

"It seemeth that yester afternoon, the minister, according to his daily wont, went to the prison to pray and exhort. It is reported that his rage was great when he found that Martha had been reprieved through thine influence. Straightway, he cut short his pious ministrations and betook himself to the magistrate's house. There, he brought to bear such arguments that the magistrate could not well answer, and at the demand of the minister, issued a new warrant for arrest.

"Those to whom it was intrusted were told to go at midnight. This they did, and Martha was lodged in prison some

two hours thereafter. This I have but just learned, and knowing that thou wouldst be here by reason of thy duties, came directly."

"David, art thou my friend?"

"Thou knowest it, Philip."

"Aye, I believe I do, but in these times one hath doubts even of one's own blood and kin. I shall have need of thee, for Martha shall never climb that hill. Swear that I may trust and rely on thee."

"Nay, Philip, an oath is but a breath, but there is my hand, and may it rot ere it fail thee. Wishest thou more?"

"Nay David, that sufficeth. Look me in the eye as I take it."

The two young men took each the hand of the other, and there was no faltering in the steel-gray blue eyes of David, as he met the searching gaze from the brown ones of Philip.

"We must proceed warily," said Philip. "There is some malignant deviltry lieth behind this second arrest. What thinkest thou of the Reverend Mr. Parris?"

"I like not the man. I believe, and this is truth, that he, himself, would bargain with Satan to compass his own ends, keen as he is to put that imputation on others."

"Wherein I agree. But, however it may be, he hath the power at present. The community, the magistrates and the ministers, all believe in this demoniacal possession, nor can I doubt it myself, for we have scripture warrant therefor. But it seemeth strange, that in this community, the godliest and the saintliest should be the most frequently accused. Didst ever know women more holy in all that to which humanity may attain than Goodwives Nourse and Easty? Their whole lives give the lie to the thought of guilt in this matter. And yet thou knowest what befell the first, and what may yet hap to the second. And Martha! Though I love her, and thou dost not, tell me if in all thine acquaintance, thou knowest a purer, sweeter, lovelier maiden. And yet, she lieth under this vile accusation. And whence come they?"

"Thou knowest that in every case, he of whom we speak hath been active and instrumental in bringing them, and if

thou wilt think carefully, thou canst see in every instance, that mingled with the godly duty, there hath been a matter of personal spite and animosity."

"That is true, Philip, and it hath irked me to restrain my tongue, but it hath been the part of wisdom so to do.

"As for the maiden, Martha, I agree to all thou sayest concerning her. No sweeter maiden ere set foot on earth, and thou art fortunate beyond most to have won her love. But thinkest thou there is personal motive in the accusation brought against her?"

"Of a surety I do, but I may not tell thee the reasons. What behooveth us is to endeavor to rescue her from the fate that threatens her, but in regard thereto, we must proceed with caution."

"David, I am glad that thou camest to me, and that I learned this concerning her from thy lips. Come with me now, to my house, where we may eat, and after, I will see the magistrate."

Philip closed and fastened the door of the warehouse, and the two friends proceeded to Philip's home, from whence, at a suitable hour, the latter went to that of the magistrate.

This gentleman received Philip with some embarrassment and a slight hauteur, for he felt ill at ease on account of the readiness with which he had yielded to the demand of the minister, and he was on the defensive. He anticipated angry reproaches, but Martha's talk to Philip when he had threatened the constables, had shown the young man clearly how powerless he would be to aid her if he allowed valor to out-run discretion, so it was with the deepest deference that he craved to know the reason for the rescinding of the reprieve.

The magistrate, mollified by Philip's attitude, explained the arguments that had induced him to change his mind, expressing his sincere regret that his sense of duty had compelled him so to do.

"But surely, worshipful sir," said Philip, "you do not mean to tell me that in your own mind, such an accusation can have any basis of truth as applied to Martha Howes?"

The magistrate had known Philip from a boy, and was fond of him, so he replied

kindly.

"Philip, my son, I know your sorrow and distress, and it grieves me sorely. The office I hold is not an easy one in such times as be upon us, but straight before me lieth my duty to the community. My private opinion as to the guilt or innocence of her of whom you speak, or of any other brought before me in my official capacity hath nothing to do with the matter. It is on the evidence submitted that I must form my judgment. Think not it hath been a pleasant or an easy task to do what hath been necessary for me to do in the case of those I have known and respected for years as friends and neighbors. But I should be unworthy the office I hold, did I allow any motive to sway me, other than my desire to do strict justice to all as the law hath laid down.

"I can say but this, that in so far as is compatible with that strict justice and impartiality to all, such leniency shall be shown your betrothed as may safely be granted. More, I cannot say," and Philip realized that all hope of mitigating the rigor of Martha's imprisonment was futile.

CHAPTER VI.

When Philip left the magistrate's house he bore with him a permit to visit the prison between certain hours, and he waited impatiently and feverishly for the time to come when he could do so. He had asked his friend, David, to meet him at the office in the warehouse after his interview, and he went directly there. In a few minutes David appeared, and taking Philip's hand, asked him concerning the result of his call.

"It is all too true, David. Martha lieth in jail, even as thou toldest me, and effort in her behalf is useless. The utmost I could obtain was permission to see her, and the promise that all leniency should be shown her that might be consistently allowed.

"The minister hath so wrought upon the magistrate, Mr. Hathorn, that he no longer hath mind of his own, but is swayed and molded to see all things as the other would have him do.

"Whatever of aid or help there may be

for Martha, must come from us. Tell me again that thou wilt stand by me, David."

"And again, Philip, there is my hand, even to my death. Doth it suffice thee?"

"It shameth me, David, to have doubted, even for the one instant. Forgive me," as he took the other's hand and pressed it long and earnestly.

"I know not," he continued, "by what means we can render her service. It will bear much of thought and study. Thou art cool and clear of head. I am hot, and prone to do first, taking thought afterward. Thou shalt restrain me in any wild plan that meeteth not with thy judgment and approval, but one. That, I may tell, not even to thee, but I give thee this assurance, that not until the very last moment, when all hope is gone, shall it be put to execution.

"Now I must to the prison and see Martha, and then bear to her stricken parents what of solace and comfort I may. Thou knowest her father is an invalid, and blind. Her mother hath already been admonished, and it may yet hap that she join her daughter.

"There is one more on whom we may rely as opportunity offereth. It is the redemptioner lad, William, who liveth at Goodman Howes. He is but a youth, but sturdy and well grown, and there beats in his breast a heart as true, and a loyalty as leal and as high in regard to Martha as our own. This I know.

"Farewell for the time. I shall see thee on the morrow," and once more pressing the hand of his friend he started for the jail.

The magistrate's permit admitted him without question, and in a few minutes he stood face to face with his love. She reached forward, taking his hands in her own, while a look of wonderful sweetness shone in her eyes.

"I knew that thou wouldst come to me, Philip, if thou could'st."

As Philip saw the chain that reached from wrist to wrist, and heard the clank of that which bound her ankles, his face went white. He stifled a groan, and for a moment or two could say nothing, but at last the word, "Martha!" came from his lips, in a tone that told her all of the

love, the pity, the anguish, horror and anger that filled his soul at seeing his beloved under such conditions.

"It is God's will, Philip," she said gently. "I know all that thou feelest and would say, but restrain thy speech, for it availeth naught. Let me hear only words of love, for they shall be to me a tower of strength in this, my humiliation and affliction. If the worst befall, I have thy promise, and on that I rest content. Kiss me."

He bent and kissed her, folding her in his arms, while she laid her manacled hands on his shoulders, for more she could not do.

The other inmates of the room, most of whom knew the two, and their relation to each other, withdrew as far as possible, forgetting for a moment their own woes in their sympathy for the lovers, while tears fell from their eyes.

"Hast seen my father and mother, Philip?"

"Not yet. 'Tis but two or three hours gone since I learned of thy being here, and I went at the earliest moment to the magistrate to learn the reason thereof. Oh! it was well conceived, and I know whose hand and black heart—"

"Hush! Philip. Curb thy tongue, for speech is rash. Rememberest what I said to thee but yester morn? Forget it not. There are those here whom thou knowest," she continued. "Give a greeting and say a kindly word for they need it. Here are women who have left helpless children with none to care for them; others, sick ones who will miss their ministrations. Our own griefs and sorrows must not make us forget the woes of others."

Philip, ever mindful of Martha's words, left her for a few moments and went among the others, saying what he might of cheer and hope, then returned to his sweetheart.

"When art thou going to see my father and mother?"

"So soon as I leave here. Is there any special message I may take?"

"Nothing of moment beyond my love. Say as little as possible of the discomforts. Tell them I lack not for friends and acquaintance, even though that bear

its portion of sorrow, for the comfort they may think it to me, will outweigh in their minds their grief for others. It is but human nature. Bid them be of cheer that I may soon return. And forget not to say something to William of my remembrance of him, for surely, I forget not his desire to aid me, careless of consequences to himself. That, I think, is all."

The time allowed for Philip's visit soon elapsed, and kissing her good-by, he left the jail with a heavy heart, revolving in his mind wild schemes for her rescue, each dismissed instantly so soon as formed, for he knew them hopeless and impracticable, but vowing nevertheless, to attempt something, even if it resulted in the death of them both. Far better that than the fate awaiting her.

He returned to his home, and saddling his horse rode on his distressful errand to the Howes' farm.

Martha's mother saw him coming, and stood in the door to greet him as he rode up. He dismounted, fastened his horse, and took the hand she silently extended.

Philip could hardly credit his eyes as he saw the change that had come over her face. The alternations of anxiety and hope during the previous two or three days, culminating in the anguished despair when she had seen Martha taken away in the middle of the night, and carried off to prison had wrought their work, and from a buxom, good-looking, contented and happy woman of fifty, she had changed to broken and haggard age.

She led him within the house and closed the door, saying to her husband who sat in the room, "Father, this is Philip," and turning to the latter, said, "Have you seen her?"

"I have just come from her within the hour. She is brave, calm and tranquil. She bade me tell you it is better than she feared. There be others there whom she knows, Goodwife Easty among them, kin of yours I believe, and they try to console and comfort each other, finding in mutual help a solace for themselves."

"But why, Philip, was Martha re-arrested and so secretly?"

"That I cannot tell, for I know not the reason, although I might guess, as may

you, whose hand hath pulled the strings.

"I saw Mr. Hathorn, the magistrate, this morning, and he made brave talk about his duty to the community, and that it savored of partiality to allow Martha the privilege not granted others, of remaining at her home. Still, he promised that she should be shown all the leniency possible to be permitted while detained, and gave me a permit to see her daily. I would though, that he had a stronger mind of his own, and not so susceptible of influence."

"When learned you of her arrest?"

"Early this morning. David Raymond brought me the news while I was at the warehouse after The Monarch had sailed, and later broke his fast with me. As soon thereafter as was meet, I went to the magistrate's, then, at the hour assigned to see Martha, and thence directly here, bearing her message of love to you, and bidding you be of good cheer."

"It is good of you, Philip. Say you she seemeth cheerful?"

"Aye, cheerful as the circumstances may warrant, and as ever, full of thought for others. She even made me spend some precious minutes in talking to the rest when I grudged every golden moment, having, as you well know, thought for her alone."

"When see you her again?"

"On the morrow. I may see her daily, unless the permission be withdrawn."

"How fareth she in the matter of food?"

"I know not. The matter was not touched upon, but while there may be plenty, I doubt me if it be such as that to which she is used."

"Wilt take her something?"

"Gladly, though I mistrust if she keep much for herself, for ever she thinketh of others, and that they may need what she hath more than she."

"I know, I know, but if the burden be not too great for you to carry, it will pleasure me to provide generously."

"And me to carry it, as I will do daily if it be prepared. 'Tis but little any may do, but it will bring blessing both to you and to her; to you, in the thought that you are doing for her; to her, in the knowledge that love comes with each

fragment."

In life, it is nearly always women's lot to wait, but when occupation may be found that they think may benefit those they love, it is a godsend, and at the mere thought, a more cheerful look came on the face of Martha's mother.

She hastened to prepare a basket of good things and filled it lavishly, foreseeing in the days to come, much of baking and the preparing of dainties not included in prison fare.

While she was making ready the basket, Philip went out and found William, giving to him Martha's message of remembrance. The lad was deeply moved, and tears stood in his eyes as he said, "You know, sir, what I told you three days ago. Forget it not. Whenever, and whatever may be desired of me that may be of benefit to her, I am ready. I feel within me that I may yet be of service. On the morrow when you see her, bear to her my humble thanks for her remembrance of the poor, bond-servant lad."

When Philip returned to the house he found the basket packed, and bidding good-by to Martha's distressed parents, promising to come again the following day, he mounted his horse and returned to his own home.

CHAPTER VII.

The Reverend Mr. Parris was up betimes that morning to learn whether the trap he had so carefully set had been sprung, and the quarry secured. When he learned that Martha was safely in prison, his satisfaction was intense, and it was with difficulty that he restrained his inclination to go at once to the jail and gloat over his victim. But he was shrewd and cautious, and he desired above all things to avoid any possible comment or suspicion that he had any further personal interest in Martha's detention, than that of a godly pastor, sorrowing over the dereliction of one of his flock. Therefore he held in check his ardor to feast his eyes on her whom he so earnestly desired, until the usual hour for his visitation.

He returned to his home, and in his study, devoutly gave thanks to God for

the success that had attended his planning.

As the afternoon hour approached for his customary visit of prayer and exhortation, he dressed himself with unusual care, and proceeded to the prison, licking his chops like a ravening wolf at the prospect of again seeing her from whom he had been denied so many weeks.

He prolonged his anticipation by talking to all the other prisoners first, reserving personal communication with Martha till the last, although in the woman's part where she was confined in common with the others, he could gratify his eyes by frequent glances in her direction,

Martha was keenly aware of these looks, and she knew that ere he left she would be compelled to listen as he talked to her.

She dreaded it, but she was powerless. She knew intuitively that it was through his agency that she was in confinement, and subjected to the ignominy of chains, like a dangerous felon, and her soul revolted at the compulsion she would be under to hear what she had come to believe his hypocritical cant.

In this, she did him a partial injustice, for however much personal motives had induced him to proceed against her, in general, he believed profoundly in Satanic possession, and exhorted sincerely in regard to it.

So she waited with a sickening at her heart until it should come her turn to listen. He gradually drew nearer and nearer, and at last addressed her.

"It grieveth me sorely, my sister, to see thee here, helpless and bound, which yet, are but typical of the bonds wherewith Satan hath bound thee. How camest it that thou, so young, so fair, so lovely, so full of all the graces that bedeck young maidenhood should have been tempted to enter into this unholy alliance with the Prince of Darkness? What could he offer thee of worldly desire that thou shouldst thus imperil thine immortal soul? Repent, repent, it may be that it is not yet too late. Repudiate this evil compact. Confess thy sin and seek forgiveness, and it shall be that the Lord will look upon thee in mercy."

To this harangue Martha made no reply.

"Speak, sinful girl! Dost flout God's minister who seeks to aid thee to see the error of thy ways?"

"I have naught to say," replied Martha. "You know, reverend sir, that I am as innocent of this charge as the babe unborn."

"Verily, I know not so. On the contrary, loath as I was to believe it when it came to my ears, thy recalcitrance and stiff-neckedness are evidence against thee. I adjure thee to confess and repent."

Again Martha remained silent.

"Wilt say naught? As thy pastor, and God's minister, I command thee to speak."

"I have nothing to confess, and naught of which to repent."

"Dost know the doom that awaiteth thee if thou persistest in sin and contumaciousness?"

"I know full well the doom to which I am being driven, but confess I will not when there is naught to confess, nor say I repent when there is naught of which I have to repent."

Martha's courage had risen with her indignation, and she looked her persecutor squarely in the eye, while his own fell.

"I came to aid thee if I might, but thy pride and stubbornness still hold thee in bondage. Thy stomach is haughty, but a few days of discipline may lower thy haughtiness, and soften thy hard heart. At my next visit I hope to find thee in more humble and contrite spirit."

He turned from her, and demanding the reverent attention of all, made the prayer with which he concluded his daily visits. He left the prison, mad with desire for her, for her loveliness had never seemed so seductive and inaccessible, as when she faced him, physically helpless, but with indomitable spirit shining in her eyes.

He counted, however, that a day or two of the rigor of imprisonment would break her stubbornness, and that later she would prove more amenable to the hints that he would throw out as to his power to effect her release, but at the next visit, and the third, and the fourth, he found

her the same, brave, patient, uncomplaining, but with high courage and unbending will, as she listened to his adjurations which she could not avoid.

But as the days passed, he saw a slow scorn gradually show itself in her face as she regarded him, and he determined to play his last card, then, if she were still insubordinate, he would leave her to her fate, or rather, he would bring to bear every malignant energy he possessed to insure it.

When he had come to this decision he visited the jail as usual, and after going his customary rounds, he requested the other inmates of the common room to withdraw to the far side, as he had that which he wished to say to the prisoner, Martha Howes, in private.

They obeyed his behest, and when they had grouped themselves as far from Martha as the limits of the room permitted, he said in a low voice, "Art thou still hard-hearted and rebellious?"

"I am but as I have been," she replied.

"Knowest thou my power and influence?"

"I have had reason to know it."

"I can secure thy freedom."

Martha made no answer. Her swift, womanly intuition knew at once the price he would demand, and while a fleeting vision passed through her mind of the blessedness of release from the horrors she was daily suffering, she dismissed it instantly, for freedom under the conditions by which she would have to secure it, seemed more terrible than the ultimate fate she knew she would suffer if she refused.

"Didst hear?" he asked.

"I heard."

"Well, what sayest thou?"

"That you have a price. What is it?"

"Promise me thy hand. I can assure the authorities of thy repentance, and that my prayers have availed to free thee from the fetters with which the Prince of Darkness hath bound thee. Certain legal forms must be complied with, for thou art under accusation, but I promise thee that within two days thou canst walk out from here a free woman. What sayest thou?"

Martha heard him calmly to the end, then looking him over with unutterable

scorn and contempt, she said slowly, but in a low, clear voice, distinctly audible to every inmate of the room, "Go out from here a free woman, at the price of my promise to wed you? I mistrusted you before, but words fail me to express the unutterable loathing and contempt you have inspired. Never! Do you hear? Never! You call yourself God's minister, but Satan himself hath no fiend so foul. Sooner than accept your proffer of wedlock as the price of my freedom, I will ascend the gallows with cheerfulness, and myself help the hangman place the rope about my neck," and deliberately turning her back upon him, she waited until he had left the room, omitting his customary prayer, and leaving behind him a wondering and awe-stricken group.

He went out into the open with a hate blacker than hell seething in his heart, determined to bring every energy to bear to her speedy trial and execution.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the Reverend Mr. Parris left the jail after his fruitless effort to induce Martha to accept release at the price of marrying him, he went directly to his home, for shaken as he was with rage at her contemptuous rejection, and her expressed preference for death rather than marriage with him, he wished to regain his equilibrium before he met any of the townspeople.

His anger was still further augmented by the publicity she had given to her rejection, and the uncovering of his hypocrisy, which, although before the prisoners only, would nevertheless, become public knowledge, for among them were members of the best known and most prominent families in the community.

One purpose was firmly fixed in his mind, and that was to bring Martha to trial and execution as soon as possible, but he knew that he must prepare his plans very carefully and cover all possible suggestion of personal animosity.

This would take time and study, and he intended to give sufficient of them so that there would be no hitch in the programme, once he had started it. But he was implacable in his determination to

accomplish the ultimate issue by one means or another.

Still, in spite of his bitter hatred and humiliation, liquid fire seemed to run through his veins as he thought of her sumptuous beauty, regal, even in her present low estate, and he yet desired her with feverish madness.

Then came the thought of her love for Philip, and again he was stirred with black anger at the idea of another in possession of the charms for which he was almost ready to barter his soul, and his determination to accomplish her death received new strength.

Meanwhile, Philip and David were in earnest and daily consultation how they might effect Martha's escape, for with the increasing wave of fanaticism in the town, they saw little hope of her release.

Accusation had become almost equivalent to condemnation, and nearly every case was prejudged before coming to trial. After that, it was merely an indefinite wait of untold horror, ending with the ghastly tragedy on the gallows.

But to all their planning there was one fatal objection. Philip knew that Martha would refuse to accept freedom before her trial for the same reason that she had rejected his offer to place her on the vessel and flee with her. When all hope of acquittal was gone, and sentence had been pronounced, she would then doubtless accept any means of escape that might offer.

So it was with a mixture of dread and impatience that he waited for the news that she was to be summoned before the judges to answer to her accusation. The trial over, he would find some means, however desperate, to attempt her rescue in case of her conviction.

The minister had been among those who had objected to the supply of food being furnished to the prisoners by Mrs. Howes and Philip, but had been overruled. This by no means suited his imperious will, for he had come to regard himself as the autocrat in the matter of the witch prosecutions, and foiled in one way he set about to find another.

He had been instrumental in setting in motion the action that had resulted in the visit of inquiry regarding Mrs. Howes,

and although the committee had made an inconclusive report, the final judgment of the authorities had been that she should not be arrested at that time, but warned, and kept under observation.

This had not been altogether pleasing to Mr. Parris, but he had been acquiescent, for his prime motive had been directed at Martha through her mother.

As soon as the report of the committee had been adjudged he had changed his tactics and devoted his energies toward securing the person of Martha herself, for he quickly reasoned that his opportunities for seeing her would be daily, and that by the pressure he could bring to bear on her in the jail he could win her consent to accept him. This he had humiliatingly failed to do, and he determined to again try to secure the arrest of her mother.

In coming to this decision he was partly moved by a desire to wreak vengeance on Martha by causing her further pain, and also to lessen her influence among the prisoners by depriving her of the means of dispensing the comforts furnished by her mother and Philip.

He determined to consult his friend and superior, the Reverend Doctor Cotton Mather on the matter, and went to Boston for that purpose.

That eminent gentleman received Mr. Parris cordially, and commended him warmly for the godly zeal he had shown in ferreting out and hounding to imprisonment and death, those who practiced the damnable art of witchcraft.

Mr. Parris received his commendation with becoming humility.

"I feel, reverend sir, that I am but an humble instrument, although perhaps a chosen vessel in fighting the machinations of the arch enemy of souls, and advancing the kingdom of God on earth.

"My zeal never wearies but the flesh is weak, and I often feel a faltering in my purpose when it cometh to the matter of proceeding against those whom I have respected and honored, although convinced in my mind of their guilt in practicing this diabolical art. The human feelings are so strong that they prove a temptation and a weakness, and I have hourly to seek strength from above to

keep me firm and unyielding in what I know to be my duty."

"You have my prayers and my sympathy, my dear friend. God will surely aid you in your noble work. Is there any way in which I may be of service to you in your godly efforts?"

"Aye, sir, you may, and it is because of your great knowledge, your recognized ability as a leader of thought, your deep wisdom and your unselfish devotion in the Lord's vineyard that I have sought you for advice in a problem that giveth me much of anxiety."

Mr. Parris was a shrewd man. He knew that the reputation and tremendous influence of Cotton Mather would go far in supporting any measures that he himself might advocate. He also knew that the great man had his weakness, which was a colossal conceit and vanity with an inordinate greed for flattery.

"And I will help you to the utmost of my power," replied Dr. Mather. "I am, as you say of yourself, but a feeble instrument, yet hath God seemed to choose me for this especial work. Tell me freely of your problem."

"It is this, most revered sir. Among those who, now lie in Salem jail is a young woman, by name, Martha Howes. The evidence against her is clear and convincing, and she will speedily be brought to trial.

"Her mother hath been made the subject of inquiry and hath been warned, but there the matter resteth.

"Since the daughter hath been imprisoned the mother hath sent her baskets of food to eke out the simple but wholesome fare of the prison. The girl, Martha, hath requested her mother to send in greater abundance that she may distribute among the other prisoners; until now, two huge baskets of luxurious food are daily delivered at the prison."

"Most unseemly and most unwise," interrupted the other.

"I am greatly heartened that you agree with me, sir. I have protested but without avail. The answer is made that by so much as is furnished, by just so much are the expenses of maintaining the prisoners lessened, and that, sir, you know, is an argument that always touch-

eth those who pay the rates.

"Further, since this supply hath been furnished, there hath been a marked change in the demeanor of the prisoners. They are no longer meek, humble, listening devoutly to my words as the Lord giveth them to me to utter, but on the contrary, are indifferent, restless, and I have seen many looks pass from one to the other which are not seemly.

"The girl, Martha, in particular, is defiant, receiving not my words in lowliness of spirit as becometh one in her situation."

"A proud stomach maketh a haughty spirit," ejaculated Dr. Mather.

"It is even so, sir. More; she hath even flouted me in the presence of the others, saying that she believeth not in my sincerity, and heaping scorn upon me."

"Truly Satan hath her hopelessly in his toils. And say you that this spirit is rife among the others?"

"I grieve to say that it is even so. I have been casting about in my mind for the possible cause, and I have an idea that I wish to submit to your profound judgment.

"You know, honored sir, that at the table of the Lord, they who partake of the bread and the wine after it hath been duly blessed, find consolation and spiritual strength, enabling them to the better resisting of the wiles of the devil. We clergymen, as the annointed of the Lord, have charge of the preparation and distribution of that sacred feast. The Prince of Darkness hath his ministers, and may it not be, that in imitation of our holy office, they, by blasphemous rites and diabolic incantations, can and do impart to the food they prepare, some subtle quality that heartens and strengthens the partakers thereof to the resistance of the Holy Spirit, as proclaimed through the ministers of God?"

"This, most reverend sir, I, myself, sincerely believe, and in connection therewith, that this woman, Goodwife Howes, as one of the agents of the Evil One, so doeth. On this problem I have come to consult you, and crave your honored opinion."

The Reverend Cotton Mather sat in silence. He was never unwilling to give

his advice and opinion on any subject, natural or supernatural, scientific or religious, but he wished it to have the semblance of profound conviction as the result of deep thought, so he made no reply for a few moments, while he turned the matter over in his mind. At last he spoke.

"What you have said, my dear friend, savoreth of much truth. I have studied deeply on the wiles and arts that the devil maketh use of to the seduction of humanity, but I freely admit that your idea is new to me. The more I think of it, the truer it seemeth. Yes," he continued with increasing earnestness, "there can be no doubt but that you have hit upon a profound truth. The matter of supplies should be stopped at once, and more, this woman who prepareth them should be placed where she can no more practice these blasphemous and unholy rites. She should be confined at once. See to it that you have her arrested at the earliest opportunity possible," and the great doctor of divinity rose from his seat, and grasping the hand of the other, shook it warmly, again commending him for his zeal and congratulating him on his perspicacity.

Mr. Parris had obtained what he desired. He had discounted the effect of the dissemination of Martha's accusation of his motives, had secured a powerful ally in the matter of stopping the supply of food, and fortified by the opinion of Dr Mather, had little doubt that he could soon secure the arrest of Mrs. Howes.

He returned to Salem in the mood of a man who feels that he has accomplished a master deal, and was correspondingly elated.

The next morning he began to set in motion the machinery by which he hoped to achieve the results at which he was aiming.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Howes had found much of comfort and solace in the preparation of the baskets of food that she sent to Martha.

Work and occupation are a blessing to the sick at heart, and when it is done for the benefit of loved ones, it is doubly so.

Mrs. Howes found in the multifarious duties that now fell to her lot in the absence of Martha, little time for lamentation and grieving, although thoughts of her daughter were never absent from her mind. Occasionally her courage would give way, and she would go to her bedroom for a few minutes, throw herself on her knees beside her bed, and burying her face in her hands, weep silently, then uttering a short prayer that strength might be given her to bear her affliction patiently, rise and resume her duties with new courage.

Into every cake she baked, every morsel of food she prepared, went loving thoughts for the daughter in prison, and not only for Martha, but for others who were the companions of her confinement, many of whom Mrs. Howes knew. Others whom she did not know she became interested in through the details Philip gave her in his pilgrimages to and fro, and often she would prepare some especial dish or dainty for some one whose plight had particularly touched her heart, or for whom Martha had made a special request.

Philip's daily reports were an inestimable boon to her, and she questioned him closely in all that concerned Martha. Next to seeing her daughter herself, it was all that she could ask for under the conditions, and she never failed to give thanks that so much was granted her.

She also found another distraction for her mind that prevented her from dwelling too much on Martha's imprisonment.

Mr. Howes had been a semi-invalid for years, and since Martha's arrest had broken greatly, becoming very feeble. This, together with his blindness made him very helpless, and much of his wife's time was taken in caring for him. She rose before dawn, and with the preparation of the daily meals, the routine of household duties, the waiting on her husband, and the task of preparing the regular basket for Philip, it was well into the evening before she finished, and when she laid down her tired body, she slept the dreamless sleep of exhaustion and fatigue, to wake the next morning and repeat the same round.

The second morning after the visit of

Mr. Parris to Boston, having finished her regular household duties, she had just placed in the oven a batch of gingerbread for the basket, when glancing through the open door she saw two men ride up to the house and dismount. As they came to the door her heart stopped, for she recognized them as the two constables who had first arrested Martha.

"Good morning, goodwife," was their greeting.

"The same to you, sirs," she replied.

"Are you Goodwife Howes, the wife of one Nathan Howes, and the mother of Martha Howes?"

"I am so known. What would you with me?"

"We have a warrant for your arrest."

She laid a finger on her lips, pointing to a room beyond, and beckoned them to come into the yard, a few steps from the door.

"What said you? A warrant of arrest for me?" she asked, bewildered.

"Aye, goodwife. There be many to whom we go on that same errand. We like it not, but we have no choice. Food must we earn for ourselves and our families, and this seemeth to be the only industry in the community that flourisheth."

"For me?" she repeated, slowly. "Surely, there must be some error. They have already taken my daughter. My husband lieth in there, ill and blind. What will hap to him if I be taken also?"

"The warrant readeth, 'For Goodwife Hannah Howes, wife of Nathan Howes,' so if you be she, come you must. The lines be hard if what you say concerning your husband be true, but with that we have naught to do."

"Then God's will be done," she murmured. "May He give me strength and grace to bear this affliction in meekness and patience." She turned to the constables. "There is somewhat to do to make things ready for departure, and provide for the needs of my husband so far as may be. Then too, I have yet the preparation for the baskets that Mr. English taketh daily to the prison for my daughter. Was any time set at which you were to deliver me?"

"Nay, we were instructed to give you

all reasonable time, for they said somewhat of the conditions here. But of one thing was particular mention made, and that was that no more supplies should be sent from here to the prisoners, and to that we were bade to see."

Bitter as was the blow to Hannah Howes in her own arrest, there was a sting in this that hurt almost even more, for it savored of a malignity that she could not comprehend. She knew of course that with her arrest she could no longer furnish what she had been in the habit of doing, but she sorely wished to give the last tribute of her love and sympathy, and now this was denied.

For a moment her spirit was roused, and she started to say some bitter things but caught herself as she reflected on the uselessness of it. She turned again to the men.

"I will make what speed I can, and I am grateful for the courtesy you show in giving me time. It will be past the noon hour ere I am ready. Meanwhile, I crave that ye remain outside for a few minutes for I would break the sad news to my husband myself."

CHAPTER X.

The constables had been cautioned to secrecy in the matter of their errand, and to say nothing of it to any. There were no ubiquitous reporters scanning the court files, and what in those days corresponded to our present police departments, so if they kept their own counsel none would know for whom they were sent.

To be sure, their persons and duties were well known, but those who saw them ride by on their fateful missions, were well content to let them pass, asking no questions, and grateful that the summons was not for themselves.

Naturally, Martha had no communication with the outside world, save through Philip, so the mingled shock of joy with which she saw her mother ushered into the room, and her amazed horror a moment later, when she learned why Mrs. Howes was there, almost overcame her.

She was endeavoring to comfort a young mother who had been taken from her two children the day before, and

whom the twenty-four hours of imprisonment had reduced to apathetic despair, when looking up, she saw someone entering the room, and recognized her mother.

She sprang up with a joyful cry, immediately checked as she saw the chains between the other's wrists, and heard the clank of those about her ankles as she walked. Mrs. Howes came forward slowly, and for a moment, mother and daughter looked in each other's faces, then with their heads resting each on the shoulder of the other, they wept silently.

The elder woman recovered her composure first.

"Martha, my daughter, my daughter! It is sweet to see thee again, even thus. Hast no greeting for thy mother?" but Martha could only weep, now and then kissing her mother's furrowed cheek. At length she whispered, "Why? Why? Surely, they have not taken thee from my father, leaving him alone, ill and helpless?"

"Even so, Martha, hath God in His wise providence ordered it."

"God hath no hand in this," retorted the girl vehemently. "It is the vile hand, and viler heart of—."

"Hush, Martha! Forget not thy faith in Him in whom thou hast been taught to trust since thy childhood. Whatsoever He permitteth is right and good, although we see not its justice or wisdom."

But in spite of her usual sweetness and gentleness, Martha remained stubbornly rebellious, and at length her mother ceased to argue with her.

"Tell me of my father," demanded the girl. "How didst thou leave him? What said he? Who will care for him now that thou art taken from him? When came they for thee? Gave they any time for thee to make provision for his needs? And the baskets of good things that have been such a blessing to so many of these! Who will prepare them?" and her queries rushed forth in such a torrent that her mother smiled sadly at the girl's impetuosity.

"Nay, nay, Martha, thou goest too fast in one breath. Have patience and I will tell thee all. It lacked some two hours of mid-day when two men rode up, and I saw as they came near that they were

the same who first came for thee, and my heart near failed me for I felt that their errand boded no good.

"They gave me courteous greeting, and said they bore a warrant for me. Thy father was asleep, and I feared they might waken him with their voices, and that so sudden a shock might prove fatal if he heard and learned thus of their errand, therefore laid I my finger on my lips, and withdrew with them some paces from the door."

"Mayhap it were better that it had been so. He will die as it be, lacking thy care, and much suffering might have been spared him."

"That, Martha, is as God wills, not as we wish. Outside, the men told me for what they had come. I went back to where thy father was sleeping. He had wakened, and I broke it to him as gently as I might. The men were considerate, and gave me all the time I desired."

"How bore my father, the dreadful news?"

"Sorely, sorely, but his faith in God will sustain him."

"And then?"

"Then I called in the men and gave them somewhat to eat that I had been preparing for the baskets which Philip bringeth."

"But why gave you it to them?"

"Because they were bid to tell me that no more must be brought."

"Not even this day?"

"Nay, not even this last that I had been making ready. It savored to me of needless cruelty, and it was bitter, for sore as hath been my heart at thy absence, it was sweet to think I could still minister to thee," and the woman's voice trembled.

"Mother!" and the girl laid her hands on her mother's shoulders, weeping afresh.

"And then?" said she when she had controlled herself.

"And then I set about my preparations. I set all in order, arranging for thy father's comfort, giving William instruction concerning his care, made up the bundle to bring with me, including a change for thee, changed my clothing and went in to bid goodby to thy father."

"Tell me of it."

"Nay, Martha, ask me not to live over again the bitterness of that parting. It is past, and now I am here with thee."

Mrs. Howes had been fairly composed during her recital, but at the memory of her farewell to her husband, her fortitude gave way, and for a few minutes, Martha found herself fully occupied in her efforts to comfort her grief-stricken mother.

The woman's courage soon returned, and she went among the others, greeting those whom she knew, and saying kindly things to those whom she did not, with an especial word of tenderness to those in whom she had become interested through the messages that Martha had sent her.

At first the inmates of the room had left Martha and her mother by themselves, but now all crowded about Mrs. Howes, and many were the words of sympathy given her, and of appreciation of what she had done to lighten the burdensomeness of their confinement.

The meeting between Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Easty was peculiarly affecting. They were cousins, had known each other from childhood, had been warmly affectionate, had seen each other grow up, marry, bear their children, and follow their allotted paths in life. Similar in temperament, an unusually tender tie had united them in addition to their kinship. Now, in their decline of years, they found themselves mutual inmates of a prison, under the same accusation, and so far as they could tell doomed to suffer a common fate, and their greeting had much of pathos.

So passed the day.

It had been late when Mrs. Howes had reached the jail, and Mr. Parris had made his usual visit and gone, coming a little earlier than was his wont, for he had not cared to face Martha in the first flush of her indignant anger and scorn at finding her mother in the same situation as herself, for he very well knew at whose door she would not fail to lay this new outrage.

Philip had made his customary morning visit and was in unusually good spirits. The Merry Maiden, whose arrival he had been expecting about the

time of Martha's arrest, had come in with good profit from her voyage, had discharged, loaded, and gone to sea again.

The day before Mrs. Howes had joined Martha, another vessel had arrived with an equally satisfactory report, having touched at New York, and bringing a letter from Mr. English, telling Philip that both himself and his wife were well, and making the best of their enforced absence.

No rumor had leaked out concerning the decision to arrest Mrs. Howes, and he found Martha well and fairly cheerful. So he rode to the Howes' farm with a light heart, little dreaming of the woe he would find there.

He rode up and tied his horse as usual, rather wondering that Mrs. Howes did not come out to meet him as she commonly did, always being on the watch for him and eagerly asking for news of Martha.

The kitchen door was shut, which puzzled him, for during the warm weather it invariably stood open. He went in, but there was no one there. He saw no signs of the customary housewifely occupations. Everything was put away as if those who lived there had departed. The baskets, which usually stood on the kitchen table were empty, instead of being filled, ready for him as had recently been the habit, and he felt an impending sense of disaster.

He went into the next room and saw Mr. Howes lying on the couch with his face turned away. He spoke to him but he did not answer.

Alarmed, Philip laid his hand on the other, and bent over him, asking if he felt worse than usual, and where had Mrs. Howes gone.

The old man made no reply, and at first Philip thought him dead, but he saw that he breathed. Philip shook him, and spoke in a louder tone, but there was no response save the slow and labored breathing.

He turned him over, and saw that the man was unconscious. Now thoroughly alarmed, he concluded that Mrs. Howes had gone to some neighbor for help, though he could not understand the entire absence of disarray about the rooms,

nor why she had not sent William instead of going herself. He went out to search for the youth whom he found at the barn, and from whom he soon learned all of the sad tale.

"How long hath Mr. Howes been unconscious, William?"

"Unconscious, say you, sir? I knew not that he was so. 'Tis an hour or two since, sir, that I returned. I went in and asked what could I do for him, and he made answer, 'Nothing, nor can any. My grief and pain must I bear alone.' So I left him, and have been about my tasks ever since."

"Saddle The Earl, and ride at once for a physician, though 'tis little I fear that any leech may do for him. I think, myself, he hath received a mortal blow from the work of these fiends. Make all the speed you can. I will remain here until you return with the mediciner."

William hastened on his errand and Philip returned to the stricken man. He knew little of illness, but he knew enough to know that something had given way in the old man's brain under the shock that had deprived him of his wife.

While awaiting William's return with the doctor, he heaped maledictions dire and bitter on those who had wrought this suffering on his beloved, and found some solace in mentally consigning them to all the tortures and torments of which he could think.

It was not long before William was back, for The Earl had made good the lad's previous praise of him, but he was alone.

"Why alone, William? Found you not the physician?"

"Aye, sir, just as he was about setting out to attend a woman in the pains of childbirth. He asked me regarding my master's illness, and when I told him, bade me go back, saying, there was naught that he could do, save mayhap, to let a little blood, and that his duty lay in giving aid to those who yet had a chance for life. He bade me tell you, sir, to put draughts on my master's feet, and that he would be here in the morn, were Mr. Howes yet living."

"Perhaps it is as well," muttered Philip. "To what could he waken but to

more misery and suffering, though I grieve to bear the news to those who are left."

Together they did what they could for the unconscious man, but ere morning dawned the silver cord was loosed, and Martha's father was at rest.

At daybreak Philip left the farm, and with a heavy heart went back to Salem to break the sad tidings to his betrothed and her mother.

CHAPTER XI.

The Reverend Mr. Parris was becoming impatient. Since his contemptuous rejection by Martha, he had ceased to annoy her as before, merely addressing a few words to her in a perfunctory, clerical way, but in his daily prayer in the prison, he took particular pains to beseech the Almighty to soften the rebellious hearts of such as rejected the spiritual counsels of God's ministers, heaping scorn and contumely upon them and their sacred office, and begging that these wicked ones might be brought to see the error of their ways and seek forgiveness before the awful doom they were to meet should fall upon them.

To this, Martha listened with indifference, save when he mentioned her impending fate, when a slight shudder involuntarily passed through her.

With the advent of Mrs. Howes, he put new unction into his petitions, dwelling with particular emphasis on the torments which the unrepentant would endlessly suffer unless they acknowledged their sins, in which case he subtly held out the prospect of their release and freedom.

After sentence had been pronounced upon those who were convicted, a preliminary to their execution was a formal excommunication by the church authorities, and it was a current belief that such action carried with it the penalty of endless torture beyond the grave, thus assuming prerogatives of the Ruler of all, as His accredited agents.

The motive of the clergyman in laying such stress upon this feature, was his hope of not only working on the fears of Martha, but also on her mother, trusting that the older woman would thus be in-

duced to try and influence her daughter to a more complacent state of mind.

To those who have observed much, it is a well known fact that there is such a thing as too much insistence on dogmatic authority, and when doubt has once arisen as to the sincerity of those who make the claim, further doubt and question arises as to their power and the truth of what they say.

In the case of Martha, such doubt had already passed into conviction, as she had become aware of the other than godly motives that actuated Mr. Parris, strengthened by the declaration that he had made as to her release if she would consent to marry him.

Although she had never lost hope of ultimate restoration to her family and lover, there were times when the future looked very dark to her, but never for a moment did she believe that the divine power to loose and to bind after death, had been delegated by the gracious God in whom she believed, to such a creature as the minister, and his pictures of her future state unless she yielded, moved her not at all.

Moreover, since Philip's visit, when he had laid before her David's reasoning, a new hope had sprung up in her heart, and the fulminations of Mr. Parris fell on deaf ears.

She knew that a number had escaped, and hoped, now that her own voluntary reason for remaining had been removed by the death of her father, that she might be one of the lucky ones.

It was true that more had been placed in the death-cart and carried to their gruesome end than had escaped, but they had gone as meekly as lambs are led to slaughter. Some were helpless, others, poor and friendless, and nearly all were dominated by the universal sentiment that brooded like a black cloud over the community, paralyzing initiative.

Others there were who were energetic and resourceful, not accepting the prevalent belief, at least, not in its entirety, and possessing friends outside who spared no efforts to aid them. These were the ones who had effected their escape.

Martha's confidence in the ability of Philip and David to help her was great,

and she also knew that William had their confidence, and would cheerfully give his own life were it necessary to assist them in their schemes to secure her freedom. Tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of the faithful devotion of the humble redemptioner lad.

As the days passed and Martha showed no signs of yielding, Mr. Parris determined to have her brought speedily to trial, and his influence was paramount enough to accomplish it, so one day the sheriff appeared at the prison, demanding the persons of Mary Easty, Martha Howes, and several others, to be brought before the court and answer to the charge of witchcraft, and if they could not make good defense, receive their sentence of execution.

Mr. Parris had arranged matters with consummate skill, for whatever may be thought of the honesty and sincerity of his belief in witchcraft, and the relentlessness with which he pursued its so-called practitioners, it is universally admitted that he was a man of great ability.

The girl, Mercy Lewis, had become very prominent as a witness in the previous trials, and her testimony had sent a number to their death on Gallows Hill.

Incredible as it may seem that such things as those to which she testified should have been taken seriously by a learned court, it is nevertheless a historical fact, and stranger still, that a young girl of seventeen should have taken pleasure in the infamous notoriety and prominence she attained, and as the delusion reached greater intensity, became more and more eager to consign her fellow-creatures to death.*

Mercy Lewis had never forgiven Martha for shaking her, and advising her to cease her visits to the house of Mr. Parris, for she shrewdly foresaw that her prominence would speedily wane should she so do, and the consideration paid to her as one of those whom the witches took especial delight in tormenting had become very dear. Therefore, she listened with eagerness to the sugges-

tions of her reverend mentor, and the seed thus sown, bore bitter and abundant fruit.

Whenever Martha's name was mentioned in her hearing, Mercy began to tremble, then to complain of prickings and pinchings by invisible hands. The next phase she assumed was to stare fixedly, to grow rigid, then fall to the floor in simulated unconsciousness. Shortly she would begin to twitch, and writhe in convulsive movements, increasing in intensity to a climax, when uttering a scream, she would lie for a few minutes as if dead, coming back to consciousness with a moan.

When asked why these things took place, she declared that she could not help them; that when the prickings and pinchings began she saw no one, but that after a few moments she saw the face and figure of Martha Howes, who reached her hands and took her by the throat, so that she could not breathe; that after that she knew no more until consciousness again returned.

Of all these things the Reverend Mr. Parris took careful notes, writing them down with accurate precision, and taking the names of those who might be present as witnesses, who then signed the statement.

These were easy to obtain, for Mercy rarely indulged in these manifestations without an audience.

This was the girl's customary procedure, and it was upon such testimony as her own and that of others similar in character that most of the convictions were obtained.

When Mr. Parris had found that there was no possible hope of forcing Martha to accede to his wishes, he gathered together in suitable form all of these declarations that Mercy had made, and set in motion the agencies as the result of which Martha found herself before the court on trial for her life.

CHAPTER XII.

With the consent of Mrs. Howes and Martha, Philip took upon himself the direction of the Howes' farm.

After Mr. Howes had been laid away, Philip disposed of most of the stock,

*Those who may doubt these statements are referred to the Reverend Mr. Upham's historical account.

selling all the swine and cattle with the exception of one young cow, Martha's own, and her particular pet. This he had William take to his own home, also The Earl and the two work horses.

Farming operations had been largely interrupted in consequence of the reign of terror that prevailed, and the colony did not recover for several years from the depression of that black summer.

After putting everything in order, Philip closed the house and took William to live with himself, both because the lad now had no home, and because he liked him, and wished him at hand in case of any emergency that should arise in the execution of any plan that he and David might devise in Martha's behalf, when a trusty, third person should be needed.

Then Philip settled himself to await the course of events, meanwhile consulting David daily, that he might learn whether the latter had been able to bring to maturity any of the ideas of which he had spoken.

So matters stood when Martha, her mother and the others, were brought into court for trial.

The case of Mrs. Howes was first taken up, but there was little evidence against her, her influence over the children being the principal accusation.

Inasmuch as since the arrest of Martha following so closely upon the visit of inquiry to her mother, Mrs. Howes had scarcely been away from home, and those who had made the visit testified as to the warning that they had given her and her promise to heed it, there was little new evidence to be brought except an effort on the part of Mr. Parris to introduce his idea regarding her incantations over the food she had sent to the prisoners. This, however, was entirely unsupported, being nothing more than his own opinion, no one having seen her perform any such rites and never having heard of them before, and his testimony weighed but little.

The court was doubtless swayed somewhat to the side of mercy, stern and unrelenting as they generally were, by the pathos of the circumstances surrounding the death of Mr. Howes, who had been well known and much respected. But whatever motives influenced them, they

decided that the charge against Mrs. Howes had not been sustained, and she was discharged as innocent of the accusation made.

The next case called was that of Martha, and she faced the inquisition of her tormenters with calmness, dignity and sweetness.

In these trials every advantage was given the prosecution, and none allowed the defendant, not even counsel being permitted. Simple, unschooled, untrained men and women, farmers and housewives were pitted unaided against the ablest brains of the day, men trained in public speaking, in subtleties of thought, and familiarity with public appearances. Even the magistrates aided the prosecution, asking questions of the accused that would be permitted by no judge of the present day if asked by a cross-examining lawyer.

Against these men the prisoner had to rely solely upon himself, and in many cases the judgment was pre-determined. So, Martha stood before the court to battle for her life.

At her earnest request Philip was not present, for comforting as it might have been to her to see one friendly face among the hostile ones, she wished to spare him the pain and suspense of the grilling ordeal.

"Nay, Philip, I beseech thee not to come to that trial. Think of the suffering thou wouldst endure in seeing thy beloved harried and cross-questioned by those who are bent on destroying her, and thou, helpless to aid."

"But, Martha," he began, "think of thyself with no friendly face among all thine enemies. Dost know what thou art to undergo?"

"I can well imagine, and I know how illy able I am to plead my cause against their hate and malignity, but weak as I shall be, I should be yet more so, did I know that thou wert there. I need all my wits, and thinkest thou I could command them if I saw thine anxious face with all the pain and grief thereon? No, it would serve to distract me, and render less effective what little I may do for myself."

By repeated arguments she at length prevailed upon Philip to remain away.

Besides all that she had said, which was true enough, she had another reason. She was thoroughly aware of Philip's impetuosity of temper, and she feared that in spite of court and magistrate, of bailiff and constable, he would be tempted to do some mad thing, helping her none, and rendering himself powerless to aid her later in case she should fail of acquittal. She knew that if he should attempt any demonstration, either by force or vehement protest, he would be arrested and incarcerated, and all her hopes of future escape prove futile. So by tears and pleadings she at length won his consent to absent himself.

Mr. Parris had prepared his side of the case with extraordinary care and with an eye to dramatic effect. He began with a prologue, lamenting the painful nature of the duty that had been imposed upon him in thus appearing as a prosecutor against one for whom, since his coming to Salem, he had had the deepest regard and admiration, as one of the most promising of the younger members of his flock, and whom he had considered as possessing in an unusual degree, all of the Christian virtues that should adorn young maidens.

He went on to express the grief and pain that he felt when Martha's name first began to be mentioned in connection with the demoniacal manifestations that had afflicted another gentle maiden, and his utter disbelief in the beginning that such things could be true. Then he went on to tell of the accumulating evidence until conviction was forced upon him, giving a brief outline of the seizures from which Mercy Lewis had suffered.

Next, he presented his written notes, duly signed by those who had witnessed them, and the declaration of Mercy Lewis as to who had caused them. For a climax, he introduced Mercy herself, who would testify as to the truth of what he had related.

Mercy, whom all the accounts of the time show to have been most precocious, was quick to adopt the hint, and when she confronted Martha, began at once to tremble, and in regular order, went through with her characteristic performances, adding new stage business, for she

had an unusually distinguished audience, as well as her personal spite against Martha, and she wished to make the most of it.

The magistrates looked on with intense interest, while Mr. Parris sat back, smacking his lips with all the satisfaction of a stage manager who has presented an elaborate production without a hitch.

When Mercy Lewis had come back to consciousness, and the interruption and confusion caused by her stage play had subsided, the presiding magistrate excused Mercy for the time being, and called upon Martha to stand forth and state her defence as to the charge that had been made against her.

"I am innocent," she replied.

"But you have heard the testimony?"

"I have."

"What say you of it?"

"That it is false."

"Do you deny that you have had communication with Satan?"

"I do."

"Do you deny that you have afflicted Mercy Lewis and others, by pinching, pricking, choking them, and causing them to suffer other divers torments, being instigated thereto by the devil with whom you have made a compact?"

"I do."

"How do you account for what they say?"

"It is not my part to account for them."

"Do you believe that they tell the truth?"

"I do not."

"Why?"

"Because I know that what they say is not true."

"Do you not know that death will be your portion if you do not confess, and these accusations be proven?"

"I know it but too well."

"Do you not know that with your conviction and sentence you will be excommunicated, and all hope of pardon by God be lost?"

"I do not believe it."

"What!"

"I do not believe it."

"You do not believe it? Why?"

"Because I do not believe that God hath given power to such as those who



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THE VILLAGE CHURCH



A SNOWSHOEING PARTY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



THE UPWARD TRAIL



Photograph by Clifton Johnson

THE SEARCH FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE



THE PATH THROUGH THE SECOND SNOW



A NEW HAMPSHIRE MOORLAND



THE GROTTO. A CHRISTMAS CHURCH DECORATION, BETHLEHEM, PA.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAITH REGARDING DEATH

By ALFRED FARLOW

DEATH is mentioned in the Scriptures as an "enemy" and the "last to be overcome. An enemy does not mean necessarily a person or thing, but whatever militates against or is opposed to life. The Scripture teaches that "In Him (God) we live and move and have our being. The life of man is thus identified with the being of God, and is therefore an eternal fact. Death is not a fact which is interchangeable with life; it is but the outcome of a false sense of life, and can do no more than dispute the fact of God-given and God-sustained life. Death tends to obscure the truth of being, and seems to have been so apprehended by Solomon when he counseled "Seek not death in the error of your life." There can never be error in divine Life and its manifestations since God is forever true; hence death can be no more than a false belief which has nothing to do with everpresent life. The Great Teacher of Christianity said of the damsel, "She is not dead but sleepeth." This denial of death may be taken as equivalent to the statement that there is no death, and the Master's added words, "but sleepeth" points to the fact of his realization that she could be awakened by the power of God, the apprehension

of the truth of being and the process by which this was to be effected is clearly set forth in his declaration, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

In "Science and Health" the textbook of Christian Science [page 584] we find the following definition of death, "That which frets itself free from one belief only to be fettered by another, until every belief of life where life is not yields to eternal life." Death is the result of a false sense of existence, the climax of materiality wherein a mortal concept of life reaches the point of seeming self destruction and this may be repeated again and again until a full consciousness of the unending spiritual life is attained. It is not a divine appointment, but an enemy which must eventually "be no more" although centuries may pass meanwhile. Successive generations will improve in thought until the false material sense of life which ultimates in what is called death, gives place to the recognition and manifestation of Life divine. Since death is the result of a false sense of life, it follows that its disappearance will be brought about by increasing one's understanding of real life which is God, and the fact is emphasized by our Saviour's words, "And this is life eternal to

know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Permanency of being is to be established by a true knowledge of God who is Life, and a consequent knowledge of His "express image" as distinctive from mere opinion or false belief about cause and effect. As a matter of course one's deportment must be in keeping with spiritual understanding in order to insure progress. In divine science as in the science of music or any other science, one must practise his added knowledge in order to go forward sufficiently to attain more. One's ability to comprehend ideas which are in advance of him is increased by the spiritual strength acquired by his improvement. As one looks across the prairie he can see only so far. His vision is cut off by the horizon, but after advancing, he not only finds the horizon advanced by the forward movement, but he also finds the extent of his vision increased by development. Even though our present realization of the true life may not be sufficient as yet to banish this human experience, it is sufficient to remove all fear of it. As St. Paul has said, we know that "whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Mortal experience can make no change in the facts of immortal being. As indicated by the Master's words, death refers to the dream of life which is ended by awakening to the truth about God and man. The Scriptural illustration "As a tree falleth so shall it be" makes this point. If it leans toward the east its fall will constitute a forward movement in that direction. If it leans toward the west its fall will be an advancement in that direction. The tendency of the individual consciousness is not at all affected by the experience nor is the opportunity to think and improve interrupted. The story of Dives and Lazarus illustrates the fact that whatever of spiritual advance one makes in this life lives beyond the grave and affords even increased comfort while previous material gain affords no advantage, but on the contrary becomes a source of torment

when one wakens to the consciousness of misspent time and effort. Christian Science does not teach that death is an advantage and therefore a friend. It demonstrates the truth that God, Spirit, is ever present and all-powerful, and hence that death has only a seeming significance, it neither interrupts nor hastens one's spiritual progress.

The Scriptures teach "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing," that which gives and sustains existence is God, Spirit, and since the real life of the universe is of God and hence eternal, it follows that life cannot end or be suspended. Those who pass through the transitional experience which is termed death are still conscious of individual existence and continue their spiritual advance. Death will probably make no more change than the crossing from one state to another, save for what may be learned in the transition. Life is continuous and the progress of the individual will continue beyond the grave until perfection is reached.

The Scriptures teach that it is "Appointed unto all men to die and after that the judgment." This, however, does not refer to death the enemy, but to the death or end of sin as is indicated by the term judgment. In the ratio that one overcomes his willful and ignorant mistakes he is judged fit for promotion and thus he continues even unto the degree of perfection. St. Paul evidently had this in mind when he said, "I die daily." His mystical statement could not be explained in any other way. Even while alive he was "putting off mortality" and "putting on immortality."

To die in such a manner and thus "fight a good fight" removes in large measure the present fear of death and leads eventually into the full consciousness of Life that knows no death. On such as die in this manner the "second death" can have "no power." When the false sense of life is destroyed by an awakening to the reality of life it is permanently overcome. It cannot come a second time.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB

By RALPH DAVOLL

THE Boston Art Club has lately installed several model dining-rooms and suites of chambers in its handsome and hospitable Back Bay home, making this one of the most modernized and inviting clubs in the country, as Vice-President Sherman and other recent guests will testify. From this innovation, no one will gather that the members do not prefer to indulge the finer intellectual pleasures than the grosser gratification of creature comforts. They are merely conforming to contemporary demands of club-men in making this long-deferred expansion. The Radical Club was said to be the only club in Boston to pass through its existence without a kitchen. But they were Transcendentalists living somewhat above the inner man. This introduction of the cuisine may lead some camp-follower of Art (that sort of near-artist who frequents studios always in jocular frame of mind) to precipitate a discussion of High Art and its relation to Three Square Meals. Story books delight to picture genius munching a crust in a garret. This very morning, December 3, 1910, the following item appears in a Boston newspaper under the unhappy caption, "Starving to death for Art's sake is selfish not heroic."

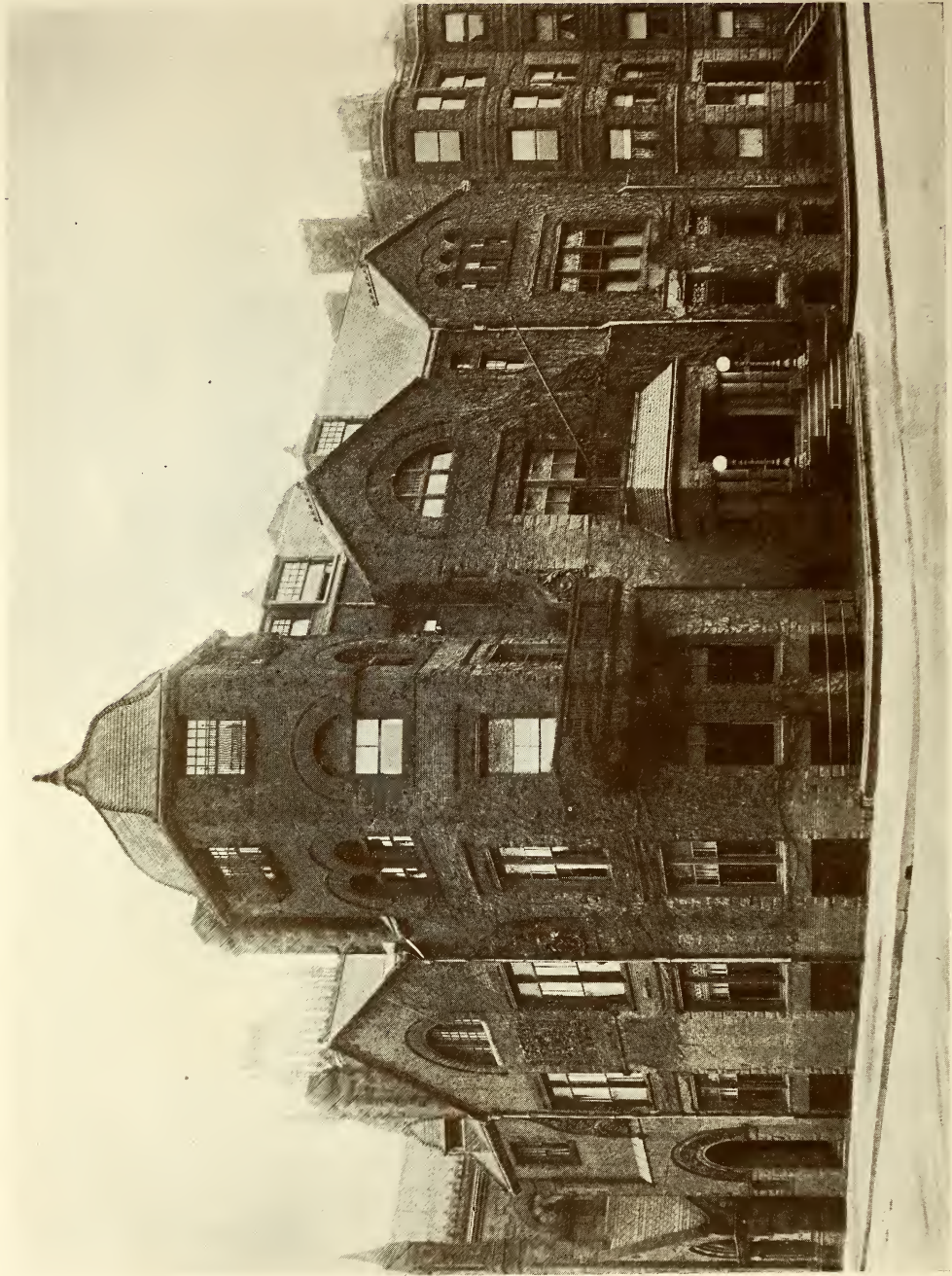
"A woman's death in Philadelphia within a day or two was due to starvation, and it was all for art's sake, so it is claimed. Never would she consider anything but work of the highest art type, and that she could not make remunerative. She preferred to remain steadfast to her ideals patiently waiting the recognition and the reward which she was sure must follow such effort and faithfulness. Even in the face of death by starvation, she persisted and refused work of lesser merit that would have insured a livelihood."

One familiar with the inner realm of the Fine Arts can readily conceive a

woman of superior temperament, whose life might flicker out in such a tragedy. The facetious near-artist, always tracing some intimate cosmic relation between Art (as a profession) and the almshouse, would interpret the current expression "rather paint than eat" as indicating not so much a devotion of an artist to his trade as philosophic resignation to his compulsory Fast.

But now comes Vedder with the claim that art began on a full stomach, pointing out that the cave-dweller who sketched, with a piece of flint, a reindeer on a bone, had just enjoyed a satisfying meal of venison off that same bone. The modern artist, very human as a rule, will heartily uphold the Vedderian theories in regard to well-fed genius. In fact, one of them has gone so far as to express a hope that the new and much-praised chef at this Club, will be the last of the artist-members to expire.

So much for gastronomic pleasantries. Now to the serious theme: what service is rendered the community by the Boston Art Club? First, let us consider the delicate influences and springs of tradition of which it is a product. When we analyze what the name "Boston" stands for in the minds of American people, it appears to be not so much proverbial æsthetic culture as a moral earnestness. Boston is a cradle of duty more than of beauty. The cumulative influences of intellectual vigor and moral force lie most strongly in the direction of a demand for soul liberty and civil rights. Winthrop, Cotton Mather, Sewall, Sam Adams, Emerson, Garrison, Philips and their kind have placed most powerfully their stamp of individuality upon the city, overbalancing such gentle natures as Copley, Stuart, Bulfinch, Lowell Mason,



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HARVEY M. SHEPARD, PRESIDENT BOSTON ART CLUB

Greenough, Richardson and other creative artists who have contributed to the cultural assets. The clarion call of the "New England Conscience" has carried the name of Boston farther than her so-called æsthetic aspiration. Lowell once said that he hoped Harvard College would never teach anything useful. The other day, a clergyman, over-emphasizing the lapses of Bohemia, referred to the "rotten burrow of the arts" as if there were not holiness of beauty.

The Greeks have a word "ethos" which expressed this characteristic feeling and

dominant thought of a community. When we review the history of Boston, we find this "ethos" has expressed itself in various forms at various times. There was the theological era when the Mathers were ascendant, and the Quakers were hung; then came the political era, when Sam Adams was the master-mind demanding home-rule for America; then a period of Transcendentalism of which Alcott and Channing were exponents, during which Unitarianism sprung up, and Brook Farm was in its glory; later the subjective mind of the community



A CORNER OF THE RECEPTION ROOM

expressed itself in the anti-slavery cry for equality of man by Garrison and Sumner; after the war the literary eminence was stamped with the personality of Longfellow and Hawthorne; and to-day? Is it "coppers," or Christian Science, or Music? The Symphony orchestra, Kneisel quartette and Apollo Club have made Boston famous as a musical center. There are 1000 teachers of music, to 100 teachers of painting. Why has music surpassed her sister art of painting? Why do we find a long rush line waiting to pay admission to Symphony Hall (where Art runs to millinery) while there is always elbow-room in the various "galleries"? You may answer, because Henry L. Higginson and Eben Jordan, by their liberal patronage, have made music the fad. The fine arts must have a root in State Street. It requires a Maecenas to produce a Horace. Carnegie, by his munificence, has made the unpicturesque city of Pittsburg the Art center of the country. When some magnificent en-

dowment, like that of Stephen Salisbury to Worcester, is left to Boston, the Golden Age of art will arrive.

The musician achieves a personal triumph. He challenges the attention of his audience upon himself for a fleeting second and leaves no chance for sober second thought the day after. The Theosophists of San Diego place a high bank of flowers across the platform to conceal the musicians in order to "kill out the desire for sensation." These Theosophists also reduce life to a scale of color much as Professor Zeublin has classified the newspapers, designating the *Transcript* as Royal Purple.

The painter puts as much of his soul as he can affix upon canvas, and places his effort before the public for leisurely comparative, analytical criticism in his absence. Music is chiefly interpretive. The player renders the works of great masters for which the audience pays. The painter interpreting nature through himself creates new pictures from his in-

dividual point of view. Of the two vocations, music seems to be the easier medium of popular distinction. Why does the sense of ridicule, so strong with Americans, choose to make a butt of the painter's efforts more than the musician's? When a prominent New England artist held an early exhibition of his works, and sales were very far between, he remarked to a friendly visitor to the gallery, "What would you say if I told you you could have the pick of these paintings to take home with you?" The friend, taking a parting glance around the gallery, nonchalantly replied, "I should say I wasn't going right home just now." Thus the sensitive, shrinking soul of the painter is rasped by an unappreciative world. The musician is let off more easily.

The early annals of the Puritans do not suggest rich nourishment for the flowering of the fine arts. They were a trifle too introspective. Art appears after

material necessity is overcome, and flourishes on the turning verge of decline. Music and literature, painting and sculpture must be free from demands of utilitarianism. A few itinerant portrait painters from England, France and Italy strayed to America, and several home-grown artists, with best intent, copied their technique, and have handed down to posterity, amusing portraits, "hard as Pharaoh's heart," of Divines and Governors of their day. Newport had blossomed into culture at the time of Bishop Berkeley's appearance in 1730, while Boston was still debating the "Half Way Covenant." Thus, Gilbert Stuart, brought up under Newport influence, was a finer colorist than Copley, sprung from Puritan Boston.

About 1760, the West India trade produced a wealth and leisure from the marriage of which, art appreciation is born. Theological shackles were loosened. After the death of Dr. Watts, "hymns by



A WRITING ROOM

mere human composers," began to be fugued through the nose. The violin and organ were heard in meeting. Ambitious youths went to England to study painting. Architecture was notably beautiful in the dignity of its simple lines. A style of architecture, from English foundations, arose as illustrated in our finest colonial buildings which seem as fitting to New England as the Swiss chalet to the Alps or the Taj Mahal to India. When the Tories took French leave, they carried most of the Boston culture and refinement with them. Copley was one of them. After the Revolution, new families from the country came to weave new strands into the social fabric, create a patriotic aristocracy and gain insight into æsthetic mysteries. These old Revolutionary heroes and magistrates were painted by Stuart, the finest portrait painter America has produced. The tenderness of his flesh tones and luminous color indicate that he followed Leonardo's maxim: "One color is brilliancy, two colors is

tone, three colors is mud."

During the first half of the 19th century, the humanities radiated from the Boston Athenæum which held exhibitions by foreign artists and purchased paintings of local talent. Audubon's birds were first shown to the public there. Education of Americans was up-hill work at this time when Andrew Jackson said in one of his state papers, "Artistic taste was the attribute of overbearing aristocracy," and even the polite and travelled John Quincy Adams remarked that he wouldn't give fifty cents for all the sculpture of Phidias and Praxiteles. Refinement was at rather a low ebb if we may believe Mrs. Trollop, at the time when Washington Allston became the lion of the small circle of art-lovers in Boston. He had studied under both Copley and Stuart, and was the last American of the English school. When he was painting Belteshazzar's Feast, it was eminently *de rigueur* to take distinguished visitors to his studio, where



THE LADIES' DINING ROOM

Webster, Judge Story, Choate or Emerson might be found. Belshazzar's Feast was purchased by the Atheneum and in 1831, Stuart's famous Washington and Wife were obtained from his widow for \$1500. A prominent professor, reverting to days on the farm, thought Washington wore a muttoney look. Copley was the master in 1775, Stuart in 1800, Allston in 1830, and by 1850, a group of artists followed, of whom no one was *facile princeps*. Ames, Harding, Hoit, Page, T. B. Reade, Ordway, Channey, Cole, made a coterie of painters in the studio building.

When we review the art conditions of 1854, in which year the Boston Art Club was formed, we find that the English point of view was passing and native artists had created what was called "The Hudson River School," many of whom lived in Boston, and painted the White Mountains which were the main-stay at every exhibition. The purpose of the Club was to "elevate the feelings, refine the manners and increase the sensibility to exalted beauty."

The original founders were A. G. Hoit, Edward A. Brackett, Benjamin Champney, Walter M. Brackett, E. L. Brown, Alfred Ordway, C. F. Sleeper, F. S. Frost, Moses Wright, Edward Pressy, S. L. Gerry, William Lee, S. W. Griggs, F. D. Williams, M. G. Weelock, A. C. Hamlin, Gilbert Attwood, C. A. Barry, Joseph Ames, H. H. Moses. These twenty men laid the foundations of modern art appreciation in Boston. Joseph Ames was the first president. The Club met in the studio of Mr. Williams in Tremont Row and at Russell's music store.

Soon the plan of the Club was enlarged to include men in various walks in life, who wished to derive benefit from association with artists and sculptors. Potential might-have-been artists were these, who liked to loaf in the atmosphere of studios—critics, connoisseurs, amateurs and patrons, who, artists sometimes complained, were more ready to admire art than encourage it by purchase. These lay members were taken in, no one can deny, to provide the sinews of war.

Alas, that the pretty fable of the rainbow and its elusive Pot of Gold at the

end should be such a pitiless satire on the artist who follows ideal beauty in expectation of gaining an ample and assured income. The finances of the organization were of course precarious, and once when some light-fingered visitor stole a dozen paintings from an exhibition, Fanny Kemble, the actress, saved the Club from utter bankruptcy by giving a benefit reading.

During the Civil War, the Club languished, and at a meeting when but eleven active members could be mustered, the suggestion was made of throwing up the sponge. But the sturdy spirit of men like Walter Brackett, still a lively member at 88 years, kept it alive, and after the War, the old guard pulled themselves together and held an exhibition in Horticultural Hall. George Fuller and Morris Hunt became the new leaders. When Hunt appeared upon the stage, he made things lively with his unharnessed genius. When he was spoken of for President, he said "he'd be hanged if he would be President of any institution which had by-laws," proving his true irrepressible, artistic spirit. Coming back from Europe, he educated the public taste up to the contemporary French masters at the time when Millet was discredited and undiscerning critics were accusing Corot of rubbing cigar ashes on a canvas and calling it a picture.

By this expansion of membership among the laity, an anchor was placed in State Street. The sun of prosperity shone brighter and in 1871, the Club was incorporated, as follows:

Chas. C. Perkins, Horace H. Moses and George D. Russell, their associates and successors have hereby made a corporation by the name of the Boston Art Club, to be located in the City of Boston for the purpose of advancing the fine arts by the establishment of an Art Gallery and Library, and by other kindred means; to promote social intercourse, and to afford the conveniences of a Club House to its members; with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, restrictions and liabilities set forth in all general laws which now are, or hereafter may be, in force applicable to such corporations.

The Club rented rooms on Boylston Street, constantly growing in grace and worldly estate. During these years, Bos-

ton was in the hey-day of her æsthetic glory when the old lady, visiting from the West, thought she could see exhalations of genius steaming up from the heads of every other citizen. While the literary coterie held the floor, the strength of painting lay in men of the calibre of La Farge, Vedder, Sargent, Champney, Hunt, and Innes.

A French critic, coming from the continental studios, wrote a book after visiting the local studios in 1894 to announce that the word "genius" could not be applied to any Boston artist.

Here seems a good place to raise the question of what constitutes Boston Art. We hear the frequent remark that Boston is provincial. What is the peculiar type of provincial Yankee Art? Or if it is only in the making, what direction is it taking? Is there a Yankee hall-mark? If there is a "Boston manner" in painting, it emanates from the museum school. But the question refers now to the out-of-door art of city building.

When you stand upon the Acropolis in the Ancient Athens and look about upon the Temple of the Maidens, the Columns of Jupiter, the Theseum, Theatre of Dionysius, the gateways, statues, hermae, one spirit seems to breathe through them all. There is a unity in these ruins which is peculiar to Greece and seems to belong there. When you ascend the lantern above the gilded dome in the "modern Athens" do you not find an assortment of brick and stone monuments as diversified as the witches' broth in Macbeth, reminding you that this is a cosmopolitan many-rooted nation? As samples, there is the Bunker Hill obelisk; the Library, patterned after the St. Genevieve of Paris, its "litter" at the gateway entrances on the Common; the Christian Science Mosque; the Old State House with Lion and Unicorn; the Fenway Synagogue; the Old South Building, Ericsson Statue, Shaw Memorial, and if your eyesight is equal to the test, the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown with its Italian ancestry which should be Anglo-Saxon. These indicate that art is heterogeneous, hybrid. The various orders have filtered through the Yankee mind but not yet assimilated into any distinct

provincial type. The nearest approach to an indigenous architecture is in the Colonial period as exemplified in Craigie House or the Old South Church.

Athens grew up in Slavery, Boston in Freedom.

In speaking of Boston as a conservatory of art, mention must be made of the Copley Society, Fenway Court, the Museum, the Tavern and St. Botolph Clubs, which contain distinguished artist members, and such schools as the Normal Art and Eric Pape. The Copley Society, originating in 1879, has devoted much attention to masquerades, revels and pageantry, and has brought together many notable collections of paintings open to the public for a consideration. At an early exhibition of the Society, the first President relates that the paintings were being arranged according to the size of the frames when a member of the Art Club appeared and suggested that some regard to tone relations might make a more harmonious display. The advice was followed with success, and since then the Art Club has kept a brotherly eye upon the younger society.

As in other days, Thomas G. Appleton and C. C. Perkins were liberal patrons of art in Boston, so to-day is Mrs. John L. Gardner. At her sumptuously appointed galleries of Fenway Court is a rare collection of old masters, which the owner generously opens to the public at stated intervals. Paintings to which men gave their life devotion are the heritage of the human family, and should not be sequestered in private galleries by wealthy citizens unwilling to admit the public. There was a gleam of truth in the saying that the ancient monasteries protected art from the dark ages and modern millionaires from the enlightened ages.

The new Art Museum is a refrigerator of art. Criticism has been made that there is discrimination against local artists in the matter of displaying pictures. In its more spacious quarters its policy will undoubtedly be more liberal with regard to encouragement of local talent. Its galleries are frequented especially by Italians, who display a spontaneous and refined appreciation of paintings. Three of the teachers of the

Museum school are among "The Ten American Painters."

To go back to the Club the outlook was so good in 1881, that plans were made for a new Club House of handsome architecture, which was erected at the corner of Newbury and Dartmouth Streets at the cost of \$85,000. At the first exhibition in the new building were paintings by Childe Hassam, Enneking, Alder Wier, Bruce, Twatchman, William M. Chase, Carrol Beckwith, George Maynard, Will H. Low, George Innes, Jr., and many others of distinction.

As a representative of the *esprit de corps* of the Art Club we might take Mr. Enneking who is the third longest member, but as filled with enthusiasm for his profession as when he joined in his youth. His jovial personality and deep-rooted convictions draw about him an appreciative circle of listeners. A visitor to his studio bathes in a gorgeous sea of color. A devoted disciple of Monet, he suggests rather than explains his meaning, picturing a fairer earth than any we are quite acquainted with. His atmospheres, luminous, shimmering, vibrating with light, mark him as an idealist. The scarce figures or animals are utterly subordinate to the great natural world of landscape. He lingers over the warmer tones, pale yellows and Indian reds, which express the tender melancholy of autumn fading into winter. He is always at work laying tone after tone upon his pictures. "A painting is never finished," he says, in contrast to the old French master who observed that two persons must co-operate to paint a masterpiece; one with a brush, the other with a beetle to knock the artist down at the psychological moment before the canvas is spoiled. Enneking feels that the last note of color harmony is never attained.

Thus the Club has passed through three eras; from its founding in 1854 to 1871 when it was a travelling institution with no permanent abode; from 1871, the year of its incorporation, to 1882, when it rented rooms in Boylston Street; from 1882 till 1910, domiciled in the Back Bay. During this latter era, the Club has had several exhibitions annually without charge for admission (a policy of few art

clubs); has loaned its galleries to other societies at nominal fee, and has taken an interest in promoting legislation to beautify Boston and the State. The centennial exhibition of 1876 gave a great impetus to art in America. This increased interest is shown in the school curriculums, endowments to museums, art collections in public libraries, popular art lectures and increasing attendance, particularly among girls, at the schools.

The new era, now inaugurated, changes the spirit of the Art Club and places it on a new footing with splendid accommodations for social intercourse. The changes include an additional story to the building in which a modern, well-lighted, well-ventilated gallery is placed, containing a portable stage for platform entertainments. There are seventeen bedrooms papered in old-fashioned style; a large richly appointed gentlemen's dining-room; an exquisite ladies' and several private dining-rooms; kitchen and buffet; reception rooms, elevator, card-room; and every facility for making this the most desirable club in Boston. The dining-room is furnished entirely in mahogany; the silver and glassware were designated for the club and bear its monogram. The accommodations for the women of the members' families are especially serviceable and appreciated. The cuisine is in charge of a distinguished chef, Emil Bangratz. The location at Copley Square is the most desirable in town; the lodging rooms and sanitary appointments of latest pattern; the table to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur at very reasonable rates, (the table-d'hôte luncheons and dinners on Thursday and Saturday have orchestral accompaniment); the long-accumulating library and multitude of periodicals; the billiard and game rooms; the Sunday concerts and Saturday evening entertainments; the magnificent assemblage of paintings upon the walls, added to the nimbus of artistic aspiration which hovers over the Club, makes it one of the most attractive in the country.

There are at present about 500 members, of whom 100 are artists, including musicians, sculptors, architects and painters. Harvey N. Shepard is the presi-

dent, Hendricks A. Hallett and Henry Hornblower, vice-presidents; George H. Worthley, secretary; Harry M. Aldrich, treasurer.

The large number of lay members comprises leading doctors, lawyers, business-men and politicians, for Governor Rice and Governor Ames were presidents of the Club and Governor-Elect Foss is a member. But the art interests predominate and shape the policy of the club.

These lay members are always ready to act upon the suggestion of such professional men as John J. Enneking, the landscape painter, H. H. Kitson, the sculptor, and Walter Dean, the marine painter, who are conspicuous in the social life of the institution. They plan to have

the next public exhibition one of national importance, to reflect the best ideals of American art. Only paintings of highest recognition will pass the jury. They feel that the public will be best educated by a few masterpieces rather than a *melange* of all comers.

A continual prosperity is assured to an institution rooted in the traditions of members having such strong personality as the Inneses, father and son, John S. Sargent, William M. Hunt, F. D. Millet, George Fuller, Albert Bierstadt, Emile Carlson, Tom Hill, Gaugengigl, Martin Millmore, the sculptor, Frederick Vinton, Mark Fisher, E. L. Weeks, W. E. Norton, Marcus Waterman, Appleton Brown, F. S. Tuckerman, to mention a few of the former members.

MOONCHILD

By JAMES BRANNIN

The silver light of eventide
Slips from the ever glooming pines;
The threads of light, in fading, glide
As if a ladies hair of gold
Her loveless heart made pale and cold.

The beams would lose themselves in sleep
But that they very faintly smile;
And smiling, make a feint to weep,
And almost hide their charming guile.
—I quit the moonbeams from the blame,
And sign them for another name—

So doth the moon of time and change
Go, after the dying of the day!
The light so warm and sweet and strange
Charmeth my gladness all away;—
Asleeping in a latticed grange,
The moon gave her a heart of change.



THE RIVER WEEDERS. BY EDWARD H. BARNARD

NEW ENGLAND IMPRESSIONISTS IN THE REDMAN COLLECTION

By F. W. COBURN

THE collection of American paintings formed by Harry Newton Redman, Esq., of Boston, attests both the influence of French impressionism on American art and the originality, the personal enthusiasm, the ever growing feeling for refinement, delicacy and distinguished design, with which many of our best men have reacted upon impulses received in France at a time when the quest for essential truth to the facts of the world's illumination was at its keenest. Works secured by Mr. Redman in the seven or eight years since he began collecting are by Edmund C. Tarbell, Willard L. Metcalf, Charles H. Davis, Edward H. Barnard, Theodore Wendel, George L. Noyes, William M. Paxton and Louis Kronberg, most of whom are represented by several canvases; all by good and characteristic

works. The collection is singularly homogeneous. No American connoisseur, it is safe to say, has more consistently confined his attention to the painting of a single school. Enough works have been brought together to make the exhibit thoroughly representative, if not necessarily of every one of the artists named, at least of the common spirit which, despite individual differences, pervades their productions.

Its essential Americanism, implying refinement, taste, freedom from bombast and salaciousness, and a very considerable technical attainment, makes this school of New England painters—no looseness of language, I believe, is involved in calling it such—one that merits the respectful, considerate attention of collectors. Merely as a matter of historical record, of reminiscence of a

distinct phase of the artistic development of this country, these pictures of Mr. Redman's, if kept together, will have value. But personal enthusiasm for the work of these so-called Boston impressionists tempts one to commend much more strongly this Boston musician's sagacity in gathering at this time a number of characteristic canvases of these painters—now, while most of them are at the acme of their achievement. The successes of the past half decade, their record of medals and prizes won at great art exhibitions, the purchase of their works by leading museums give color to a conviction that their reputation may prove not to have been local and ephemeral. When many aspirants with a like purpose stand outside the Hall of Fame the doors usually open to receive a few of them. Out of the stirring literary activities of New England in the middle nineteenth century have emerged several names to be accounted as classic. May not some of the New England painters of the early twentieth century eventually stand on a level with Emerson and Lowell and Whittier in critical esteem?

Literature expressed very adequately the transcendentalism of 1840; the beneficent materialism of 1910, which is transforming a collection of provincial villages into one of the most magnificent of metropolitan cities, has found its finest expression in the paintings of Tarbell and Benson and De Camp, in the sculptures of Pratt and Kirchmeyer.

Mr. Redman's object in forming this collection, he tells me, has been two-fold: his personal pleasure and the desirability of establishing a precedent. He enjoys the paintings and he believes in them.

The right to like art produced in accordance with the inspiration that came to Edouard Manet half a century ago still has to be argued with a surprising number of otherwise intelligent persons, amongst them many university savants and some art critics. The most effective argument, in outline, claims that responsiveness to many of the finer harmonies of nature has been quickened, not deadened, in our time. Musicians say that exquisite harmonic combinations which once would have been deemed unintelligible or barbaric even in the profession,



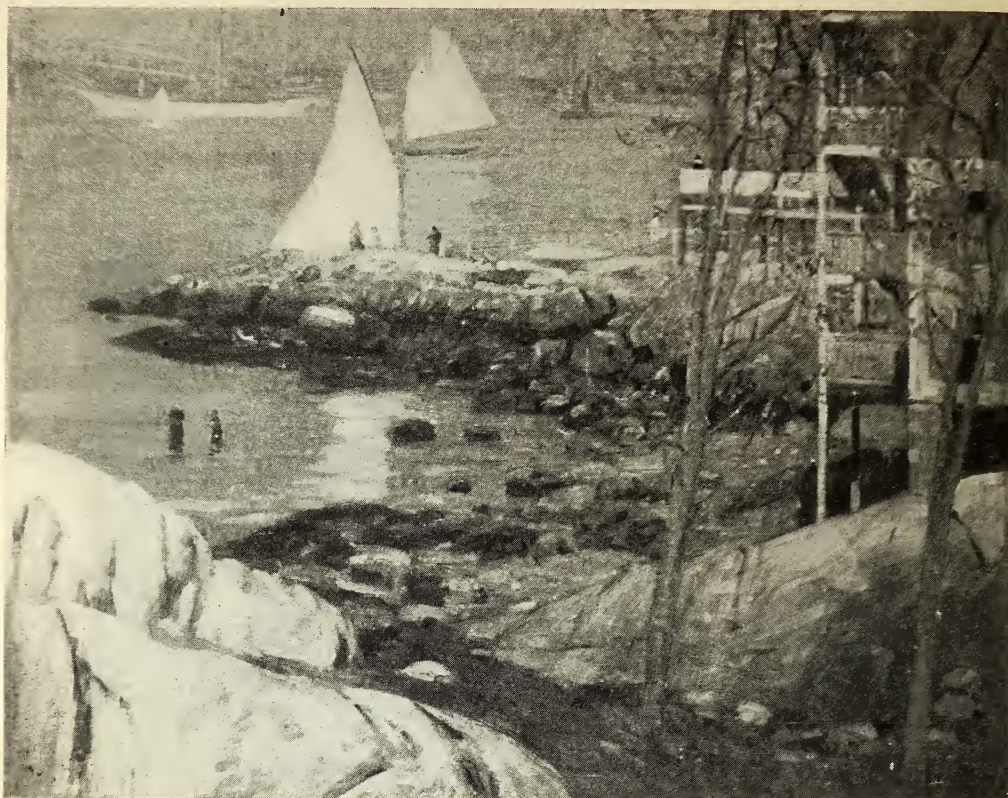
THE GREAT OAK. BY CHARLES DAVIS



STRING OF PEARLS. BY WILLIAM PAXTON

to-day delight audiences of intelligent amateurs. Sculpture has progressed from the affected idealism of a century ago toward a subtle rendering of structural and superficial facts which reveals character, individualism, life, as these have not before been disclosed in sculpture since the Renaissance. Since Manet, feeling that the current practice of painting within an arbitrary scale of values made every picture false to the essential state of the light in which objects are seen, threw over the age-honored conventions of chiaroscuro and began painting things as nearly as possible in their

actual values, a new sensitiveness toward the elemental truths of illumination has appeared. The custom of endeavoring to represent nature not as in a conventional world lighted by a sun that never was, but as viewed in this our world under a luminary at whose unshadowed brightness earlier artists blinked, this disposition to follow nature as closely as possible in setting the key for pictorial and decorative harmonies, has affected not merely the practice but the temperament of many professional painters, of some even among those who still follow the ancient formulas; and of the general



GLOUCESTER HARBOR. BY THEODORE WENDELL

public a considerable section have kept apace with the artists in this quest for beauty along the highway of truth. In Boston, as it happens, the dominant group of painters for some years past has been composed of men who were at school when the impressionistic movement was at its height in France and who have during their professional careers steadily advanced in technical proficiency, combining in works of great charm and distinction the impressionist's feeling for truth to the very essence of moonlight, or twilight, or night light, with the regard which every competent artist has for the principles of design, delineation and characterization. The resultant art appeals to contemporary laymen variously, according to their tastes, prepossessions and prejudices. It has infected Mr. Redman with an all but overwhelming enthusiasm—as one easily appreciates in surveying, with him, his admirable collection, housed for the present at the

New England Conservatory of Music of whose faculty he is a member.

Of the painters represented in the Redman collection there is a particularly impressive showing of works by the late Edward H. Barnard, not absolutely the greatest of the New England painters who derived their early inspiration from French impressionism, but one of the ablest, most conscientious and most consistent. Mr. Barnard, after a life whose later years were clouded with mental troubles, died about a year ago. To Mr. Redman, who had enjoyed his friendship, he confided a brief autobiographical sketch, portions of which have been published in the Boston Evening Transcript. These data show that Mr. Barnard, who had previously studied architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology entered the school of the Museum of Fine Arts about the time of its foundation in 1877, had four years' work as a stained glass designer, and then, with the

money he had saved, continued his studies in Paris.

The effect made upon the young Boston painter when he first became well acquainted with the pictures of the great leader of plain air impressionism is thus described:

"The last winter I was there I was fortunate enough to see an exhibition of Monet's. I had seen some of his work before. I thought it good but rather queer. However that room was filled with outdoor nature and it filled me chockful. I sat down at once and wrote to Hayden, Davis, etc., to come up and see the show of Monet's, and they came. I had the pleasure of seeing their eyes opened also."

Mr. Barnard's career after his return from France was one of practically uninterrupted devotion to outdoor painting, mostly about his home in Belmont and at Mystic, Connecticut, where his life-long friend Charles H. Davis, has lived and

worked. The man's philosophy of art is summed up in these words:

"A landscape painter, it seems to me," he writes, "must be happy, and we find many portrait and figure painters taking it up for the fun if not seriously. It is the power to paint out of door light which Monet has shown us that makes it so fascinating and lures us out of our stuffy studios. And also with M. Zola I believe that Truth (with a big T) is IT. It seems strange that we must assert this fact not only in art but in politics, business, religion, and almost every other branch of human work. But thus are human beings made, or rather make themselves."

In accordance with his creed and his temperament Mr. Barnard worked out the problems of his art with sober faithfulness to the facts of the illumined world. He painted nature rather than from nature, rarely rearranging or eliminating, and he avoided the trite or ready-



WEST RIVER. BY GEORGE R. NOYES

made subject. Working as is best in presence of strong light, with patches of contrasting colors, juxtaposed for the sake of the vibratory effect, he attained a pale but resonant greyness of total effect which is palpably true to the usual atmospheric conditions under which New England landscape is displayed by daylight. On account, perhaps, of his early training as a draughtsman he always modelled the forms in his foregrounds with excellent competence, and even in the distant passages, where the "values" sometimes threaten to run out in chalkiness, there are interesting suggestions of form.

Among the Barnard pictures in Mr. Redman's collection which are recalled with especial pleasure are "Forenoon, Mystic," a wide expanse of pasture, river and distant hills, as grandiose in scope and composition as a picture of the Hudson River School, but infinitely truer in its gentle gradations and carefully studied half tones; "Looking Over the Oaks," a setting of great trees into scintillating atmosphere; "The River Weeders," a brilliant handling of a genre subject; "Morning After Rain," a shade more sophisticated in arrangement, but not on that account less pleasing than some of the others; "The Night Sky," a luminous cloud-filled heaven, bodied forth over a sombre tract of earth on whose outer edge gleam the lights of a distant city; "Blue Haze," enveloping a tangle of woods as seen across a pasture. These and other canvases, which were seen collectively in the memorial exhibition of Mr. Barnard's works at the Saint Botolph Club, Boston, in the spring of 1910, must have confirmed in most observers an impression of the painter's single-minded truthfulness and undoubted technical powers. No other collector has so many of Mr. Barnard's works as Mr. Redman has; they constitute an inestimable life record of a painter who followed a single impulse whole-heartedly, enthusiastically.

While Mr. Barnard followed a straight course, preserving down to his death convictions formed in young manhood, his life-long personal friend, Charles H. Davis, has left a record of changing "manners" which have doubtless resulted

from profound shiftings of the viewpoint. Contrast his exhibitions of the past two or three years with those of fifteen years ago and you appreciate that the Davis of to-day is working away from naive literalism and that he is attempting, by processes of synthesis, to capitalize his residual visual experiences. In plain English he seems to be painting from memory—*de chic*—more than formerly. The Redman collection does not contain a record of the development of this very strong landscape painter. It has, however, one of the most notable works of the period in which he was portrait painter in extraordinary to all outdoors. "The Great Oak," studied accurately as to its construction, sympathetically as regards its appearance in the enveloping atmosphere, is a model of descriptive painting, well phrased, simple and yet sufficiently subtle. It is an analogue, in pure landscape painting, to some of the charming figures which Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Benson do out of doors.

Numerically considered, the paintings by George L. Noyes, sometime instructor in the fine arts at one of the universities in California and lately returned to Boston to practise his profession, constitute the largest group in the Redman collection. They have been chosen sagaciously to represent an artist whose style is thoroughly modern, piquant and at the same time scholarly.

For Mr. Noyes always paints crisply, vigorously. He affects somewhat wider intervals between his values in dark and light than some impressionists find it practical to use and hence, while his compositions often glow with pure strong color, they may lose a little in the luminosity.

In essential respects Mr. Noyes is a painter of high competence, one who, face to face with nature, knows what he wants and gets it. His technique has altered considerably since he painted in Mexico some years ago—producing at that time genre pictures that were harder and drier and browner in tone than his later works. Of this earlier manner Mr. Redman has an excellent example in "Mexicans Washing Pottery." Of late years Mr. Noyes has painted mainly at Cape Ann

and in western Massachusetts. The Berkshires have sometimes been regarded as unpaintable. Mr. Noyes thinks otherwise. He has maintained his thesis in such brilliant and decorative canvases as "Cumington Valley," with its well modelled foreground; "Pinnacle Pasture," "Cumington, Late Afternoon," and "The Westfield River," rippling deep blue under an intense sky amidst the greenest of forests and warmest of rocks and sand-

fused in the jumble would have been the amateur's fate, but Mr. Noyes established his main values sharply, distinctly, and then painted into them, with apparent ease and unconcern, yet with every stroke counting toward an end foreseen from the beginning—an impressive exhibition of the artistic imagination. Another work in the Redman collection, "Hay Cocks," seen warm and glowing in a sunlit meadow from such an angle that no



MEXICANS WASHING POTTERY. BY GEORGE R. NOYES

bars. Again the dashing execution which is justified by consistent values, clearly thought out, has hardly ever been more delightfully exemplified than in "A Meadow Tangle, Annisquam," a well ordered riot of weeds and wild flowers submerging a stone wall which runs back to a clump of trees in low relief. Behind the tangle is a hill whose sleek smoothness is in picturesque contrast in texture as well as tone to the luscious medley of the foreground. To have become con-

sky appears, gives an equally favorable impression of this painter's aptitude.

Willard L. Metcalf, who began life as a wood engraver in Boston, who studied landscape with the late George L. Brown and who is now one of the New York members of Ten American Painters, is among the subtlest and most skilful of living landscape painters, a man singularly responsive to suggestion from the outside world, and quick to find an original way of following the suggested

course. He has something of the marked ability to simplify and explain which is often characteristic of the complex and sensitive personality. He seems to find the very things he is looking after in the most unexpected places. His art is artistry in the highest sense, based upon nature and yet dependent, for its effectiveness, upon the moods and tenses of a temperament. Technically he paints with moderate breadth and always with distinguished color.

Mr. Redman has four of this painter's works, purchased several years ago from a one-man show at the St. Botolph Club—an exhibition which marked the beginning of the remarkable vogue Mr. Metcalf's pictures have had of late.

Least spectacular of these canvases, from the standpoint at least of subject, and the most bewitching and romantic in motive, is the "Partridge Woods," a work which, from its having been loaned for a long time to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has become very familiar to New England people. The scene is merely an opening in a scraggly wood, viewed under the strong light of noon. There is no rippling brook or bosky dell or shady nook to allure the Philistine or the semi-cultivated who thinks with Ruskin that a landscape subject is arid if it contains no water. In this pictorial epic of an oak thicket appeal to literary sentimentalism is conspicuously absent. But it contains something better; it fixates a touch of the beauty of the illuminated world. On the brush covered ground falls the warm sunlight that has filtered from a blue green sky through an opposing screen of trees, each trunk carefully differentiated from every other, each bough seeming to sway in atmosphere. The cutting of such edges as appear, the accurate delimitation of the shapes of openings in the foliage and the observation of the effects of sunlight upon the local color were necessary to the processes by which through exercise of high imagination the painter arrived at this outcome, one of the best wood interiors ever painted. Similarly, "Flying Shadows" as they pause for a minute in their sweep across a New England pasture, have been caught and placed with a convincing competence which only

a fellow landscape painter is likely thoroughly to appreciate, though the picture, now hanging in the Library of the New England Conservatory of Music, is one which everybody likes.

Wherever "Johnny Cake Hill" is, it has given Mr. Metcalf a motive for a very effective composition, an uphill road twisting amidst plantain and wire grass to the brow that darkens against a sky precisely harmonious in tone with all below. The name was well chosen, as every visitor at the Conservatory remarks: the theme so much more so that this hillside, composed within the four sides of a gold frame, seems to have been destined from its creation to inspire in some painter a chromatic lyric of earth and air.

William M. Paxton, a painter of inquiring disposition and consummate technical skill, who has pushed an art founded originally on impressionism far in the direction of completeness and fidelity to the details of the aspects of nature, is represented in Mr. Redman's collection by a single large and sumptuous canvas, "A String of Pearls." In this a young woman, seated, holds a pearl necklace up toward which she looks. It reveals Mr. Paxton's technique at its best—searching, thorough and founded upon profound knowledge both of the effects of light and the facts of construction. It is perhaps a little less reminiscent of Vermeer than some of the recent works of this artist.

Edmund C. Tarbell did for the annual exhibition of Ten American Painters in 1907 a very beautiful landscape, "By the River," which Mr. Redman was fortunate in securing. It has since been shown at the Museum of Fine Arts and elsewhere. It exhibits very adequately those qualities of tempered enthusiasm, of high sensitiveness to impressions and well high perfect control of the medium of expression which have made Mr. Tarbell one of the foremost painters of this age. Representing some trunks of our New England black birches in partial silhouette against a bluish river it was painted, since it was a Tarbell, with clearness, crispness and elegance. Those characteristics and many of more serious import, have dis-



PARTRIDGE WOODS. BY WILLARD L. METCALF

tinguished the long line of masterpieces that began with "The Opal" and has included "The Venetian Blind," "The Breakfast Room" and "A Girl Crocheting." With these this landscape may certainly be mentioned in the same breath. By comparison it makes, truth to tell, several works by famous masters in the same gallery at the Museum seem a bit vulgar and parvenu. This is art of aristocratic simplicity, untinged by ostentation, affectation or evidences of loss of self control. In producing a very admirable degree of likeness, even of illusion, Mr. Tarbell not only resorted to no trick or artifice; he seems rather to have understated than overstated the contrasts by which a more common-place artist would have told his story. Emphasis has been placed naturally, on the poignant portions of the picture, as notably about the roots of the trees where a young woman is seen reading, but the difference in pitch between the modelling of the ac-

cented and the unaccented passages is neither forced nor dramatically exaggerated. Complementary colors have been played against each other, as is realized on close examination. Yet the spots of pigment are drawn together sufficiently to fuse into an agreeable and unobtrusive color tone. The whole performance is in medium high key, poignant, lively, modern, and with never a discordant note. Mr. Tarbell of late years has been so busy with figure painting that he has only rather infrequently turned to landscape. Because this picture in Mr. Redman's possession is of a kind that rarely comes from his studio, it is exceptionally valuable and significant.

That an art amateur who is a musician by profession should have been interested in Louis Kronberg's "La Loie Fuller" to the extent of acquiring it is hardly surprising. The painter, sometimes called the American Degas, because of his fondness for theatrical subjects, made studies

of Miss Fuller when she was first playing at Folies Bergere, endeavoring to reproduce on canvas something of the brilliancy of pure colors and the bewildering swish of draperies which captivated Paris. Mr. Kronberg's technical success with a difficult motive was very considerable; it explains the undoubted popularity of his picture which has been evident whenever it has been exhibited.

The foregoing, with other works of art not specifically mentioned, constitute a collection, whose owner is to be con-

gratulated not so much because he has gathered pictures whose financial worth is likely to increase—though they undoubtedly represent a good investment—as because of the canvases he has not collected. For after all, it is not the supreme test of connoisseurship to buy pictures. Anybody can do that—although unfortunately for the artist, most people nowadays prefer to buy automobiles. The pictures that he does not buy are those by which the collector's calibre is known.



SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE. BY GEORGE R. NOYES

THE EYES OF THE PORTRAIT

By KATHARINE ROOF

I CANNOT remember a time when I did not have that feeling about the portrait. Indeed of that house in which I was born, and from which we moved I believe in my fifth year, I seem to remember little else but the portrait standing out from the gloom of a back parlor that opened upon a green lawn barred with the diagonal gold of late afternoon sunlight. I suppose the parlor must have been a light room in the middle of the day, yet I see it always as dim and full of shadows with the portrait the one definite thing among unremembered pictures and vague black-walnut furniture.

It was the likeness of a young priest—the Abbé, mother called him,—with his eyes bent upon his devotional book. A peculiar, scarcely perceptible, smile hovered about his lips and his lowered eyelids. Almost all imaginative people must at some time have had the illusion of being followed by the eyes of a portrait. My experiences have been stranger than that. Some friends of mine have on their walls the portrait of an aunt that to every one else seems to exhibit the serene placidity characteristic of feminine portraits, of a certain period, yet to me it wears an expression sinister and evil. And the mysterious part of it is that I have recently heard something about the original of the portrait that explains the face I see upon the canvas in a manner little short of startling,—another Jekyll and Hyde story not generally known to the world. But that is not the story I started to tell. I quote it to show why I believe that in a way we are unable to explain some subtle essence of personality, of the self, can be incorporated in a portrait. A college professor who had spent many years in the east and pursued occult studies with an old Buddhist priest

once told me that some inexplicable force or power seemed to exist in the temple pictures of the deities by the old Chinese and Japanese artists. But to return to the Abbé: I can assure you that no sensation that can come to you from the direct gaze of the eyes of a portrait is comparable to that breathless sense I had of waiting to see the lowered eyelids of the priest rise, or to the shock of the inconceivable thing that actually happened. Yes, although I could not have been more than eleven years old at that time I *know* that it happened, and not all the affectionate ridicule of my parents could make me disbelieve it. One day I sat reading toward twilight—in another house, not the one with the dark back parlor—curled upon a large old-fashioned sofa that faced the wall upon which the portrait hung. All at once I felt impelled to look up in the way one is compelled by the eyes of another upon one, and when I raised my eyes and looked at the opposite wall for one breathless minute the eyes of the portrait looked into mine. After that first shock my sensation was not so much one of fright as of fascination, then suddenly the terror of it swept me and I rushed in a panic from the room. And nothing would induce me to go in there again until my mother, although protesting at my folly, had the picture taken down and put in the attic with its face turned to the wall. And even then my feeling about it was such that I would never go in the place where it stood alone.

It had not occurred to me for some time to question the identity of the Abbé. There was a portrait of my grandmother and also one of a great aunt in the same room and one day, they tell me that a visitor stopping before the Abbé's picture asked me who he was and I replied, "My

grandfather, I think," and the old gentleman who had asked me, much to my surprise, laughed until he was obliged to wipe his glasses. But when I came in later years to ask about the portrait I found that nothing was known in the family about the Abbé's identity beyond the fact that my mother's father had brought the picture with him from France together with his other belongings. But my grandfather was dead and my mother never recalled hearing him mention the picture. Mother was an unromantic and incurious person who had apparently inherited only the practical qualities of the French with no trace of what we hear referred to as their temperament, and her imagination had never been excited by the idea of the portrait.

Well, the Abbé remained in oblivion in the garret until we were all grown up and was not brought to light until my youngest sister's marriage. At that time our home circle being so reduced and broken, father and I had decided to take a long trip to Europe. When we were sorting out our belongings Susie, my older married sister, remembering an excellent place for the Abbé on her own walls, took possession of the portrait. Recalling the unconscious joke of my childhood she insisted upon referring to him as "Grandfather," to the obvious discomfort of her conventional husband who had neither a French strain in his blood nor an American sense of humor. But a month or so later when I was paying her a little visit I looked in vain for the Abbé upon her walls.

"Where have you hung grandfather?" I inquired and Susie hesitated and laughed.

"Why we had him up in the library but I took him down." After a moment she added, "Little Frances was afraid of him."

I had a distinctly shivery sensation when Susie said that. "She had the most absurd fancy about it." I knew before Susie explained it what Frances' absurd fancy was. "The child insisted that one afternoon toward dark when she was alone in the library getting a book from her little shelf, the Abbé opened his eyes and looked at her. She was so fright-

ened we could hardly get her to sleep that night."

"Yet it was not a malignant look exactly," I reflected.

I remember the expression of Susie's face after I had said it. "Jane Ordway, what *are* you talking about!"

I knew there was no use in discussing the subject with materialistic Susie so I merely replied, "Don't you remember I had the same illusion—if you call it that—when I was a child?"

"Well, for Heaven's sake don't let Frances hear you make any such idiotic remark!" was Susie's sisterly and maternal comment.

A little while after that father and I went abroad and in the course of the summer spent a week with a cousin of ours living in a wonderful old chateau in Normandy near the Breton border. It was a dream place with a carved facade dating back four centuries, great rooms with carved marble mantels, rich old furniture and fine old portraits. Then there was a garden with a box-bordered walk encircling it. Our French cousin was a severe looking old lady with that masculine adornment so frequently displayed by French ladies of all classes upon her upper lip, and a hawk-like expression of the eyes. She did not seem in the least severe or hawk-like, however, and received us with all the hospitality possible to her moderate means and frugal habits.

I remember as I stood the day of our arrival studying the portraits of my ancestors that she pointed out one of an attractive young girl with her hair done in the curls and puffs of the eighteenth century.

"That is the mother of your grandfather who emigrated to America," she said. "It is curious how strongly you resemble her." I murmured that I was flattered, while father agreed that barring the difference in what he called "get up," it was a very marked resemblance. "I will dress up like her some day," I suggested, and Cousin Eloise smiled peculiarly. "If you do, don't go in the chapel," she said. "Why not?" I asked but she only smiled again and shook her head.

Later in the day I visited the chapel.

It was small and rather bare except for a fine old altar-piece and the remains of some fifteenth century carving over the door, but while I was in it, I had the strangest sensation of there being someone there. It was obviously impossible, for there was no available spot that could have concealed the smallest child, but the feeling grew upon me to such an extent that I turned and hurried out of the place without examining the rich old triptych over the altar, and as I did so I had that panicky feeling of some one behind me. I recalled Cousin Eloise's remark and wondered, as one considers such things without believing them, if the chapel were haunted by the ghost of my great-grandmother.

I think it was our second evening—a wonderful moonlight night and warmer than French evenings often are—that I felt a sudden desire to go up in the west tower which reminded me of all the tales of adventure I had ever read. "I feel sure one would get a sensation there!" I exclaimed, and father prophesied reprovingly, "Some day you will get more sensation than you want on these wild-goose expeditions of yours." Nevertheless he consented, grumbling amiably, to go with me, and even father, although as I have said of a practical American turn of mind, admitted that the sight of the garden in the moonlight,—the mysterious shapes of the yews and the tall hedges, the strange shadows in the angles of the gabled roof,—was worth the trouble of the precarious stairs. It was a peculiarly brilliant moonlight. I noticed as we picked our way down the curving stairs how it fell in sharp white patches upon the stone, making the shadows black by contrast.

We must have been two-thirds of the way down, and I was ahead, when I became aware that some one was coming up. I did not realize until afterwards that the approach was accompanied by no sound of steps or of rustling garments. I wondered who the visitor to the tower could be, knowing that the house contained no occupants besides ourselves but the servants who could hardly have an errand to the tower at this hour unless possibly Cousin Eloise were sending for

us. A cold draught seemed to come from somewhere as he passed; it was a priest with his eyes bent upon his breviary. That struck me as odd,—an excess of devotion although it might be possible to read in the strong moonlight. I waited upon the landing for father to come up.

"Did you know Cousin Eloise had a priest on the place?" I asked him. "It seems curious we have never seen him before. He must have come from the chapel at the foot of the stairs."

"What are you talking about?" father replied a little testily. He disliked descending winding stairs in an uncertain light.

"That priest we passed on the stairs," I said.

"Priest? We didn't pass any priest," father replied.

I felt that unpleasant sensation that is described as having the hair rise upon one's head and a strong desire to get into the light.

We went back to the great room only partially lighted by the candles and a single lamp, and for the moment I wished ardently for a strong crude American electric light. Cousin Eloise spoke no English and father not more than a dozen words of French, so the burden of conversation rested almost entirely upon me; and as my own French was a little unwieldy from lack of use, it was rather an exhausting process. Father, however, interested himself in a Tauchnitz, and after some preliminary compliments to the chapel and the tower I asked Cousin Eloise if there was a priest in the household. I thought she started and looked at me oddly. Certainly she did not answer at once.

"There is one who comes sometimes. Why do you ask?"

"We met one just now on the tower stairs," I replied watching her face. I could not translate her expression. It was akin to a smile yet it was not a smile.

"Yes, he is fond of the tower," she replied. Then she added, "But do not mention this before the servants."

Her curious and unexplained request while it left me in doubt was not reassuring, and I admit I felt distinctly nervous when I went to my room which was in

the same end of the chateau as the tower. It was a very large room whose corners remained unaffected by the pale light of the candles. While I was hunting about in my luggage for a book to distract my thoughts I was sure I heard a sound of footsteps in the vicinity of the fireplace, as if behind the wall. Someone in the next room, of course. But was there a room there? I stopped to think. No, the tower was there. Footsteps on the tower stairs? The thought sent a shiver along my spine. I listened with every nerve strained. No, they were not descending steps. They had rather a stealthy sound as if the person were anxious not to betray his presence. A burglar? There was almost a warm comfort in the thought. But ought I to investigate, alarm the house? There, the sound had stopped. It was nonsense—overstrained nerves. There were always sounds about a house, especially an old one. I brought my candles over by the bed and read until I was sleepy. The footsteps did not come again.

The next afternoon I was walking by myself along the rather damp path that bordered the garden. It was one of those gray days that come so frequently in the France that we are accustomed to think of as "sunny," and the walls of the hedge were considerably higher than my head, so that the light was that of twilight. As I was strolling along wondering about the love stories of the past that had centered about that path, and thinking that the chill of French chateaux might conceivably have put a check upon romance, I looked up and saw a priest coming toward me from the extreme end of the path. For the first instant I did not connect it with my experience upon the tower staircase. When I did I stopped with an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn and run, checked in its turn by a fear of turning my back upon the figure. So I stood still and waited for it to approach, my heart beating to suffocation. I was prepared to see it disappear at any moment. I was prepared in a chaotic way for any catastrophe; but instead the figure came slowly, steadily nearer, with the rhythmic unmasculine walk of the priest, his eyes bent upon his book. I

felt a whiff of cold air—and he had passed. Yet in that breathless instant the thing flashed into my mind,—the Abbé, the Abbé of our portrait with the lowered inscrutable eyelids, the Abbé with the strange eyes behind those eyelids which I believe, preposterous as it may sound, little Frances and I had seen!

As I stood later that same afternoon in the drawing room trying to while away the hours before it was time to dress for dinner the portrait of my great grandmother suggested to me that it would be fun to dress up like her as I had proposed doing. I set about it at once and in a short time with a little readjustment and manipulation of a pale gray evening gown I had with me I contrived to produce a really striking similarity to the effect of the portrait.

Cousin Eloise seemed amused by my prank. "Now you are *comme une Française*," she said laying her wrinkled hand on my arm, "in spite of the American blood."

In the childlike excitement of "dressing up" I temporarily forgot my afternoon's experience in the garden, but a little later after dinner when father was enjoying a solitary cigar on the terrace, I told Cousin Eloise about the portrait my grandfather had taken with him to America and asked if she knew anything about it. Her manner showed the same hesitation she had shown when I spoke to her of my meeting with the priest upon the tower stairs, but finally she said,

"I know the portrait you refer to, although of course I have never seen it."

"Whose portrait is it?" I asked then breathlessly. "We never knew."

"He was an Abbé, a young Abbé who was our priest and lived here in the chateau."

"What do you know about his life? Was there anything special about it?"

She gave me a glance from under her fierce eyebrows. "About his *life*—no," she replied. Her emphasis was peculiar.

"His death then?" I whispered.

Cousin Eloise's nod was sinister.

"You mean he did not die a—a—natural death?" I pushed the question against her uncommunicativeness. Again she nodded but added no details. "Won't you tell me

about it?" I urged.

"There is not much to tell," Cousin Eloise answered then. "He was in love with your great-grandmother, the one whom you have dressed yourself like to-night."

"A priest!" I exclaimed, startled, "In love!"

Cousin Eloise smiled. "It has been known to happen. Priests are men." Then she rose observing with a glance at the ornulu clock that it was her bed hour and excused herself, leaving me to meditate in some agitation upon what she had told me.

If one were going to attempt to explain the preposterous thing, was it not conceivable that the ghost had noticed my resemblance to the woman he had unwisely loved in life? If so to-night, dressed up in the actual semblance of her portrait—I did not finish the thought. It sent a shiver down my spine.

As I started slowly upon my preparations for the night I wished I had not dispensed with the services of Felise, the inquisitive, talkative French maid my cousin had offered me. Felise's society would have been preferable to solitude at that moment. That creepy feeling I had had in childhood of fearing to turn my back returned to me. I was afraid to cover my face as I washed,—a feeling for once weirdly justified, for as in the act of drying my face I turned with a sudden terrifying sense that someone was behind me, it was to see him standing there beside the fireplace in his black Abbé's robe with the square white collar, and his eyes not covered by his lowered lids stared straight into mine.

I cannot attempt to describe that look. If I feared it, it was not the ordinary fear that is inspired by the idea of a ghost. Beyond any terror of the supernatural it was the fear of a compelling force, something that *drew* irresistibly. I recall taking a few steps toward the figure instead of fleeing from it. I have often wondered what might have happened if it had not been for the accident that occurred at that moment. As I moved I struck against the edge of a table upon which the candlestick stood, jarring it so that it overturned against the light muslin dress

which I had taken off and thrown over a chair. It flared up in a brilliant flash of light and in that light the Abbé vanished.

Without mentioning the incident to my skeptical father who would probably have proposed a lunatic asylum in jest and a sanitarium in earnest, I suggested to him the desirability of receiving a peremptory letter calling us to Paris the following day—a proposition which he, being very much bored, received with alacrity. I had no mind to spend another night in my great-grandmother's apartment. But before we left I had another conversation with Cousin Eloise upon the subject.

"Tell me how the Abbé died," I asked her.

"It is said that your great-grandmother's father had him thrown down the staircase, which broke his neck," she replied more calmly than seemed quite compatible with the idea—yet after all it had happened over a century ago and Cousin Eloise had probably not been as closely in touch with the Abbé as I had. She was more communicative this time. "He was discovered entering your great-grandmother's boudoir—the room where she had her lessons with him—by a secret passage leading out to the staircase. It was the room you have been occupying."

With a shiver I recalled the stealthy footsteps I had heard that first night. "Where is the secret panel?" I asked in excitement.

Cousin Floise glanced at me curiously as she replied, "On the left side of the fireplace. It is still there."

The left side of the fireplace! The spot where the Abbé stood! "Was she supposed to be in love with him?" I asked.

Cousin Eloise shrugged. "She was a young girl. He was her tutor—no doubt the only man she had seen. He was handsome I believe. Her father married her off at once. But a year or so afterwards she died. The Abbé apparently had some influence over her. They said he had only to look at her and she followed him."

"I know," I said.

Cousin Eloise stared. "What can you know about it?"

Perhaps that time my answer was unsatisfactory. "It was his eyes," I said.



otograph by Walmsley Brothers

THE ST. OSWALD RUSH BEARERS

ST. OSWALD AND A RUSHBEARING

By CHARLOTTE ROBERTS

"Our fathers to the house of God,
As yet a building rude,
Bore offerings from the flowery sod
And fragrant rushes strewed.

May we the children ne'er forget,
The pious lesson given,
But honour still together meet,
The lord of Earth and Heaven."
Old Rush-bearer's Hymn.

The charm of rural England, to an American is most effectively illustrated in the strict observance of quaint rustic customs, heirlooms of past ages. The expression "Old England" finds complete justification in these celebrations.

The history of America is too short to commemorate many fete days, for we have not, in this respect, a rich heritage, the possession of all older countries. Perhaps a more prominent reason lies in the fact that the Church of England is not "The Church" in America. If Great Britain were deprived of this stronghold and all attendant ceremonies, she would be destitute of features that help make her as a nation so united and picturesque.

Professor Henry Van Dyke in a recent lecture before The Sorbonne has illustrated environment with a quotation from Emerson's poem, "Each and All."

"The delicate shells lay on the shore,
I wiped away the weeds and foam:
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the wind and the
wild up-roar."

St. Oswald taken from his lawful niche and transferred to foreign surroundings will doubtless follow in the path of the

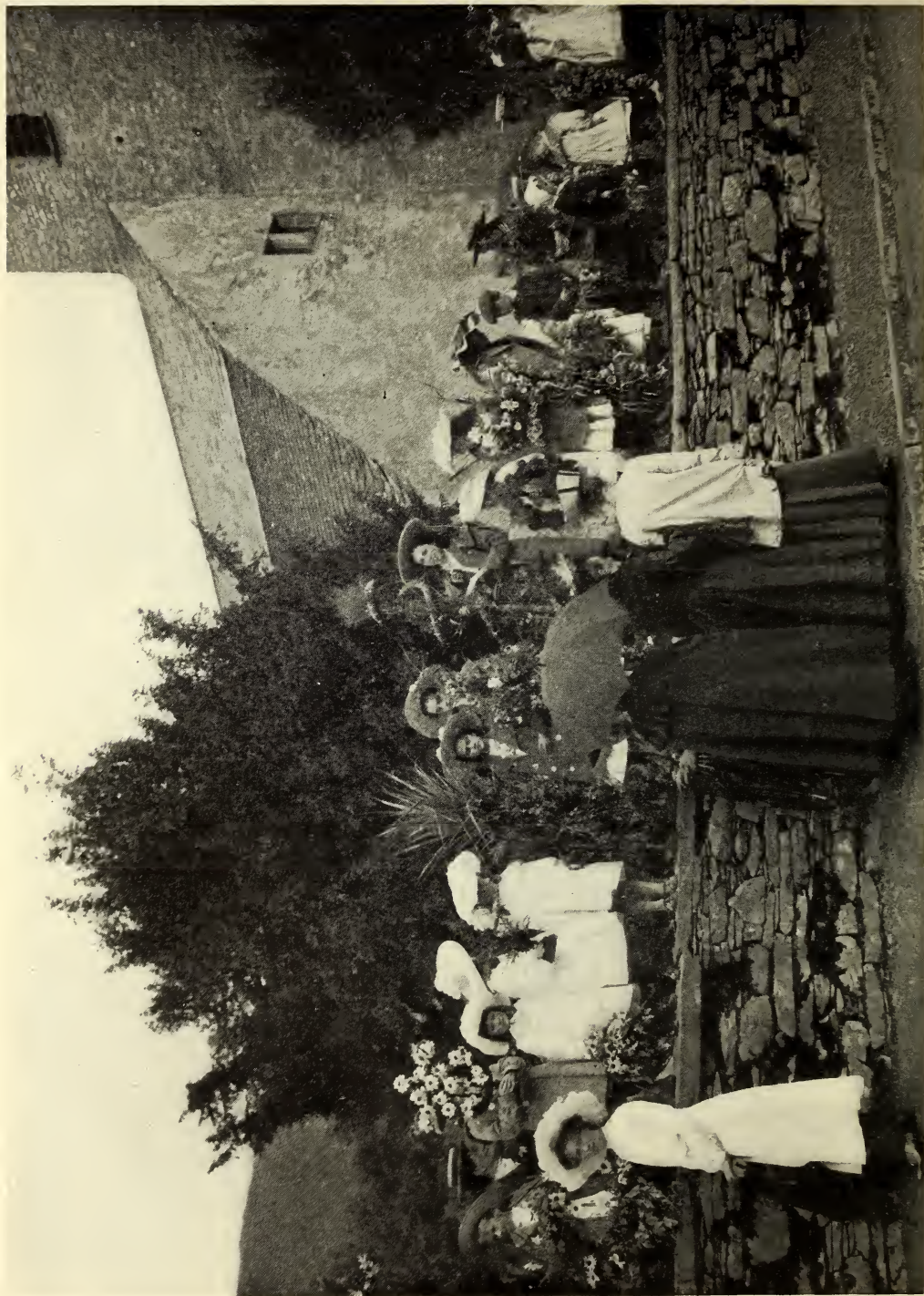
sea-treasures. The shells, however, have served a far-reaching purpose; so I hope an account of a Grassmere rush-bearing in honor of the old Northumbrian king and saint may meet with some interest.

Rush-bearing is a rural religious custom dating back to ancient times and now in England almost obsolete. There are a few local survivals in Lancashire, Yorkshire and the Lake District. In early days the churches were strewn with rushes for a flooring; even the castles were so carpeted. In the churches it became the custom to renew the rushes once a year, usually the Saturday after the patron saint day. Grassmere, in the Lake Country, is the only place in England that can claim the preservation of this ceremony is unbroken record, from its origin to the present day.

The poet Wordsworth, in his earlier years, lived in Grassmere and has immortalized the region in verse. The church there is dedicated to Oswald, the Christian king and saint, whose memory is dearly cherished for having firmly planted Christianity in the north of England.

Bede in his ponderous Anglo-Saxon history has an interesting account of this saintly king's rare and beautiful life. The father of Christianity to Durham, York and Northumbria was Columba, the war-like abbot of Iona. St. Augustine and his followers had made little impression in these places, so this Anglo-Saxon prince beseeched the monks of Iona to be more persevering and convert the Saxons of the North.

Oswald was the second son of Ethelfried "The Ravager," conqueror and dread enemy of the Scots. The rightful heir to the Northumbrian throne was his



Photograph by Walmsley Brothers

THE GATHERING AT THE CHURCH

wife's brother Edwin, whom he had deposed and banished from his kingdom. The friends of the lawful monarch realizing the treacherous plans made for his death, by his brother-in-law, rallied around the young prince and defeating Ethelfried, enthroned Edwin their legitimate ruler. He ruled well over Northumbria and tried to propagate the Christian religion through his domains, for by his wife's influence, he had been baptized in that faith. During his reign, Oswald with his brothers and some sons of the nobility were sent to Scotland, where they remained in exile for seventeen years. The Scots and Picts under the apostolate of Columba had become Christians and among them Oswald, though only a child had learned the truths of this religion and had been baptized in the Celtic church, which is different from the Roman Church. Edwin being overthrown by two fierce out-law chiefs, Penda and Cadwallon, Oswald's brother Enefried was sent for and made ruler. He renounced his Christian religion and the country relapsed into paganism. Cadwallon defeated Enefried in battle; then treacherously killed him.

Oswald had a far finer and braver nature than his brother and at the head of a small Christian band undertook to conquer his country against immense forces of formidable barons. The unequal army met near the Severn Wall, built by the Romans and which divided Northumbria into two parts. On a height now called St. Oswald's field, the young warrior, on the eve of battle erected, with his own hands, a large wooden cross. Kneeling before it he prayed, "Let us implore God in his mercy to defend us against the pride and fierceness of our enemies. God knows our cause is just. We fight for the salvation of the Nation against the Britons, whom our fathers gloried in challenging, but who now prophesy the extirpation of the race." That same night he saw in a dream the holy Columba, patron saint of the church of his baptism. The war-like abbot of Iona, who had been dead for forty years, appeared before him in shining angelic beauty. Erect he stood and stretched his resplendent robe over the

whole small army, as if to protect them and thus addressed the prince: "As God said to Joshua, "Be of good courage and play the man. At break of day march to the battle. I have obtained for thee from God, the victory over thine enemies and the death of tyrants. Thou shalt conquer and reign."

The prince in the morning told his dream to his Anglo-Saxon followers and they all promised to be baptized, if he returned a conqueror. Early in the day the battle began and Oswald gained a complete and remarkable victory. Cadwallon the last hero of the Britons, victor of forty battles and sixty single combats was slain. The Britons were driven from Northumbria, never to return. Those north of the Dee came under Northumbria rule; south of the Severn Wall they remained independent until conquered by Oswald, whom they afterwards called, "He of the Shining Sword or Liberal Hand."

In 634 Oswald became Emperor of Britain. He was sixth of the great chiefs who had the title "Bretwalda." Before him a tuft of feathers, "Tufta," emblem of supreme authority was carried and after this used only by Northumbria kings. He reconciled two tribes, always in deadly conflict and made of them a real nation. Thus the Angles, Scots, Picts and Britons were given one common language. Bede says "He learned to possess in hope the Heavenly kingdom, which his fathers knew not and in this world God gave him a kingdom vaster than that possessed by any of his ancestors."

As soon as he was firmly established upon his throne, his first thought was to bring his religion into the country; for this end he had to procure missionaries. Instead of applying to the Roman missions, in England, founded by St. Augustine, he turned to the monks of Iona. The Celtic church therefore brought the first light of the Christian religion into Northern Britain.

The first leader, Coman, sent by the Ionian monks made a sorry failure of his mission and returned to Iona disgusted saying, that he could not tame stubborn, barbarous savages. Aidan, a gentle

monk, hearing this report said that he thought Coman was too hard on ignorant people. This reproof was justly accepted by the monks and Aidan chosen as Coman's successor and sent with some Celtic monks to Northumbria. Oswald was delighted with the change for Aidan proved to be a true, brave friend. Together they worked for the good of the kingdom. Aidan's dialect not being understood in some parts of the country, Oswald acted as interpreter, but this task proved to be a hard and dreary one, as they could find few traces of the old Roman missions.

Aidan chose for his Bishopric a barren island and erected there the first Christian church, for until Oswald planted his cross on the eve of his first great victory, the people had never seen a church altar, or any Christian symbol; therefore Landisfarne became the religious capital of Northern Britain. It is an island only at certain tides, being connected a part of the time, by a bar, to the mainland.

Bede praises Aidan more than any other apostle and according to his accounts Oswald and Aidan are rivals in their good deeds, for they were both saints upon earth. The good Bishop was the first priest to give, in alms, all that he received from the rich and to practise what he preached. The education of children always interested him and eventually all the churches and monasteries, founded by him, became schools. His journeys from town to town were made on foot, for he mingled with rich and poor alike; though sowing broadcast seeds of charity, he was in the justness of his rebukes a second John the Baptist. He was Prior of Melrose and died an old man while on one of his missionary pilgrimages. The adoring people carried him to his favorite Landisfarne, where he is buried. After many years he was enrolled as a saint.

Oswald was too young and energetic not to make his influence felt beyond his own domains. After the conversion of Wessex, a small but powerful kingdom, he sought in marriage, the king's daughter. Meanwhile Penda was still alive and all powerful in Mercia, his pagan stronghold. He had never had an op-

portunity to avenge Cadwallon's death but when he found the Northumbrian hero had crossed the river into his pagan country and was converting the people, he became furiously enraged and declared war.

They fought for two years, but at the battle of Masserfield, August 5th, 642, Oswald gallantly met his death. This saintly king died at the early age of thirty-eight, mourned and beloved by all his countrymen. His last thoughts were for others and the words, "God have mercy on their souls," as Oswald said when he fell, have passed into a proverb, signifying those who pray in life and death. Penda not satisfied with his rival's death, ordered the body to be brought to him and the head and hands severed and put on stakes. The head was removed by the king's brother and received at Landisfarne by the faithful Aidan and there interred. The hands were carried to Bamborough and sacredly deposited. Some years after his death, King Alfred's daughter had the body buried, with great pomp, at St. Oswald in Gloucestershire. Gradually he became canonized as a saint.

Many miracles and legends are attributed to him. On the site of the cross on St. Oswald's field wonderful miracles are said to be performed and men and cattle, to this day, are brought to Masserfield to be cured. The most popular legend related is that one Easter, while at dinner, a silver dish of meat was set before him, and as he was about to ask a blessing, the servant whispered that beggars were clamouring outside; whereupon Oswald ordered the meat to be taken to them and the dish to be broken and divided among them. Aidan, who sat next to him took his right hand and said, "May this hand never wither." The prayer was granted, for the hands brought to Bamborough remained free from decay.

Surely the Grasmere church has made a wonderful choice in their patron saint. We were so fortunate as to be in Ambleside, the next town to Grasmere, at the time of the annual rush-bearing festival, on Saturday, August 7th, 1909. We drove over early in the afternoon and

found the village filled with strangers from all the surrounding districts. The church there, where Wordsworth worshipped for so many years, is not an old structure though well covered with the beautiful English ivy. On this occasion a flag was flying from the church tower and through the open door could be seen the floor strewn with the rushes gathered by the villagers.

The church with its natural surroundings would lend grace to any scene. It faces the blue waters of Grasmere lake and on one side rushes a mountain stream while hovering above is Helm Crag, casting over all far-reaching and ever moving shadows. But the crowning element was the perfect day, a rare event in rainy England. The colour of the mountains peculiar to this lake region is indescribable, for the atmospheric effects cause wonderful variation of shades changing from a green bronze tint to the richest of purples, while the soft haziness in the landscape envelopes all in ethereal beauty, very different from the defined clearness familiar to most mountain dis-

tricts.

Encircling the church is the graveyard where all the Wordsworth family are buried and not far away stands Dove Cottage, the modest home of the poet and his sister Dorothy. Reverend Stopford Brooks, by untiring zeal and interest, has had their home opened to visitors and converted into a memorial for the poet. An aged dame, who remembered Wordsworth and his sister, was in charge and showed us all over the lower floor, but was too feeble to ascend the stairs. As we entered the pleasant rooms above, we were greeted by a brilliant flood of sunshine and we felt we were breathing an atmosphere of hospitality and genial frugality, that seemed to come from the hovering spirits of the former inmates.

As we re-approached the church the bells rang forth in joyous tones. The children, all the week, had been preparing their garlands, and now heavily laden, clad in stiffly starched frocks, they appeared from every direction and placed their offerings on the stone wall, around the church. At half-past six the band



ST. OSWALD PARISH CHURCH

played the rush-bearer's hymn and marshalled the procession into line. In the glow of the setting sun the children took up their wreaths and marched to the church door. Two boys with St. Oswald's banner, of royal purple and gold, led, followed by a full vested choir and clergy. The band preceded six maidens, who bore the rush-bearing sheet filled with rushes. Formerly this sheet was always spun by the village maidens. After them were the children who added joyousness always to these fetes. Among them we spied a dainty little American girl, her face wreathed in happy smiles and we felt great pride in having so charming a representative.

St. Oswald's hymn was sung, as they entered and continued until the maidens dropped the rush-sheet before the altar, then followed a full even-song service, at the close of which the largest garlands are taken to a neighboring field and placed on a pole around which morris and country dances are enjoyed by the

youths and maidens.

Wordsworth was always much interested in this merry-making and offered prizes for the best wreaths, so that the festival was looked forward to all the year with great joy by the children. In the following lines the Lake poet has perfectly described the charming pastoral ceremony:—

"This day when forth by rustic music
led
The village children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long
array
Through the still church-yard, each with
garland gay,
That carried sceptre-like o'er-tops the
head
Of the proud bearer.
To the wide church door
Charged with these offerings our fathers
bore
For decoration in Papal times,
The innocent procession softly moves."



THE PARSONAGE—DOVE COTTAGE

THE SISTER

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

CHAPTER III.

THE DEPARTURE

During the weeks that followed, the red-coat kept his promise and the gray-gowned Deborah kept hers. Day after day, while the homes of the Friends were unmolested, the two met in the woodland path, a path held by most to lead to fear-some things; yet Deborah boldly took its leading.

One day when the wind of summer was high and tempestuous beyond its wont, the two sat on a mossy log, side by side, a little away from the narrow path.

The man spoke: "We are ordered off." He watched her closely to see her start or color, but she did neither; she was ever a surprise to him.

"Whither and how soon?" she said smiling as calmly as if he had spoken of the rising wind.

"Soon, very soon. We are making ready now. I fear I shall never be able to return hither, or at least not for many months—or years—who knows when this war will end, despite the confidence of some?"

"Methinks 'twill do thee good to meet an open foe in field and not depend on disturbing peaceful folk."

"Thank you;" he rose, half frowning and bowed mockingly. "This then is gratitude."

She in turn rose quickly and dropped him a little courtesy. "Pardon, sir. I meant by thee, not *thee*," shaking her head, "but the men, the army. But doubtless thee did know what I meant."

"I seldom know your meaning," said the man as she seated herself again. She opened her great eyes in wide innocence.

"Why? And I know thee so well. I can ever read thy meaning." Which was true. "Now, I see in thy heart that thee is glad to go."

"You do not see all," he returned, "or else you would see I should be glad but for one thing."

"Thee must have known our friendship was not for long," she spoke tranquilly.

"You are glad it is over?" there was a note of bitterness in his voice.

"Nay, not glad, but it seems best so."

She leaned back in her place now, and there was a silence broken by a blue-jay's harsh, protesting note as a fiercer gust of wind rose and swept deep down the forest aisles unearthing withered leaves that had lain dead in the mould for many years. Mixed with new green growths and tiny twigs, they swirled about the couple and one brown, blotched, broken leaf fell into the girl's lap.

The rising passion of the wind stirred the man. He seized Deborah's hands, he leaned toward her. "No, no," he cried. "It is not best, I need not leave you so. Deborah! Come, come with me dear! Oh, Deborah, you know, you know how I love you."

Then he lost power of speech as he looked at her, her beauty transfigured by a greater glory, by the joy of his confession, by the power of her love. The wind beat one strand of her blue-black hair against her deep pink cheek and fanned to a glowing heat the flame of her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, as if with the pain of joy, then she paused and was silent, listening; for above the uproar of the wind, her quick ear had caught the sound of footsteps.

Something like a sob passed her lips, opened for her sweet, passionate reply.

"Some one is coming, Friend Ephraim. I fear. Farewell. I will see thee again—perchance—yes, to-morrow—go."

In a moment she was out from beneath his hand, beyond his encircling arm, through the twisting, straining trees and in the now well-trodden woodland path.

Here she stepped on slowly, with eyes on the ground, striving to kill the joy from her face. When at last she looked up, she stood face to face with John Williams.

He looked reproachful sadness. "I have seen thee with thy British lover, Deborah," he said gravely. "I know now why thee cannot marry me, and why I would never marry thee if I could."

She stood still in the path smiling at him, undaunted and with a lingering of that former radiance. "John Williams," she said steadily, "thee cannot fright me so."

There was added to his sadness a touch of irritation. "I would not frighten thee Deborah, thee knows I would not frighten thee. And only yesterday thee did speak so nobly in meeting."

"I am sorry, John, I cannot marry thee," she sighed, a calmly resigned sigh and moved on unconcernedly. "Think thyself deceived in whatever way seems best to thee, so thee troubles me no longer with thine importunities."

"Deborah Stebbins," cried John Williams, now angrily. How he longed for an inch or two of added height! "Does thee not know I have thee in my power—if it were not for the love I once felt for thee?"

"John Williams," Deborah's changeful voice had that ominous heavy note, her sisters knew but too well. "I would have thee know I am in no man's power, no man's."

She stamped her foot. "Does thee hear me? Thee knows not the first letter of love. Now, go and leave me. Go, I say!" The wind burst over them with renewed fury, it swirled her modest gray skirts about her ankles, and cast her once smooth hair in wide disarray.

"No," a smile curled John Williams' livid lips. "I leave thee not here."

"Then I leave thee and hope I may never see thy face again." She swept down the path in the gusts of wind, her strong, young figure maintaining its supple dignity despite the buffeting.

At the Stebbins' gate stood Martha with Reuben Bennett at her side. He was a rosy-cheeked youth, with a line of down on his lip and the soft blue eyes of

a girl. Martha's red cheeks were unprettily streaked with tears. Deborah looked at her curiously but would have passed them, had not Reuben Bennett spoken to her.

"Deborah, wait but a moment! I have been telling Martha that I would go to the war. I cannot stay at home and do naught but furnish food for the stealing Britishers that are murdering braver men than they. Deborah, I must go, will thee not speak a good word for me?"

Deborah laid her slender hand on Martha's arm, the touch was not received over graciously. "Why not let him go, Martha?" she said.

"He will be denied in Meeting," sobbed Martha.

"Yes, resistance is unholy, Reuben." Then Deborah finished daringly. "But why not on the King's side?"

"On the King's side!" cried the boy, "he is no King of mine."

Deborah laughed, the wild wind sent a wild pulse beating in her.

"Thee is a foolish boy," she said, "but weeping will not mend it Martha." She shook her head half-mockingly at Reuben. "Stay at home and mind thy farm."

"That it may feed more Britishers!" he cried, "I thought thee would be with me, though a Friend, thee is so brave, Deborah." At his note of admiration Martha peeped through her moist fingers.

But Deborah had turned up the path; with her old habit she flung words over her shoulder. "Were I a man and not a Friend, I might go to the war myself," then she added too low for them to hear, though she laughed between her words. "But not on the rebels' side, Reuben, not on the rebels' side!"

Deborah seldom saw the rising of the sun and it was the sisters' habit to save for her the best of the breakfast. She slept by herself in the unfinished half-story above, her two sisters shared the small bed-room opening off the kitchen; none of them would desecrate the fore-room, also opening from the living-room, by using the great tester bed.

On this morning, the third after the encounter with John Williams, after waiting longer than customary for Deborah's

rising, Patience climbed the stairs to her sister's chamber. The wind of two days before, had not lessened in strength and had been doing terrible havoc at sea and along the coast, scattering the rival fleets and spoiling the rival camps. Some of its fury was felt in this inland spot, so that the upper windows rattled as Patience mounted the stairs, and the staunch low house quivered to its very rafters.

"Thee is a hard sleeper, Debby, to dream in this gale," muttered Patience.

It seemed but a moment when her footsteps were heard coming down the stairs again; she turned into the living-room and faced Martha who was at her work there and scarcely looked up until her sister's dry lifeless voice fell on her ears.

"Deborah is not there."

"Where?" Martha looked up dully; she had her own burdens now. Then quickly she pushed past Patience and up the stairs to the attic and across the floor to Deborah's bed. Patience followed, creeping as if half afraid along the broad planks.

"She has not slept in her bed," she whispered behind Martha's shoulder. Then she made a sudden dive past Martha and snatched something from the smooth coverlet.

"Methinks that is writing," said Patience, holding it close to her nose and squinting at it. "Read it, Martha."

For Deborah who was a determined scholar for the times, had insisted on teaching Martha to read. Then Martha took the paper and moving close to one of the rattling window-panes where the wind, beating through the crack would have blown the paper from her hand, had she not held it fast, read to Patience.

"Say to all I am gone to visit relatives in Conn. When I return I will be of help to thee. Fare thee well, Patience, work not too hard, Martha, read each day, so that thou wilt not forget thy letters. Deborah Stebbins."

"I know of no kin in Connecticut," said Patience blinking at Martha.

"There are none," said Martha, turning and going down the stairs. Patience came slowly after her; when she reached the room below, Martha was sitting on the settle, with tears in her dark eyes, and

the note hanging from her listless hand.

"Oh Marthy, Marthy," Patience cried, and she sat down close beside Martha and put her thin arms clad in dull home-spun about her sister.

After a moment, she whispered, "'Twas a fearful night to go in," and again, "she hath no mother."

But somebody was at the outer door. It scarce needed a touch when it was flung open with a bang, and the wind swirled in, bringing in its wake, leaves and dust, and Sarah Ward, breathless and beaten. She struggled with the door to close it once again, and the sisters whispered to each other:

"Remember, she has gone a-visiting, in Connecticut, our relatives."

"'Tis a high wind, Sarah," said Martha rising suddenly and with no other greeting, bending over the hearth. Patience went toward the small corner cupboard.

"Is Deborah still sleeping?" Was there a strange note in Sarah Ward's voice?

Martha straightened suddenly from the fire. "Deborah has gone to visit relatives in Connecticut."

"She said naught yesterday of it. At what hour did she go?"

Patience gulped and swallowed and hastily glancing at the tall old clock across the room, spoke the hour:

"At the tenth hour."

There was silence. The weakness that lingered about Sarah Ward's soft mouth, and that lay in the depths of her liquid eyes was shown now in the very attitude of her small figure as she forced herself to say, "Why I saw her after that hour. 'Tis passing strange."

"Patience has it wrong," said Martha appearing boldly to the rescue of the family honor. "Deborah did not depart till late in the afternoon almost at eve." Martha's cheeks were a purple red from the excitement of this moment.

Patience choked and coughed and withdrew somewhat.

"Who was it went with her?" questioned Sarah. The words came out jerkingly; she looked as if she longed to leave the house, but something held her.

"Some Friends we knew were passing

and they besought her to keep them company."

"I hope they escaped the storm. How long will Deborah stay?"

"I cannot tell, perchance a week, or a month—"

"It may be a year," suddenly spoke up Patience. "'Twould not surprise me did she stay a year."

"Prithee, sit down, Sarah," said Martha with tardy hospitality.

"Thank thee," said Sarah, she seated herself suddenly, "I did come to tell thee and Deborah some other news. Reuben Bennett has gone to the wars."

"Reuben Bennett!" Martha's voice was fierce, suddenly it rose to a shriek. "Did he go last night and Deborah—" She clinched her hands and shook them at her side. "Sarah, what does it mean?" Then without pause still screaming, "She was ever thus, she must lead men after her, wherever she goes. Oh, I hate her though she be my sister—"

Sarah Ward's gentle mouth stiffened, she came across the floor and stood directly in front of Martha's convulsed figure. Patience crept up behind with a troubled face.

"Thee is not thyself, Martha," said Sarah steadily. "Thee is foolish. I know Deborah Stebbins; I know that she knows naught of Reuben Bennett. Didst thee not tell me but yesterday that Reuben asked thy consent to go to the war?"

"But I did not give it," Martha was sobbing now. "I would not have him denied in Meeting, but Deborah would not care."

"Martha Stebbins I have never told an untruth. I know that Deborah knew naught of Reuben Bennett's going and went not his way. Why, did thee not tell me but now that she went to visit relatives in Connecticut?" There was a triumphant note in Sarah's voice.

"She did, she has," cried Patience laying her rough hand on Martha's crooked elbow. Martha's hands were now before her face. "'Twas but Marthy's wildness. Think naught of it Sarah."

"I love Deborah as well as thee, her sisters," said Sarah. "I will help thee bear her going if I may. But thee must not speak so to others, Martha, or

Deborah, herself, will be denied. Let me help thee. I did tell thee this of all, Martha; the Lord will send Reuben back to thee, if thee does deserve His goodness and does not revile thy sister; but if not, I tell thee Reuben will never be thine." There was a prophetic ring in Sarah's voice.

"I am sorry," said Martha between her fingers.

"And to think thee should dream Deborah would look on a beardless lad when she might have many an older man. Nor is her heart so fixed on carnal things. She cannot help her beauty."

Then Sarah went. As the door banged after her. Martha seated herself by the table and throwing her arms across it, laid her head upon them.

"She meaneth John Williams, by an older man," she muttered. "Sarah has no will of her own, she is but a child."

"She does love Deborah," cried Patience.

"Deborah hath dazzled her as she doth all, save those who know her well."

"Thee is a wicked girl. The Lord will punish thee," cried Patience. Then her tone changed. "Oh Marthy, let us not revile one another. We are all that be left, thee and I. Let us make together an agreement as to what we shall say to the inquiring Friends for Deborah's sake."

Martha lifted her swollen face drearily. "'Tis I have lost the most," she said. "But never again will I speak so of Deborah. Sarah Ward did catch me unawares. But Patience does thee think Deborah will return?"

"Methinks when she does 'twill be in pomp and pride. She was ever one who longed to be great and mighty."

Meantime Sarah Ward fought her way down the road against the wind and presently, breathless, faced John Williams. She stopped him with her news.

"Deborah is gone," she panted.

"Gone!" echoed John Williams, standing in the centre of the road. He seemed dazed but not surprised. "Know you where she has gone?" His voice sounded like one who asks for the pleasure of answering himself.

"Mary and Marthy say she hath gone

to Connecticut to visit relatives," Sarah ventured tentatively.

"Relatives, forsooth!" John Williams' lips curled in a scornful smile.

Sarah was aroused. She steadied her small figure. "John Williams," she cried, "speak out thy meaning. I like not thy hints."

"Sarah, I know where Deborah Stebbins is gone."

"Where?" Sarah bent forward. Into her soft widened eyes came a strange far-away look. "Tell me," she breathed it.

"She is gone away with a British officer. She has met him in the wood each day. The soldiers left last night."

Sarah nodded at him. "Yes, thee is speaking the truth."

"How did thee know?" He was disappointed as well as surprised.

"I dreamed it last night," Sarah whispered, with her eyes on his. "Deborah can make me dream of others, but this I dreamed of Deborah herself."

"Then if thee did know, wherefore ask me?"

Sarah answered his question by asking another:

"Do others know of the Britisher? Why she is gone?"

"I do not know. I have told none but thee."

"And thee will tell no other, John." Sarah smiled on him appealingly.

"Why dost thou love her so, Sarah?" cried John. Then he touched her arm. "Let us walk on, not against the wind, 'tis more sheltered this way," and so they walked toward the woodland path.

"Why did thee love her so, John?" Sarah smiled tranquilly.

"Because she drew me on, she lured me. No man unless he loved and were loved by another woman could withstand her wiles, or draw away if she called. I know not why I once loved her, but this I know, that I love her now no more and nevermore."

Sarah Ward said, "Because thee did love her once, thee will do her no hurt now."

"She hurt me many times," answered John Williams, but his eyes were on the sweet face by his side. "And methinks when she can she will hurt me again."

The Cassandra-like power in Sarah Ward would only let her say. "Perchance she will, John; but 'Love thy enemies, do good to them that persecute thee.'"

"Is that why thee would keep her name pure, Sarah?"

"The first reason is because I love her," answered Sarah.

"How can thee love her? Does thee not know that but for her, the heart of many a man would have turned toward thee? But when she saw them drawn to thee, she drew them her way."

"I should be no woman did I not know that her beauty and power are greater than mine," answered Sarah's gentle voice.

"I said not that," protested the other.

"But it is with me as with thee," persisted Sarah. "When she speaks to me and looks at me, I love her and forgive."

"Forgive!" with a contemptuous accent.

"Thee is no true friend, John Williams, if thee can not forgive."

"What would thee have me to do, Sarah?" he asked.

They walked on in silence, sheltered a little from the wind's blast. There was no supple gray-clad figure to meet them, no flash of scarlet to catch John Williams' keen eyes.

Suddenly he turned toward the woman at his side.

"Sarah," he said more gently, "methinks of late, I have forgiven her for myself, but not for thee. I am still jealous for thee. But for her I might have made thee love me, long since, but for her thee would be prized above any woman for thy fairness and grace, but for her thee would love me a little, I believe."

Sarah Ward stopped short in the path. The color beat up into her soft cheeks. "Thee is wrong, John Williams," she said haltingly. "My life doth not depend on outward beauty or fulsome flattery or the following of men: I would rather live upright in the sight of the Lord with a pure heart not lifted up to vanity." She twisted her fingers nervously and hesitated. "Yet—in some things perhaps thee is right—perhaps—I do not know—my heart might have inclined to thee;

but surely not if thee does cherish hard feelings and will not forgive her."

"But if I do forgive her—Sarah," he spoke eagerly, "could thee forget how I followed her luring eyes? No man or woman shall ever know what I know of Deborah Stebbins if thee will but love me, Sarah." He held out his hand to her across the green space, for she had moved a little away.

She did not take his hand; she shook her head smiling faintly, "No, forgive her not for my love but for thyself, then mayhap I may love thee."

He dropped his hand, but smiled brightly. "Ah, Sarah, bless her flight, since it has given thee to me. I do forgive Deborah Stebbins, and none shall know from me whither she is gone."

Again he reached out his hand toward her, but she drew back again.

"No, thy love must not be too quick put on and off. Thee must be patient and wait a little. I have been patient for long."

She paused. "Thee and I will keep Deborah Stebbins' name free from reproach and perhaps some day—some day—"

Then they fell into silence as they walked down the path and out into the open to meet the sterner buffeting of the wind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN

The summer passed into the fall, then came the usual long winter, until the weeks and months that Martha had hinted at, had lengthened into the year Patience had ventured to set as the limit of Deborah's stay from home. Then came another winter, long, harder, fiercer than even that New England town had suffered for many years. The Stebbins sisters toiled early and late for the bare privilege of life in the old homestead and sometimes felt that Deborah had gone out of their lives, if not of all life, for all time. Yet with the stirring of spring, came back old hopes; and early one May morning, Patience said to her sister with a straightening of her weary back that had grown more bent in these two years:

"I know not how we can get on longer.

If Deborah would but come now to our help."

"And what help would she be?" Martha was querulous; Reuben had not yet returned. "What did she ever do but read and meditate and talk with whoever would listen."

"Yet she said she would come to our help and surely we need her now if ever. Methinks Deborah will do some great thing some day and then thee will repent thy words, Marthy."

"Then she has taken a strange way to come to greatness," said Martha still stepping back and forth before the loom, weaving busily. A lucrative business and a pretty occupation whose grace of motion beautified her rather stout figure.

There was a hand on the latch. Patience turned suddenly toward the door with a light on her face, as if her speech had brought its subject before her. But in answer to Martha's "Enter," that latch was lifted and there stepped into the room a sweet-faced matron with her arms about a child. Though Sarah Williams was plumper than Sarah Ward, with a more settled tread and more certainty in her features, yet there was still a slight hesitation in her movements, a weakness in her smile and the eeriness in her eyes that had belonged to Sarah Ward.

"Welcome, Sarah Williams," said Martha stepping forward, "so thee has brought little Ruth."

"Oh, the baby!" cried Patience, darting toward the mother. "Let me hold her, the beauty, how fair she is!"

Sarah Williams smiled, shaking her head. "Take care, thee will stir my little daughter's heart to vanity."

But Patience took the child in her small scraggly arms and cuddled her close. She carried her to the ingle-nook, untied the little cap and smoothed her own sal-low cheek against the downy rings of red-gold hair, and loosed the blanket about the small yielding form. She kept up meantime a strange clacking sound, nodding her head violently and twisting her always twisted features in a new ugliness in the way immemorially employed by women for the amusement of the infant mind, which, as ever unappreciative, in this case, merely blinked reproachfully at

Patience out of wide brown eyes.

"She is sad, to-day, de dear little baby," chirruped Patience, lifting the gown from the tiny pink curled feet and fondling them in her hands.

"Has Deborah returned?" asked Sarah suddenly.

Patience's rough hand opened from the soft foot. She gulped and swallowed violently; it was Martha who said placidly:

"We were expecting her to-day, Sarah."

"She will return to-day," said Sarah calmly. Even then a step was heard outside and the three turned expectantly, one of them, at least, thinking to see Deborah's form in the doorway.

But instead, a short, stout, drab-coated, wide-hatted figure of a man came forward tapping his cane at each step.

"The Lord's blessing be on thee," he said solemnly nodding his head at the three.

"Thank thee," said Sarah Williams.

"I came to tell thee that the Lord has returned from her sojourning thy sister, Deborah Stebbins," he spoke hesitatingly. "I did meet her as I be coming hither. Praise the Lord" He smacked his lips as if over some happy news, there was little enough excitement in this hamlet despite the ugly rumors of war.

Patience sprang to her feet with the baby gathered close in her arms. "Friend Caleb, what did thee say?" she cried.

"We are awaiting Deborah's coming," said Sarah Williams with a gleaming in her soft eyes. "She comes but now, we were expecting her."

A shadow fell on Caleb's face at the anticipation of his news, even as now the door was flung open and another shadow, straight and splendid, fell across his chair and past his quavering notes went a voice like a bell: "I have returned to thee, my sisters."

Then into the room walked she who had been known as Deborah Stebbins.

"Deborah!" cried the three women in unison.

Then Martha's voice, mechanical and forced. "Did thee have a pleasant visit?"

The great black eyes flashed on Martha. "Most pleasant, Martha," said

Deborah.

"Did thee leave our relatives well?" jerked forth Patience.

How many times the sisters had rehearsed this pitiful scene, now done the better before Caleb's round, wondering eyes and Sarah Williams' observant ones.

"Exceedingly well," answered Deborah steadily.

Patience was clutching the baby hard now; it gave forth a sudden little wail. Deborah's eyes wandered to the child and fixed themselves there, her face contracted.

"Patience? Married!"

"No, she is mine, mine and John's. Give her to me." Sarah Williams caught the child from Patience's loving hold and came toward Deborah with her sweet burden. Then suddenly Deborah spread wide her arms.

"Where is my welcome?" she cried in a voice vibrant with hidden pain.

Then past Sarah, pushed Patience. She gave a sudden sob as Deborah's arms met about her shoulders, and Deborah kissed her like a benediction on the forehead. Patience stumbled back to the ingle-nook and sat down, blinking with wet lashes. Sarah Williams was still near Deborah, but she did not move toward her; she cast a quick glance at Martha and then Martha stepped stiffly to Deborah, and said perfunctorily, "Welcome to thee, Deborah."

Then was Sarah Williams' turn; she came close to Deborah and smiled at her as she always must smile on Deborah. But she held the baby before her own face. "The child first, Deborah."

Then the baby with a happy gurgle, clutched with one small ineffectual hand at Deborah's kerchief, for Deborah still wore the Quaker garb; and the child's other hand, went with that wandering baby touch, as if seeking a resting-place over the beautiful face before her and last the pink palm rested on Deborah's warm, red lips. A shadow passed over Deborah's eyes, but her mouth, that swifter exponent of pain, was hidden, till Sarah drew the baby's hand away and Deborah said softly, "'Tis a fair child."

Then Sarah lifted herself on tip-toe and kissed Deborah herself and thought

it strange that Deborah's lips had turned cold. "I love thee, Deborah, dear," whispered Sarah.

Deborah stepped to a near chair and sat down in it wearily, then she saw Caleb Brown. "Ah, Caleb," she smiled on him with her old sweet smile. "Did thee too come to welcome me, and I over-looked thee till now."

"I hope the Lord hath prospered thee since thee has been distant from us, Debby," he said in his uncertain accent. "I have oft remembered thee in prayer. We will hope to hear thy voice soon in meeting. Thee did always testify clearly—"

"Thank thee, Caleb," answered Deborah, dazzling him with her smile so that at last he rose uncertainly and made for the door.

"Fare thee well, Debby," he said going.

Sarah Williams made as if to follow him. "I too, must go. I will come and see thee later, Deborah," she said over the baby's cap.

But when she was just at the door, Deborah rose and followed her. She stepped outside upon the flat stone step and Sarah stood beside her.

Then Deborah, from some pocket tied beneath her skirt, took a small oblong box, and held it out to Sarah, standing as she did so, to screen it from the eyes of her sisters in the house. Sarah looked at it curiously, it was such as she had never seen before, black and strangely inlaid as if by some foreign work; there was a tiny key-hole by which the cover was fastened down.

"I have no spot where my sisters have no right to look," Deborah said, "but methinks a man has not prying eyes and thee can keep this safe for me. Can thee not?"

"Indeed I can, Deborah," answered Sarah, taking the box in her hand beneath the child, while the folds of the little dress fell over it. "I will gladly keep it for thee."

"And if aught should happen to me, thee must burn it. I can trust thee Sarah, I know well I can trust thee; thee is not like other women. Thee will keep it safe and secret for me."

"Yes, Deborah," said Sarah, looking into those great eyes. "Thee can trust me."

Then Deborah entered the house and Sarah went down the road to her husband's home. There had been a swift rush of feet across the floor as Deborah turned into the room.

Deborah stopped at the first chair and sank into it. "I am faint and weary," she murmured.

"Of course," cried Patience running to the cupboard, and choking and swallowing and rattling the dishes.

"Does life go well with thee?" asked Deborah moving her head as one weary against the high chair back.

"Passing well," answered Patience.

"Indeed, Deborah, it is not so," cried Martha suddenly, "it is not so. We have had but little to eat and wear. See, this is the same gray cloth I was wearing when thee did go away."

"But now that thee is come 'twill be all right," said Patience. There was nothing more said while Martha pushed a chair to the table. Then, as Deborah rose from her seat across the room, the two sisters looked at her more closely. She had seemed so like the old Deborah in that first moment of greeting, they had been so surprised at her coming, that they noticed no change in her appearance. She wore the Quaker garb precisely as she had before going away, her smile and voice had seemed the same, but now they saw that there was no pink in her cheeks, that she was startlingly white, compared with her black hair and eyes. Also she looked taller, because thinner than before. But her beauty was undimmed; it was etherealized and spiritualized but was still vividly present.

Martha, without coming near, looked at her with unpleasant scrutiny from the loom she had again started, "Well, Deborah," she said presently, "what has thee brought us home?"

"Much," answered Deborah, eating tranquilly.

"Praise the Lord," said Patience softly. "We need all that thee can give us. We are indeed in sore straits."

The loom whirled through the room, but Deborah did not speak.

Then Patience sat down at the table just opposite, and leaning her arms on the table bent forward, with her ugly face peering closer to Deborah's.

"Alas, Deborah, I fear we did not convince all with our tale of relatives in Connecticut. Sarah Williams, she who was here, but now, I think knows somewhat further."

"What did thee give her but now in that box?" It was Martha's voice above the whirring of the loom.

"Peace, Martha," said Deborah, quietly, "Whatever Sarah Williams knows and whatever she has is safe with her. How long hath she been wed to John Williams?"

"No," said Martha coming up to the table beside Patience. "I will not speak of other things. Why should thee trust a stranger rather than thy sisters with thy wealth and name? If thee does not tell us of thy life during these two years, it will be hard for us to answer those who look curious when thy name is mentioned."

"Commend the curious to me," answered Deborah, still calmly eating.

"That's all very well," cried Martha still beside Patience. "But what of Reuben Bennett?"

"Reuben Bennett," echoed Deborah, her voice had lost none of its booming bigness since her departure. "Does thee think—Go back to thy work, Martha, Patience tell me, have any put my name beside that of the young boy, Reuben Bennett, who went to the wars?"

"No, Deborah," answered Patience hastily, pushing Martha back with her small vigorous elbow; and Martha under Deborah's look withdrew, wondering the while, why she must obey.

"None indeed, I think, save Martha. Sarah Williams did say thee knew naught of him."

"Sarah Williams," cried Martha, stilled for but a moment. "But her husband, John, has a look on his face. Thee can deceive us Deborah, but thee cannot deceive the overseers. If thee does not open thy lips the tongues of others will be wagging. I can tell thee for a maid to depart as thee has done is not seemly. John Williams—"

"Peace Martha!" cried Deborah once again. "What hath John Williams said?" she turned to Patience.

"Naught, Debby, naught. He hath been a kind friend to us. But finish your meal."

"I am no more hungry," said Deborah, pushing back her plate. She turned slowly and crossed the kitchen. She came opposite the outer door, just as Martha, reaching there before her, opened it to a man who stepped across the threshold into the kitchen. He stood now facing Deborah and started back as if he had seen an apparition. She stood in the sunlight that fell through the open door, straight and unwavering and smiling with that exasperating superiority as she had done when he had last seen her. He must look in her eyes but did it as if not seeing them; he bent his head gravely as if to remove their spell, then turned to Martha.

"I was passing and thought I would ask if Sarah were here still. She said she would stop here this morn."

"She has just gone," John Williams, said Deborah's sweet voice; but he did not look at her, nor speak to her.

"Farewell," still to Martha. He drew back then and closed the door behind him.

The shadow fell on Deborah as she stood there motionless. Suddenly she lifted her arms high over her head and fell forward, prone upon the floor, with the tips of her long fingers touching the threshold John Williams had just crossed.

"Patience, Patience!" called Martha, moving forward and kneeling by the long figure and striving to turn its heavy weight.

Patience came, and between them they tugged at Deborah until they had turned her. Her face, when they saw it, was white as the dead and set in the same lofty smile with which she had greeted John Williams. They poured water on her temples, they beat her stiff, cold hands.

"Go for the doctor, Marthy, go," cried Patience suddenly, "are we mad?"

"Let us lay her on the bed first. I think she is dead even now."

By mutual consent the two women

with shaking arms carried Deborah to the great valenced bed in the sacred best-room and laid her on its unused counterpane. Although she was so heavy, yet they felt she was far more slender than two years before. Then while Patience unfastened the worn gray gown, whose thread-bare state she now first noticed, Martha, sobbing with remorse that adds a heavy weight to grief, flew down the road for the doctor.

She soon came back to the best-room and she and Patience together undressed Deborah's motionless form and laid her between the precious home-spun sheets. Within the bosom of Deborah's dress was found a small bag of gold. Martha sobbed the more when she saw it.

"I will not take it," she declared in a passionate whisper, "it is not meet."

"I will but use what I must," said Patience, thrusting it into her own dress. They both spoke as if in the presence of the dead.

Then they stood looking at the beautiful face, at the perfect outline of the features, at the waves of black hair and black lashes that lent ghastliness to the white cheeks.

"She is dead," wailed Patience.

"Alas," whispered Martha brokenly, "and yet—I did never see death so lovely, so like life. I have seen those whose death they said looked like life, but never so to me, Deborah does still look like life, or if she be dead she is the fairest I ever saw. She could not help—p be—ing fair—" and then Martha tiptoed into the living-room sobbing.

The doctor had come. He came into the best-room, and peered beneath the heavy lowered curtains, a relic of the Stebbins' better days. He held a glass mirror before Deborah's lips and thought there was on it a faint mist; and was there not a pale pink in her parted lips?

"Perchance 'tis a faint or trance or fit," he murmured, staring at the anxious Patience over his great horn spectacles. "Is she often taken so?"

"Never before that we know," said Patience looking hard at Martha.

And Martha as if to retrieve her former doubt of Deborah, said quickly and stoutly, "She has but just returned from

a long visit to relatives in Connecticut."

The doctor looked at her sharply and then back again to the still beauty on the bed.

"I have some wondrous water here which is a certain help against faintness," he said.

"Her teeth are locked," said Patience, and so it proved, and a few drops of the wonderful water was lost as it trickled between Deborah's lips to the cleft in her chin.

"I will bleed her," said the doctor; then there was a quick step across the living-room and Sarah Williams was in the chamber.

She did not seem over-startled at what she saw; she stepped to the side of the bed and looked down on Deborah.

"How fair she looks," she said softly, bending over the white face; then she lifted herself and looked about the room. "She is not dead," she said clearly and loudly for the still place.

"So I said, 'tis but a faint," said the doctor, getting his lancet.

But Sarah laid her hand on his arm. "No, no, doctor," she said gently, "thee must not bleed her."

He stared at her more fixedly than on Patience. "What does thee mean, Friend Sarah?" he asked with a touch of impatience. "Thee does not know of the healing art."

Sarah Williams' soft chin quivered, she understood how small a thing she was, opposed to a spectacled doctor armed with a lancet.

"I pray thee," she breathed softly, "not to bleed her. She has not enough blood now, see how white she is!" The two unheeding sisters turned and looked on the bed. Was there some strange magnetism about Deborah, even when helpless, that strengthened Sarah Williams and moved the doctor. "My mother," said Sarah Williams, "was an excellent nurse, thee does remember her doctor; for her sake I pray thee, let me have my will."

He looked at her solemnly for a moment. "I will not bleed her, Sarah Williams," he said putting up his instruments, "but if she does indeed die, her blood be on thy head."

"Amen!" said Sarah Williams softly.

Neither Patience nor Martha interrupted. But now when the doctor left, he gave orders to keep the chill body as warm as possible and to rub the cold limbs. Then the three women piled the bed high with all the bed clothing to be found in the house; they rubbed the clammy flesh until from sheer exhaustion, they came back into the living-room, leaving Deborah as still and cold as at first.

"Alas," sobbed Martha, "I reproached her the last I said to her, and now she is dead."

"She is not dead," said Sarah stoutly.

"How does thee know, Sarah, how does thee know?" cried Patience. A far-away look lingered in Sarah's eyes:

"I know. Thee must not lay her away for seven days, remember, a week! Thee must keep her in that room until thee sees some signs of decay upon her. I would I could stay and watch with thee this night, but others will come and the child and John need me. Remember! Martha! Patience!"

The two women nodded. "There is no need for thee to say so much," Patience answered almost querulously.

Then Sarah Williams went back to her home, to the pleasant white farm-house that stood near the meeting-house and the fork of the road. In the great living-room, more ample, in better repair, with more lavish furnishings than the Stebbins, sat John Williams.

He looked up and after a moment spoke: "Thee has been to the Stebbins', Sarah? I was sorry when I saw that woman had come back, then I knew that I could not forgive her, that I had not forgiven her. I wanted you to have naught to do with her. But I have heard she is dead. I know well I could never forgive her living, but I should forgive the dead. I do forgive her."

Under the dark hood of the cradle, the baby stirred with a little cry. Sarah went toward it and bent over the child. "Deborah is not dead, John."

CHAPTER V.

THE REVELATION

For many days did Deborah Stebbins

lie in her sleep like death. The neighbors came in to sit by her and help the sisters in watching. Each woman, versed in old-wives' remedies, suggested some new device to bring Deborah back to warmth and movement. But though they fastened split white herrings on the soles of her feet, burnt feathers beneath her nose and laid hot mal-odorous plasters on her chest, which Sarah Williams in her visits steadily removed, Deborah made no sign of returning life, and the good Quaker women confessed to each other an uncanniness in the doubt as to whether they were watching by a dead body or merely a sick woman. The doctor came daily to look on her beautiful face, came apparently for the pleasure of looking, for Sarah Williams still prevented the blood-letting and there seemed little he could do.

"I tell thee, her fairness is not of this earth," said Patience on the seventh morning since Deborah's collapse. "Deborah is dead."

"But Sarah Williams still says she is not dead. Though how she knows, I know not."

"There is still no spot or blemish on her. I will go and look on her once more; it is now the seventh day. Alas Marthy! 'tis all passing strange."

As the two sisters turned toward the bedroom, Martha, glancing toward the window, said, "There must be a storm coming up. Does thee notice how dark it has grown?"

"Doubtless a cloud is passing over," said Patience, opening the door into Deborah's room, then lowering her voice. "Does thee think we should lay her away?"

Martha did not answer as they stepped into the room darkened somewhat by the drawn curtains, and more by the new darkness in the sky. Patience, blinking and peering, with her head thrust forward, tip-toed to the bed; suddenly she gave a quick cry and stumbled over Martha's toes, since Martha was pushing upon her, just behind. Patience slipped to the floor and sat there, peering up into the dimness with gaping mouth and staring eyes; for there in the centre of the room, clad in her simple gray gown, and

smiling on them like a beautiful spirit, stood Deborah.

"Peace to thee, my sisters," she said in her old voice only softer than ever before, "let me pass."

Patience scrambled awkwardly to her feet. "Then thee is not dead, Deborah," she said lamely. She drew aside, shaking visibly, and looking curiously at the white, slim hand against the gray skirt as Deborah went past her.

Deborah did not walk far. She seated herself in the first chair by the door,—an arm-chair covered with what had once been a bright flowered covering, but now was faded and worn.

"Bring me food and drink," commanded Deborah.

Martha and Patience both bestirred themselves,—Patience still shaking with surprise, and Martha, in a dazed state, moving as if in a dream. Deborah ate and drank and the two waited on her with eager affection. Then Martha bore away the dishes she had brought near the arm-chair, and Deborah leaned back with a tranquil smile.

"Bring me the Bible on the stand, Patience, I would read and meditate," she said. Martha brought the stand, but after a moment Deborah lifted the Bible from it. "In the solitude of my room I can meditate better." With the Bible in her hand, she withdrew with a still sweep of her long skirt.

"She does not seem like Deborah," whispered Patience half fearfully.

"I do not know," answered Martha, "I could never tell what new thing Deborah would do."

The two sisters worked on silently for a space, suddenly Patience straightened up from the fire. "'Tis strange I cannot see within this kettle, wherefore should it grow so dark, so early in the morn?"

Martha left the room and crossed to the window, peering out of the small rainbow colored panes with their wavering iridescent gleaming.

"It is indeed growing dark, it is so strange outside. Come Patience and look. See, the sky looks somehow yellow, there is no sun, and the trees and grass have half turned blue. What can it be, Patience?"

Patience stood beside her, and together they stared at the dull yellow of the sky, at the vivid green of grass and trees and the redness of the roadway.

"Perchance it is the day of doom," whispered Patience fearfully.

"Alas, alas," cried Martha, "and I am so wicked. Thee will stay by me, Patience, will thee not?" she clutched her sister's skirt fearfully. "I will ask Deborah to pray for me, she has a prayer ever ready."

"Peace, Marthy! thou art foolish. See here is Friend Ephram and his wife and Friend Caleb and the doctor and Friend Bennett and his wife. They are overseers, they are coming hither. Think you they would walk so calmly did they expect to hear the trump sound?"

"Oh, but they are good and pious and pray and speak often to the Lord, they must be well acquaint with him; but I do not know him, and I think he will not know me and 'tis a fearful place to meet the Lord for the first time, at the Judgment seat."

"Peace, Marthy!" said Patience, she gave her frightened sister a little shake. "Thee is a Friend, and has always been one."

"But not a good one," cried Martha. "Patience, listen! I sorrowed when Reuben went, not because he was denied; 'twas that I did not want him to be disowned by his father and—to—leave me."

"Here they are at the door;" Patience took the leading place and went toward the door to admit the overseers and elders.

Friend Ephraim entered first, tall, large, with a heavy kindly face, a ponderous step and slow motions. His wife walked by his side, a small bird-like woman; behind them came Preserved Bennett who had disowned his soldier son and Mistress Bennett.

Preserved was not so large nor so calm as Ephraim Strong; he cast a fleeting glance at the day without; but his wife, sedate and solemn, peered neither to the right nor left from her black silk card-board bonnet. Then came the doctor, with an anxious look in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND, A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIAL CENTER

By GEORGE W. FOX

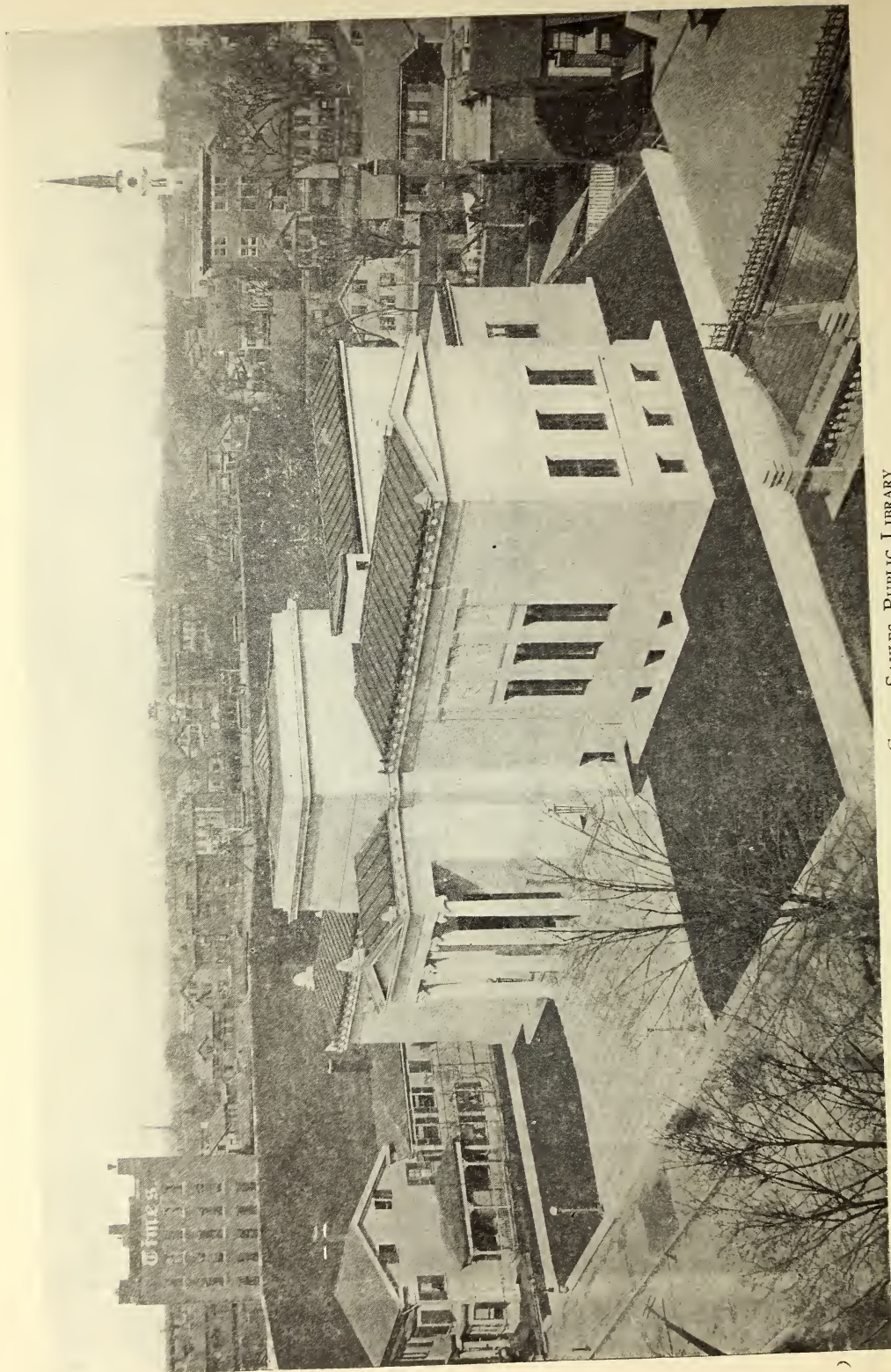
IF you were occupying a chair in the editorial office of the New England Magazine there would apply to you in the course of a day a great many people with ideas or pseudo-ideas, for sale, and these would range all the way from jokes and immortal verse to grave discussions of the gravest themes. But among your callers would be sure to be a number of persons with "Historical articles" under their arms. "Oh! don't you print historical articles?" is the inevitable question which follows the almost inevitable rejection of the proposed manuscript. Certainly we do. But there are different conceptions of history. Mere unlinked raw material from old record books is no history, nor is its value particularly enhanced by age. History is always in the making and, more often than not, that which is in process is of more value, as well as of greater interest, than that which lies with sealed lips in antique burying grounds. And of the past only that portion is valuable which is in some degree determinant of the present. And sanest possible study of history is that which is undertaken from the standpoint of a comprehension of the present. And all this seems to the writer to be pre-eminently true of such a community as that of Pawtucket, the busy manufacturing center of Rhode Island, which has so little time for dreaming and so many things to do.

Pawtucket is the natural center for a present population of a little over One Hundred Thousand persons. To these her good old Indian name (signifying the place by the waterfall) is synonymous with Opportunity, Employment, Amusement, Society, Education,—Life.

How is she equipped to meet this demand? What manner of opportunity, employment, amusement, society, education, does she offer to these hundred odd thousands of human beings? For the number of those who are, by reason of wealth, lifted somewhat above local limitations is always small.

An attractive little brochure issued by the Pawtucket Y. M. C. A. bears in its cover the legend, "Golden Opportunities for Young Men." And really, I know of no better way to get at the whole subject than to ask ourselves what has Pawtucket to offer to the young man? And this inquiring forces us at once back to the story of the past. For when St. Paul said, "I am a citizen of no mean city," he touched on a force that in a very subtle but powerfully determinant way enters into every young man's life.

Pawtucket is situated on the Blackstone River, a picturesque little stream that winds its way through Colonial history, with a wealth of local traditions that would make a capital story if it were ever collected. It is quite sufficient to play the part of Avon to any budding genius that the city may produce. For all the purposes of imagination and inspiration, it abundantly fills the place of a Rhine or a Tiber, with Indian chiefs in place of Goths and Visigoths, and selectmen in place of burgomasters. This stream, which is also called the Pawtucket and the Seekonk at different points in its course, rises near Worcester, in Massachusetts, and in its swift descent, flows through an almost continuous succession of manufacturing villages. This abundance of water power in spite of the



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absence of great diversities of elevation together with the mildness of the waters of Narragansett Bay which penetrates to the heart of the state, are the leading physical characteristics of Rhode Island and lend to the physiography of the state a unique and interesting character.

In all this Pawtucket shares, as it does also in the moral and spiritual qualities of the Providence Plantations which are so well reflected in the names of Prudence Island, Patience, Despair and Hope islands, and of Providence itself. And

with his name are those of Oziel Wilkenson, Joseph Jencks, David Wilkenson, William F. and Frederick C. Sayles, and others associated with the founding and development of New England's industrial primacy. But of this, more further on. Physical health, opportunity, incentive and preparation are the four corner stones of a young man's success in life. Physical health is partly a natural endowment and partly a resultant of environment and intelligence. As to environment, Pawtucket has carefully



A GLIMPSE OF PAWTUCKET AND BLACKSTONE RIVER

this is the second inspirational asset which is the equal inheritance of every son of Pawtucket. Pioneer names are well represented in the city directory of today and the directness of family traditions connects the present with the past.

Constantly impressed upon his mind, also, are the lives and words of men of achievement, of enterprise, and of inventive genius. The story of Samuel Slater, "father of the spinning industry," is too familiar to be retold here, and coupled

studied her water and sewerage problems, and is supplied with modern and approved systems. The mills are thoroughly hygienic; indeed no finer manufacturing property is to be found. A magnificent new public hospital offers the opportunity of the most scientific treatment and every necessity and comfort (luxuries, our forefathers would have called them) for the sick. The Sayles Memorial Hospital, erected by Mr. Frank A. Sayles in memory of his father and

sister, has been recently completed. The grounds are spacious and shaded and adorned by a fine grove of trees. In the Twin City Hospital the city enjoys the privileges of an institution framed on the Emergency Hospital plan. The Pawtucket Dispensary, long an effective and useful institution is now a part of the Sayles Memorial. A District Nurse Association, the Pawtucket Day Nursery and the Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, are other institutions doing earnest philanthropic work for the

apparently with little interest. After less than two months of fresh air, abundant sunlight, enjoyable physical exercise, a regular, if limited, supply of nourishing food well cooked and neatly served, diversified tasks, and, not least in importance, a happy school-room life, the change for the better is surprisingly great and confirms in every way the hope of those who worked for the establishment of the school. It is no longer an experiment."

The incidental value of this plan in the



THE PAWTUCKET OPEN AIR SCHOOL. LUNCHEON HOUR

physical welfare of the community.

Perhaps of more importance to the growing boy, next to the wisdom of his parents, is the attention paid to physical health of the pupils in the public schools. In this matter Pawtucket, under the leadership of Superintendent of Schools, Frank O. Draper, has opened a progressive program. No better evidence of this could be given than the conduct of the Open Air Schools.

"The children came to the school languid, nervous, without appetite, and

education of parents to the importance of hygiene is also worthy of consideration.

And now we reach a point where our story becomes more complex. The care of the physical man is in no small measure a moral and educational problem, and the work of uplift on all of these lines merge and blend. This is seen in the work of such institutions as the Pawtucket Y. M. C. A. and the Pawtucket Boys' Club.

The Pawtucket Y. M. C. A. is housed

in a large, beautiful, new building, a memorial to the munificence of her citizenship.

The present General Secretary is George H. Peabody, under whose administration the highly successful financial campaign was conducted last fall. One hundred busy men representing almost that many professions and occupations devoted themselves energetically and enthusiastically to a seven days' campaign for \$50,000 to liquidate the debt on the building.

Here the young man of slender purse has a better club-house than his wealthy employer, unless the latter, as many of them do, also avail themselves of its splendid facilities!

The Pawtucket Boys' Club, which also owns a well-equipped building, containing, by the way, one of the finest and largest swimming pools in the east, is conducted for the benefit of boys between seven and sixteen years of age. It aims to reach a class who might not feel at home or be accessible to the Y. M. C. A. Of this splendid philanthropy Mr. Lyman B. Goff is president and Mr. Samuel B.

Conant the treasurer. Both of these gentlemen are actively interested in and generous supporters of its work; Mr. Goff having also given the building as a memorial to his son. The club has a membership of over 500 boys, who, under the direction of Mr. L. Arthur Finley, learn the rudiments of cleanliness, good conduct and sane pleasures. The Basket Ball team of the club is one of the champion teams of the State, an evidence of the *esprit de corps* that pervades the organization. The charity ball annually given in its aid is one of the most brilliant functions of the city's social season. In all work of this kind the part played by the churches is very important, but far more difficult to describe. Religious influences do not lend themselves readily to statistical statement. There are many churches, each with its distinctive work of which not even an adequate mention is possible here. The early ecclesiastical history of the town is of romantic interest.

The first church in the town was the Quaker Meeting House, which now stands at Saylesville, which was not,



THE SAYLES MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



PAWTUCKET BOYS' CLUB

however, regarded as a place for worship for all of the inhabitants of the village.

A marked strain of thrift and tendency toward prosperity has always characterized the members of that faith, and its effects are evident in the development of Pawtucket. Ministering to the higher life and splendidly assisting in the work of laying the foundations of good citizenship, manhood and womanhood, is the Deborah Cook Sayles Library, the magnificent home of which is the gift of Mr. Frederic Clark Sayles and is a memorial to his wife. The design is by Crane,

Goodhue and Ferguson of Boston, and displays the possibilities of classic simplicity and directness when handled with true insight, and carried out with good workmanship. The Sayles Library building is constructed of "white" granite and ornamented with a portico supported by four fine Ionic columns and by panels of sculptured marble above the six front windows. It is, perhaps, the most distinctive building in the city, and will long endure as one of its chief ornaments, as well as afford a spacious and convenient home for the varied activities of



PAWTUCKET Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

a modern public library.

Surrounded by such institutions, the young people of Pawtucket are afforded such advantages in the way of preparation for life work as would have been beyond the fondest dreams of an earlier generation. If they have used their advantages they may go forth unashamed of their mental and moral equipment and may, indeed, say with Paul of Tarsus, "I am a citizen of no mean city."

But equipment is for use. It is the life work that justifies all this costly preparation. What can the young man in Pawtucket do to earn his livelihood, contribute to the wealth and honor of mankind and realize his ambitions? Of course, if his ambitions lie beyond the pale of commercial life he has the same opportunities and the same difficulties to be met anywhere. His career must depend almost entirely upon his own genius and power. He will find the sympathy of the citizens and as large a measure of helpfulness as could be ac-

corded to him anywhere. If, on the other hand, as in the vast majority of cases will be true, his inclinations are for a commercial career, few indeed are the communities which can do for him what Pawtucket can do. There he will find, not one, but many and diversified industries, many of them world-leaders in their line, and under the management of men of the most sterling business qualities. Any one of these will furnish him with an adequate life-career within its own walls. And there are younger firms with history all before them in which he can make his name known and his abilities felt. "Within a radius of three miles of Main Street Square, the centre of Pawtucket, which includes a part of Central Falls, Cumberland, Lincoln, Seekonk and Phillipsdale, there are factories employing over 40,000 people. Pawtucket's history as an industrial community is unique and unparalleled in the annals of civic development in America. It became a manufacturing centre over

two hundred and fifty years ago when Joseph Jenks, Jr., located here a few years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth." The above quotation is from an enthusiastic little pamphlet issued from the office of Mayor Robert Kenyon of Pawtucket toward the close of his administration. He then lists fifty large manufacturing concerns and between sixty and seventy smaller ones, a "hive of diversified industries indeed!" In any mention of the industries of Pawtucket one expects to find some account of the origin and growth of the spinning industry, which is Pawtucket's imperishable monument, and of the romantic and virile story of the struggles and successes of Samuel Slater and his companions to give to America the advantage of the revolutionizing inventions of Arkwright. One of the greatest events of general public interest in the experience of Pawtucket as a city was the cotton centenary celebration in honor of the establishment of cotton manufacturing in the city by Samuel Slater. The exercises commemorative of this event covered an entire week and were most elaborately planned and admirably carried out. This event occurred in 1890 during the administration of Mayor Hugh J. Carroll. But this story was recently told at length in the pages of the New England Magazine and is familiar to our readers. Suffice it to say here, that great as was this success, and justly honored as are their names and

achievements, not all of the glory belongs to the past. The development of Pawtucket's industries within the last score of years has been phenomenal, and is an evidence of the enterprise and ability of the business community of the present generation.

Closely allied to these great industrial institutions and an important element in their growth and prosperity, as well as in that scope of opportunity for the young man, which is our guiding star in this brief survey, are the banking institutions of the city.

The Savings Banks of Rhode Island and their magnificent showing in *per capita* deposits, are celebrated wherever economic interests receive attention. One word spells the secret of this success—*Confidence*. This confidence, so far as the savings banks of Rhode Island are concerned, is based on sound legislative enactment and careful state supervision. The procedure of bank examinations and reports is such as to amount, practically, to five thorough examinations each year, including one by an expert accountant. The confidence bred by this and similar legislation has been amply justified by the history of the banks themselves, and the people have no incentive to revert to the traditional stocking as a repository of their savings. Of the banking institutions of Pawtucket two are savings banks and two trust companies. In spite of the somewhat inconsistent dis-



BANQUET AT CLOSE OF Y. M. C. A. \$50,000 CAMPAIGN

couragement of our national laws, which tax money issues by other than national banks at a prohibitive rate, these institutions find so many advantages in organization under the trust companies laws, that they are among the most favoured and prospered of our financial institutions. It is doubtful if any other city of the size in the country is without a national bank. The four banks of the

modern banking buildings. The Industrial Trust Company is the Pawtucket branch of the larger institution of that name. The entire organization is the largest banking institution in the State. The Pawtucket branch occupies a handsome and well-equipped building of its own in the centre of the business district. The two savings banks are also splendidly housed and equipped and are as sound as

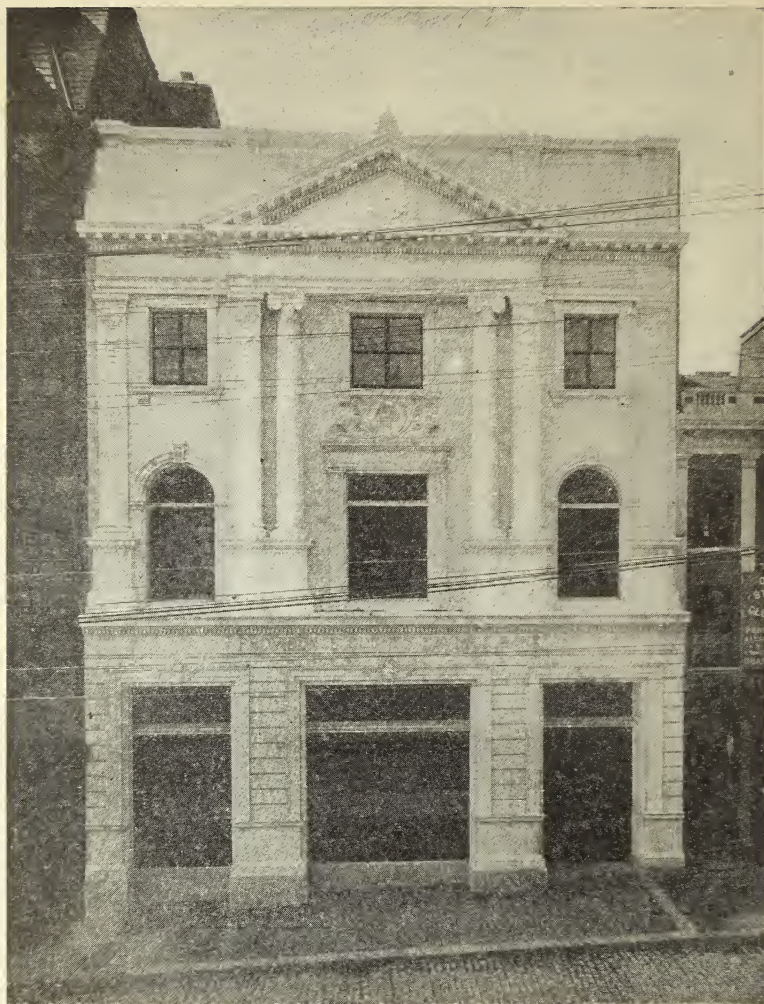


ONE OF PAWTUCKET'S MODERN SCHOOL BUILDINGS

city are the Slater Trust Company, the Industrial Trust Company, the Providence County Savings Bank and the Pawtucket Institution for Savings. The first named of these institutions is the direct successor of the Slater Bank organized in 1855. It occupies its own building, a fine and substantial business block that is a credit to the city. On the walls of its office are many relics of earlier days that are full of interest and historic suggestion. All of the banks have done their full duty toward the beautification of the city in the erection of handsome and

they are progressive in their methods. Altogether, the banks of Pawtucket impress the stranger by their prominence, their strength, their evidences of progressive spirit and the beauty of their buildings.

Another financial institution of importance in the city and one opening yet another avenue to the young man seeking the highest and best in commercial life, is the Pawtucket Mutual Fire Insurance Company. This institution dates back to 1848, and is the third in the State holding a State charter in point of age. It car-



THE PROVIDENCE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

ries risks aggregating nearly thirty millions of dollars, has paid claims for losses amounting to over nine hundred thousand dollars and dividends to its patrons amounting to nearly six hundred thousand dollars.

In the way of business organization there is the Business Men's and Retail Merchants' organization, the present officers of which are Giles W. Easterbrooks, president, John J. Hayes, secretary, and P. J. Murray, treasurer. The vice-presidents are: David T. Deahy and Frank J. Farrell, and the clerk, Thomas P. Corcoran. The Association has been a factor in the accomplishment of such important ends as the widening of Main

Street, securing better postal and transportation facilities, etc. One of the objects of its creation was to secure from Congress an appropriation for the widening and deepening of the harbour. For Pawtucket is situated at the head of navigation on tide water, and its possibilities in that direction are among the things of the future.

It may well be supposed that a city of so great wealth and prosperity would find for itself numerous outlets for brilliant and attractive social life. The leading social club among the men is the "To Kalon" Club, usually spoken of as the "T. K." This organization is about to erect a new and beautiful club house, and



SLATER TRUST COMPANY

it is in many ways a leading force in the social and civic life of the city. Among the women the leading organization is the Pawtucket Women's Club. Of this organization Mrs. Clovis Bowen is president, Mrs. Willis Tobie, vice-president, Mrs. W. J. Burton, recording secretary, Mrs. Howard Fitz, corresponding secretary and Mrs. T. J. Kiley, treasurer. The club has a membership of over three hundred, although organized but eleven years ago. It has been largely instrumental in the development of playgrounds and vacation schools, but its own peculiar field of usefulness lies among its own membership, to whom it affords enviable opportunities of self-culture and social intercourse. It is regarded in the State as

one of the most brilliant and successful of the Rhode Island women's clubs.

The Pawtucket Boat Club and Athletic Association was organized in 1874 and while to-day it is more of a social organization than athletic, it has a history in aquatics that would be difficult to parallel. Some of the most noted amateur oarsmen in America were included in its membership, among them being Frank G. Holmes, amateur American champion, who had no superior with the sculls. Mr. Holmes was not only supreme in watermanship, but his perfect form came from his manner of training, as he would often train for six months for a race that lasted fifteen minutes.

Henry A. Kirby, amateur American



THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

champion; George J. Kirby, Edward F. Scholze, John Cattanach, Frank G. Appley, all brought fame to the club, as well as the invincible four-oared crew composed of Frank G. Holmes, Henry A. Kirby, John Cattanach and Frank G. Appley, which made a victorious tour of the country. Many regattas were held on the river, some of which were brilliant events, and when in its height of prosperity the club was the equal of any.

Twice its boat-houses were destroyed by fire and the interest in rowing, one of the finest of sports gradually decreased. Now the members confine themselves to pleasure boating and canoeing. The boat house is located at the foot of School street, convenient to the centre of the

city, and easy of access.

The Pawtucket Golf Club is one of the youngest, but one of the most popular of Pawtucket's clubs. The club is now in its third season, has a membership of upwards of one hundred and twenty-five, has a cozy and well equipped clubhouse, and the links is the pride of the players. While the course is somewhat less in yards than many others, it requires more skill to make good scores because of the numerous obstacles to open play. The players of the club are frequently seen as competitors in local tournaments and have maintained the standing of the organization. The links is on what is known as the Daggett farm, partly in Rhode Island and partly in Massachu-



PAWTUCKET INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS

setts, and is convenient for the players.

The Young Men's Catholic Association was organized in April, 1892. This association has accomplished an immense amount of good among the young men of the city. It has furnished a most complete set of rooms on the corner of Grace and George streets, and the games and contests which it has originated serves as a nucleus for drawing and holding the young men of the parish in which it is situated. The rooms are open until 10 o'clock each evening.

Other well known clubs are the Tokio Club, the Salon National, Laurel Club, Clover Club, Union Club, Knickerbocker

Club, Jefferson Social Club, Club Pothier, Pleasant View Literary Club, Eintracht Singing Society, Eintracht Gymnasium Club, Fairlawn Association Football Club, Scotia Social Club, Howard-Bulough Football Club, Harrison Yarn and Dyeing, Athletic and Social Club, Lorraine Social and Athletic Association, Hope Webbing Social, Smith Webbing Social Club, Woodlawn Wheelmen, Woodlawn Athletic Club, Laurel Hill Athletic Club, Lindsay Athletic Club, German-American Social Club, Young Men's Catholic Association, Jackson Democratic Club, Pawtucket Boys' Club, all of which are flourishing associations

with good memberships and inviting quarters.

Our times are rapidly bringing to the front municipal civic life as a career. The emphasis is on the need of expert service, and the field that is opened to the effective worker is a wide and inviting one. It opens out into state and national political life, and calls for the service of our best men.

The civic history of Pawtucket is full of interest, and has been dignified by the willing service of her ablest citizens.

Few cities have had so remarkable a municipal existence as Pawtucket. The west side of the city has enjoyed or suffered three separate town governments in Rhode Island, the east side, three separate town governments under the laws of Massachusetts and one under the control of Rhode Island. Both were finally merged as a town and, later, incorporated as a city.

The utilization of the water power of the Blackstone River and the industrial growth of the city has resulted in the development of the very considerable manufacturing community of Central Falls, now a city of 22,000 inhabitants. Although it has a separate municipal existence, Central Falls is to all intents and purposes a part of Pawtucket. The same is true of the towns of Lincoln and Cumberland, including Saylesville. Undoubtedly destined to become absorbed in the growth of the central city, their separate municipal existence still serves many excellent purposes and is carried on with

enthusiasm and much local spirit. Not until this separate existence has ceased to serve its own ends and become a hindrance rather than a help to growth and progress will they be abolished. The young men of Pawtucket have, in this rich and abundant civic life a splendid school of political instruction and field of political activity.

The larger city is certain to come and with it many changes and improvements, but with them all, one perceives many things now existing that will have their place and function in the larger community. Evidences of a growing city life are abundant. Pawtucket, long the horror of the travelling salesman in the matter of hotel accommodations, will, probably, at no distant date, enjoy the use of a new and modern hotel property. The Benedict House under its new and efficient management, is a well-conducted house; but the new hotel is among the certainties of the not-distant future. Who will pick the plum? This and the erection of a suitable railroad station will give to the Twin City a front door worthy of its hospitality and wealth.

"Golden Opportunities for Young Men,"—we find ourselves reverting to this catching phrase from the cover of an announcement by the Pawtucket Y. M. C. A. New England is full of such golden opportunities for young men, but nowhere are they more numerous or more inviting than in this busy, prosperous, industrial city in the heart of Little Rhody.

HEARTS MUSICAL

By STEPHEN BERRIEN STANTON

Thou only tuner, Lord, of hearts o'erstrung,
Reduce these tones that treble to excess;
And, where in turn we fail for languidness,
Key true again the strings that life has wrung.

MAETERLINCK'S "MARY MAGDALENE"

By ETHEL SYFORD

I HAVE borrowed from Paul Heyse's drama, 'Maria von Magdala,' the idea of two situations in my play, namely at the end of the first act, the intervention of Christ, who stops the crowd raging against Mary Magdalene with these words, spoken behind the scenes: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone"; and, in the third, the dilemma in which the great sinner finds herself, of saving or destroying the Son of God, according as she consents or refuses to give herself to a Roman.

"Before setting to work, I asked the venerable poet, whom I hold in the highest esteem, for his permission to develop those two situations, which, so to speak, were merely sketched in his play, with its incomparably richer plot than mine; and I offered to recognize his rights in whatever manner he thought proper. My respectful request was answered with a refusal, none too courteous, I regret to say, and almost threatening.

"From that moment, I was bound to consider that the words from the Gospel, quoted above, are common property; and that the dilemma of which I speak is one of those which occur pretty frequently in dramatic literature. It seemed to me the more lawful to make use of it inasmuch as I had happened to imagine it in the fourth act of Joyzelle, in the same year in which 'Maria von Magdala' was published and before I was able to become acquainted with that play.

"I will add that, excepting the principle of these two situations, in all that concerns the subject of the play, the conduct of the action, the persons, the characters, the evolution and the atmosphere, our two works have absolutely nothing in

common: not a phrase, not a cue of the one will be found in the other.

"Having said this, I am happy to express to the aged master my gratitude for an intellectual benefit which is none the less great for being involuntary.

Maurice Maeterlinck."

This foreword speaks for itself. It is as well to accept Maeterlinck's statement as to enter into a comparison. His drama and Heyse's strike the same hour of the clock, but he has not crossed Heyse's path in interpreting it Heyse is a very mortal soul. Therefore the ecstasy of the Biblical mystery is an easy ghost for him to summon. With the vision of an ecclesiast he has painted a multi-colored canvas, attended to the proper evolution of the scheme, given Judas more of a reputation than he ever had before, made Mary sufficiently repentant to be capable of a great sacrifice, and finally, having unpinning the points of tension, he has put the whole in an ornate gold frame and lit candles around it to keep Christ's halo properly illumined. As acted by Mrs. Fiske several years ago it was a fairly playable drama. Albeit, the presentation of the character of Judas was much more forceful than Mrs. Fiske's presentation of Mary. This may be because Mrs. Fiske is an electric personality rather than an artist soul. Heyse's drama is distinctly a drama. Heyse understands the catechism of the drama and he can fling it with facility. Maeterlinck has never bothered himself about manufacturing a drama and he does not like the rattle of its machinery. Art is a much simpler and more natural thing to him. His perception transcends formulative processes,—the ordinary processes—His dramas are dramas none the less. His great concern is with the

strength of the greater vision as it enables the individual to act, to rise to his highest point. Someone has called this drama Maeterlinck's departure from Shadowland, others speak of it as a variable in relation to his already given quantity of art. I would rather assert that it is only a full sister of the others.

those who have ears and hear not, as contrasted to the born vision, the crescence of vision. In fact his content, like his manner of thought, is tremendously simple. It seems possible to say that almost everything he has written is concerned with and accomplishes the following in interpretation. Given, the



ROSSETTI'S MARY MAGDALENE AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE

Maeterlinck has an incalculable, unfailing grasp in discerning the vision or mis-vision or half-vision, as the case may be, from which the interpretation of the all-mystery suffers and upon which the tragedy and the exaltation of existence depend. To a certain degree, Maeterlinck, in "Les Aveugles," sounded the keynote of his force. In all of his definitizing of this force he has dealt beat the air when the crisis comes. The

symbols whose hypothesis and solution begins and ends in the man-made testifications of mortality, the people who interpret existence entirely from the panorama of worldly life,—the unseeing, "Les Aveugles." Given, the symbols of the greater, the unseen truths of existence, the person whose nature is great enough to transcend the whole interpretation with which "Les Aveugles" with those who have eyes and see not,

contact of these two symbolic forces inevitably creates a temporary inharmony, —a crisis in which a sacrifice is demanded of the greater symbol, the larger, the more *seeing* nature. It is the power of vision, the potential force of it, which rises forth and achieves the act, the sacrifice demanded. And in every case this sacrifice becomes an exaltation of the one who achieves it and the worldly symbols, "Les Aveugles," seem to become mere crackling skeletons instead of humanity. Those whose fleshly orbs are blind often beat harder upon the door of Truth than those whose sight is unseeing. To grope for the Truth is to achieve it to some extent. This is one of the consummations reached in the "Blue Bird." The virtue in miracles is not in miracles *per se*, but in the greater Self which rises out of the reversal of the persistency of human evidence. Thus in "Mary Magdalene," when Appius relates his witness of the resurrection of Lazarus, Silanus, the Roman seer, says: "By awaking a dead man in the depth of his grave, he shows us that he possesses a power greater than that of our masters, but not greater wisdom. Let us await everything with an even mind. It is not difficult, even for a child, to discern that which, in men's words, augments or decreases the love of virtue. If he can convince me that I have acted wrong until to-day, I will amend, for I seek only the truth. But if all the dead who people these valleys were to arise from their graves to bear witness in his name to a truth less high than that which I know, I would not believe them. Whether the dead sleep or wake I will not give them a thought unless they teach me to make a better use of my life." Maeterlinck really continues these words when he later makes this living miracle, Lazarus, one of the shrinking cringing, possessed-by-fear, sordid humans of the last act. The "miracle" accomplished nothing for Lazarus.

Some one has called "Mary Magdalene" "Maeterlinck's Miracle Play." It would seem that the alliteration were the chief merit of the assertion. The only reason for the allusion to "miracles" is to furnish the opportunity to de-

nounce their significance. The only miracle is the one which is not performed but which Mary Magdalene works for herself out of herself. Maeterlinck has no patience with the superhuman, and the divine and the human are, to him, so fused into the single truth, and all things are so fused in mystery that miracles are no more significant to him than is occult power or legerdemain. It is unnecessary to affirm their possibility and unphilosophical to deny them and in either case their experience would achieve nothing. "It should astonish us no more to see a man return to life than to see a child come to life or an old man leave it," says Silanus.

Heyse painted a panorama whose complications, interest and denouement hover about Mary Magdalene and Judas. Maeterlinck painted a soul awakening, a beatification, a woman's soul that reached beyond itself; at times there is scarcely a background; when it is present it is entirely negative as compared to Mary Magdalene herself.

The first act opens in the Roman gardens of the sage, Silanus. He and Verus, a Roman soldier, commander of the Roman forces in Jerusalem, converse on subjects quasi-philosophical. The conversation turns to Mary of Magdala who has fled to the solitude of the country to get away from the fanaticism of the Jews. She is as lovely, as splendid as the Shulamite. But she is by no means a mere courtesan. Verus is in love with her. Maeterlinck does not comment upon her past. At the point at which he begins with her she is soul-sick; she is groping for the truth. Verus says, "You will always rate yourself less highly than I do. You will not succeed in degrading yourself in my eyes; and I see in what you say no more than the just rebellion of a deeply wounded soul struggling against pain. . . ." Mary answers, "You are wrong: it is not a soul struggling, *but one that is finding itself.*" This is before she has seen the Nazarene. Heyes and others like to picture her as a lewd woman upon whom a miracle is performed instantaneously by Christ, whereupon she is changed from Mary the sinner, to Mary the repentant and

purged one. This is the version of mediaeval Catholic saint-lore. Maeterlinck is of a broader vision. He does not picture her in the languid satisfaction of sin, then plucked out of it as it were by a miraculous hand and set down in the ecstasy of righteousness. Salvation was, in the times of the Nazarene, as now and forever, primarily and ultimately of and within ourselves. She must be groping for the truth to recognize it when the Nazarene comes. It is a tremendous stride into Maeterlinck's philosophy of her, to realize that at the outset she is struggling to find herself. Then when the Nazarene is heard in the garden below, when the divine voice speaks the beatitudes, this woman's soul that is restless with unrest says, "I want to see." Here is a Maeterlinckian subtlety. Ever the symbol of vision. A groping soul searching for the realer sight. "*I want to see*,"—she does not say "I want to hear," and yet He was speaking. She goes down towards the hedge, despite the entreaties of her Roman companions. The Voice continues until the crowd spies her and cries of "The Roman woman!" rend the air. "Stone her! Stone her!" Tumult ensues. Stones fly. Verus stands in front of the others and brandishes his sword. Then out of the silence comes the divine Voice, calm, august, profound and irresistible. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!" The stones are heard to drop to the ground. The crowd sways to and fro, abashed, and disappears gradually, in silence, through the hedge. Verus comes forward to support Mary Magdalene, who has stopped and is standing erect and motionless in the middle of the walk. She rejects the proffered aid, with a harsh and fierce gesture, and, staring in front of her, alone among the others, who look at her without understanding, slowly she climbs the steps of the terrace. The dawning of the realer sight has been accomplished.

The second act opens in Mary's villa. A love scene between Verus and the Magdalene. In the first act she was struggling to find within herself the capacity for genuine pure love. Here the deeper vision achieved already has awoke

in her a half-fear, a half-ecstasy in this love and tenderness which she feels for Verus. And even now it is co-mingled with a spirituality which she herself as yet does not quite understand. "But to-day I see: I am no longer the same; I no longer know myself, because I am myself once more.... All that used to resist is broken within my soul.... I no longer understand myself and I did not know that happiness is so strange a thing.... I who never wept in my worst moments of distress, am sobbing to-day when happiness awaits me.... Verus is incapable of understanding her or this awakening in her. He is jealous of her attitude toward the Nazarene. Appius relates the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

The Nazarene and his followers are coming. Among them is Lazarus, just brought back to life. In presentation this would be almost certain to lose much. The definitization of the revivification of a dead man is beyond the pale of the experience which the human species has transmitted down its lineal succession. Also, when Lazarus summons Magdalene, saying, "Come. The Master calls you," and she starts forward as though walking in her sleep, there is extreme likelihood that, on the stage, this would seem but a hypnotic force at play.

Here is the crisis. L'Aveugle, Verus and the one of the crescent sight, Magdalene. The ecstasy of her emancipation has blossomed forth into a soulful love for Verus. This is her victory over herself. She is groping in a half light. The soul processes are not at all unlike those in Monna Vanna. Magdalene makes an appealing effort to cling to Verus, to find in him the response to her emancipated vision. But he is stone blind. He imagines she is afraid of bodily harm and clasps her violently and says, "Have no fear, Magdalene. Nothing can touch you in these arms which close round you. The madness of this land seems more contagious than its pestilence and more tenacious than its leprosy; but Roman reason does not waver, like the rest, at the first foul breath that issues from a tomb.... (To Lazarus.) You I will not touch with my

sword. It shrinks from corpses, even when they walk and drive the trade which you do. It is for the slaves to show you the road back to the sepulchre.

will not follow you." Of course Magdalene is drawn just so much more toward the realer truth. Verus' mind is merely a mortal machine at work and he



THE PENITENT MAGDALENE BY GUIDO RENI

...But, before going, look at this and tell your master that the woman whom he covets—by the gods he lacks neither taste nor daring!—has sought a refuge in these arms, which will know how to defend her against his barbarous witchcraft and his childish spells....Go. She

catches on the cog wheel, jealousy. He accuses her of being in love with the Nazarene. The dusk is brightening Mary answers, "No, no!...I love you, but he..." Verus asks, "But he?" She replies, sinking in sobs at his feet, "It is a different thing!"...Verus tells her to

go with her guide from the tombs. Lazarus goes out slowly. Magdalene, without a word, without a movement, without a look, goes out after him, amid the profound still silence of all present.

Out of Mary Magdalene's self, separating her from the Les Aveugles around her, a miracle is happening. The miracle of a soul breathing in harmony with the mystery of existence. Compared to this, what is the mere resurrection of a dead man, the revivification of a shell. Maeterlinck holds firmly to this. Appius says to Silanus, "We have this day seen more than one thing that we had not seen before." (The psychology of Vision, again). Silanus answers, "It is true, Appius; and this is as surprising as the resurrection of a dead man...." (The end of act two).

We are in the room of the Last Supper. It is crowded with living "miracles." Lazarus is there, risen from the Dead; a man who was born blind, the man healed of the withered hand; Simon healed of leprosy. It is the picture, a sordid picture in the darkened room. Every little while one of them goes to the window to try to see something; always external vision as contrasted to the internal vision which is exalting the Magdalene. Living miracles! A mass of shrinking, cringing, cackling shells! Some one intimates that they will persecute all who come from Galilee with the Nazarene. "One miracle" hastens to say, "I am from Bethany." Another, "I am from Jericho." Mary Magdalene, distracted, rushes in and attempts to arouse them to action. Verus it was who embodied the definitization of her first finding of herself in Act Two and even here she wants to, longs to find in him the response to the emergency. She sees instantly the blindness of this mob of "miracles." She says, "...he knew the cowardice of those who pretended to love him!...Ah, men are great and heroic and proud!...The only men who have not fled, those who tremble least, the best of you discuss and argue as though they had to do with a measure of wheat...and those whom he has healed, where are they, what are they doing?...You there, who want to flee,

blind Bartimaeus, the other one from Jericho, the other from Siloam: those eyes, which he has opened, you turn from me, because I have the courage to speak to you of him! You, Simon the Leper, you, the other from Samaria, have you forgotten that, before he came, you were more hideous than death?...I see nothing around me but miracles in hiding....And among the palsied, he of Bethesda who is running to the door, using his legs only to forsake the God who healed him. Even those whom he raised from the dead are afraid!...Why, look at Lazarus; he is more pale than any of you!...And yet you saw Death, you; you lay touching it for four long days....Is it more terrible than men thought?...You do not answer?..." and one more gray film is lifted from the Magdalene's nascent sight. Here comes Verus. He is the last veil which must be torn away. He shows her that he will save this Nazarene, whom he looks upon as his rival at one price,—her complete surrender to himself. The veil is lifting. It is revealing in distinct outline, Verus L'Aveugle and this seeing woman—soul. She answers, "Ah, so that was it! Yes, yes, I know, I see....It is so strange, so monstrous....One needs a little time to understand! All one's thoughts become deranged and one's soul falls, falls, like a stone in a well....Am I then the only being that has seen into His soul?...One sees only little by little....It is unfolded slowly, like a thing that has no beginning, no end, no name....There are two deaths here, I hold two deaths in my hand; and that is too heavy a weight for a poor creature born upon this earth....*Let me look where you can see nothing....I could save him in spite of himself, but no longer in spite of myself....If I bought his life at the price which you offer, all that he wished, all that he loved would be dead!...I can not plunge the flame into the mire to save the lamp! I cannot give him the only Death that could touch him!...If I destroy him in myself, I destroy him in us!"*

Her compatriots would willingly have purchased the Nazarene's safety if it could have been wholly at her expense. They bitterly denounce her as in league

with Judas. "She has betrayed us!... Let us fly!... This way, this way!" Cries of "Crucify him, crucify him," come from the street. The sordid "miracles" stumble about, hiding, and every little while one looks out of the window,—always nothing but external sight. The Magdalene has not moved, stands staring before her, *without turning towards the windows*. The tumult increases and the shouts of "Crucify him" are redoubled. The "miracles" are gone. Verus goes also. Mary Magdalene remains motionless, as though in ecstasy and all illumined with the light of the departing torches.

It is an unquestionable fact that Maeterlinck is profound in his conviction as to the superior vision, the immeasurable worth of, almost the divinity of, noble women. In his every drama the recognition of Truth has come in a woman's soul or through a woman's eyes. He has contributed to literature no great masculine characters. He has contributed five great characters—all women.

They are Aglavaine, Joyzelle, Monna Vanna, Ariane and consummately, Mary Magdalene. In each case they have been women who are ready, supremely ready. They are great enough to immediately rise to the level of the great event that questions them and batters against them and they respond to its insistence with clear vision, willing sacrifice and unhesitatingly. They discern where others strain their eyesight toward externals, warp their vision and see nothing. They have caught and heard the hidden voice. They are real characters, full of character, and that is not a frequently occurrent feminine asset.

Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene" has been playing at the New Theatre recently. Under the management of Liebler and Company, the production will be brought to Boston. Olga Nethersole is acting the title role.

The book is published by Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York. It has not yet been published in French.

NIGHT

By J. CORSON MILLER

The wind-sprites pause in their ghostly play,
 Two hearts are meeting;
 Young hearts that love in the same old way,
 Each other greeting.
 Out of the hush and the throb o' the dark,
 Two voices glide;
 Silvery sweet as the song of the lark,
 Whate'er betide.

And the world goes on, with its wheeling stars,—
 Giant Sirius and blood-red Mars.
 Love winds his horn in a fanfare free,
 Over the moors and over the sea.

PROVIDENCE ART CLUB

By ABIGAIL WHIPPLE COOKE

IN one of the old Georgian houses which dot the eastern hillside in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, the Providence Art Club has its home. Here twenty-five years ago next February, to quote the words of a former club president, the "youthful institution stopped living in rooms and set up house-keeping for itself."

Like other young housekeepers it began its home life in a simple way, gradually increasing its family and its furnishings until its importance in the community has become assured. The club was a little over five years old with a membership of about two hundred and fifty, when the matter of a clubhouse was first considered and the old brick house on Thomas street, built nearly a hundred years earlier by Cyril Dodge of New London, was leased. Loyal members subscribed the money necessary to alter it sufficiently for club purposes and the work was begun.

No change was made in the form of the exterior which was a rectangle three stories in height with a small ell in the rear, standing on the side of the hill directly on the street. Entrance to the house at that time was at the second story by a flight of steps leading from a little lane at the lower side of the building. These steps were removed and a door with a resounding knocker was substituted, opening in the street front on the ground floor. The original plan of the house was the ordinary one of four low-studded rooms on a floor, and by removing the third floor, all the partitions on the second and third floors and adding a skylight, an excellent exhibition gallery of considerable size was obtained. It was decorated with a garland frieze wrought in rough plaster by some of the artist

members, and is practically unchanged to-day.

On the ground floor one of the front rooms with a tiny grate, was transformed into a reception hall, the walls covered with burlap and the woodwork and railing of the broad, easy stairs leading to the gallery painted dark green. A genuine "find" of countless panelled shutters with which the house was originally equipped, served to wainscot the small room at the right of the entrance, furnished as reading-room, and the larger "governors'" room behind the hall. In the former room this wainscoting was painted white with rough plaster wall above, tinted yellow, while dark green like the hall was the color of the governors' room. A large fireplace was opened in this room, with huge iron "firedogs" wrought by club members. It was the spirit of individual cooperation of those early days that stamped itself on the house for all time, making it unique among club-houses.

On the long wall opposite the fireplace in this room, along the rough plaster above the panelling is a series of life-size silhouettes of the club officers and prominent members of that day. Many a merry hour was spent in the making of these profiles and for years it was the practice to "shadow" any notable enjoying the hospitality of the club.

The little kitchen, rechristened "cabaret," in the ell with its immense fireplace was also ornamented with silhouettes, receiving frequent additions as time went on.

With the growth of the club there came a demand for larger accommodations. In 1896 there was added at the back of the governor's room, adjoining the tiny cabaret, a grill-room with hobbled fire-

place, cosy-corners and an ornamental frieze done in the wet plaster. A staircase led to an upper room, opening out of the exhibition gallery, which was used for meetings of sketch and modelling classes as long as they were in existence, and in this environment the club rounded out another decade of its life. Then came civic improvements that threatened the

further improvement was irresistible. In the narrow strip of land remaining at the rear, a Dutch kitchen was added which is the charm of the whole building. It is wainscotted with panelling of wood enclosing plaster in which are set rare and beautiful old blue Persian tiles. At one end of the kitchen is installed an immense gas range with copper hood, which with



THE HOME OF THE PROVIDENCE ART CLUB

very existence of the clubhouse and for a time it looked as if the railroad tunnel through the hillside would sweep away the building. Matters were arranged ultimately, however, to the satisfaction of all parties, by the railroad acquiring the property, reserving a portion of the land in the rear and conveying the remainder with the house to the Providence Art Club, which waived further damages.

Two years ago therefore, the club became the owner of the home it had occupied for so long and the temptation to

the many copper utensils hanging at hand, gives the room a foreign aspect that is highly alluring. Down the length of this room are set little tables seating four, each with a cover of red and white check, where simple lunches are served daily from twelve to two o'clock.

At the time this little room was added the old sketch-room was transformed into a library, with low bookcases, comfortable chairs and large table upon which lie the thirty or more publications for which the club subscribes. Opening out of the

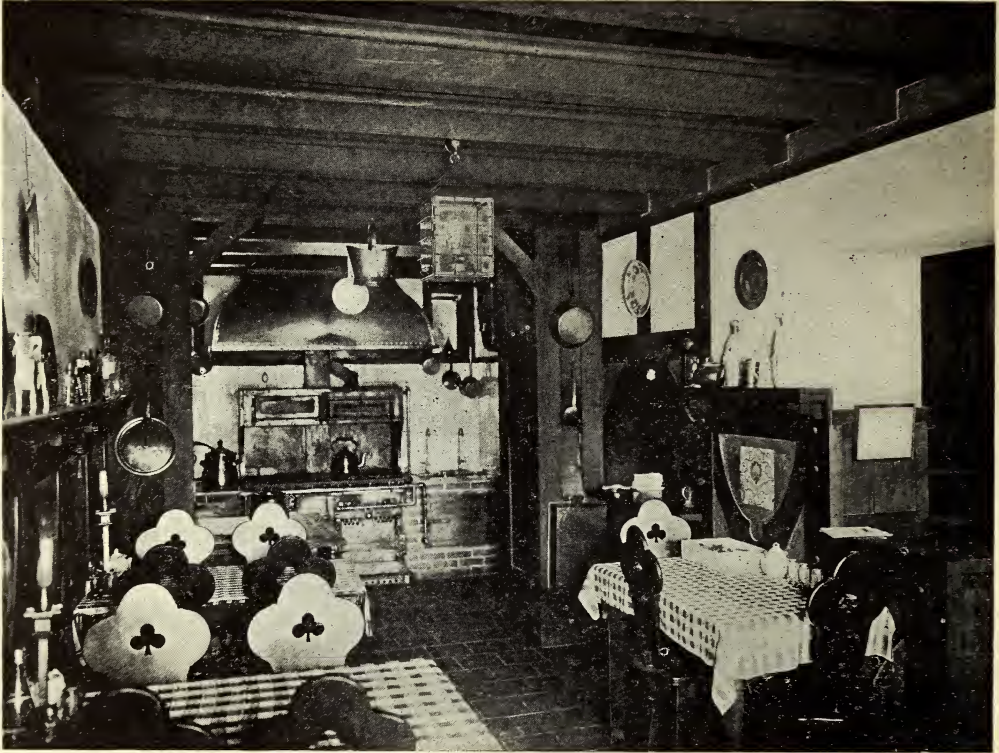
library, over the kitchen are three small rooms, one fitted as a pantry where the dishes and silver are kept for the ladies' afternoons.

From the first the club has been somewhat unique among art clubs, men and women, artists and lay members holding membership in the club on equal terms and with equal privileges.

When the club was in its infancy a few kindred spirits among the male members

The ladies have their "afternoons" on alternate Thursdays during the winter, with a talk or music in the gallery at four o'clock, followed by tea in the library at five.

During the winter there is an occasional "Members' Night" carried out on similar lines for all the members and guests, when a Bohemian spread is served in the lower rooms after the entertainment, and on these occasions a visitor



THE DINING ROOM

used to meet every Friday night in the cabaret to cook a little supper and enjoy a smoke. To provide the wherewithal contributions were dropped into a "Kitty" which hung on the wall. The fame of these meetings spread until the attendance was so general that they became club affairs and now the Kitty hangs neglected. Every Friday night the clubhouse is open to the men of the club and on alternate weeks an entertainment is provided; sometimes a talk by a distinguished guest or a member, sometimes music.

sees the use of the assortment of steins that crowd the top of the wainscot. One of the oldest customs in the club is the Saturday afternoon tea, a very informal function in the grill-room at which a few of the artists and oldest members of the club gather at a Dutch treat.

The management of the club is vested in a president and a board of twelve managers, elected in groups of four for three years each, (from whom are chosen the vice-president, secretary and treasurer) with an advisory board of twelve ladies appointed for the same term. The house



AN ARTISTIC AND COSY LIVING ROOM

duties are performed by a steward and assistant.

Exhibitions in the gallery are inaugurated every two weeks during the season, including a few general exhibitions with numerous "one man shows" by visiting or local artists.

The lay membership of the club is four hundred with a waiting list like the tail of a kite. To leaven this there is a small band of about sixty artists who wield an immense influence in spite of their minority. Dean of this body is the veteran George Whitaker, who paints with the vigor of youth although his hair is silvered by the flight of time. Having served an apprenticeship at color, which is the envy of many younger men, his knowledge of pigments and composition combine with a wonderful facility of brush, and he turns out a marvellous number of ideal landscapes, in such demand that they hardly have a chance to dry on his easel.

Sydney R. Burleigh made a reputation as a remarkable water-colorist in land-

scape and figure before he began to work in the medium invented by Rafaelli. In this he has shown such distinction as to win the personal approval of Rafaelli himself.

Stacy Tolman is another who made a name for himself years ago, when his painting of "The Etcher," a portrait of a fellow artist, won him renown. He has just completed an exhibition at the club, showing portraits and landscapes in oil and watercolors, and some charming drawings in chalk and pencil.

W. Staples Drown, the fourth of this group whose studios occupy the Fleur-de-Lys, a picturesque little building farther down the hill, has an especial facility in reproducing the charm of English landscape and the pictures of quaint gardens and cottages which he brings over nearly every autumn, are of the kind that club members call "good to live with."

Of the group of younger painters the foremost is H. Anthony Dyer, the president of the club, artist, lecturer and prince of good fellows, whose landscapes

in water-color are beginning to be known all over the country. His yearly motor trips through France and Holland result in innumerable pictures of out-of-the-way corners full of charm, and he divides the honors as a rapid worker with Mr. Whitaker.

William C. Loring is one of the coming men in the line of portraiture and his work of last year advanced him high on the rounds of the ladder leading to fame. He has a gift for likeness with a growing insight into the personality of the sitter, and as a painter of childhood he excels. His vigorous brush charged with rich color is capable of giving remarkable fidelity to texture, whether flesh or fabric.

William W. Manatt upholds the reputation of the little group of sculptors belonging to the club, his early residence in Greece contributing a quality in his modelling that lends charm to his sincere work. His most important figure is his Peace on the monument of his design at Newbern, N. C., and his bronze bust of the late John Hay is in the new Hay

library at Brown.

Mabel M. Woodward and Angela O'Leary are also to be counted among the more prominent artist members, the former for her strength in figures and landscapes in both water-color and oil, and the latter for her poetic landscapes in water-color, which have a remarkable color quality and great charm.

Other members whose work is well-known or fast becoming so, are Henry R. Kenyon, Frank C. Mathewson, H. Cyrus Farnum, Norman I. Black the illustrator, and his wife Marguerite Thurber Black, Milton J. Halliday the cartoonist, Emma A. Parker, George A. Hays and Percy F. Albee whose frescoes in Memorial Hall are nearing completion.

The club also numbers among its artist members Adolpho E. Appolonj the Roman sculptor, another resident of Rome, Charles Walt, Stetson the painter, Ethel Rose the fashion illustrator, and Eugene L. Vail of Paris, and John N. Barlow, landscape painter of St. Ives, England.



THE GALLERY

THE BOSTON OF THE FUTURE

How Forty Cities and Towns Are Trying to Get Together Without Annexing One Another

By RALPH G. WELLS

BOSTON is a greatly misunderstood city. Much more misunderstood is the "Real Boston," a community composed of forty cities and towns, lying within a ten-mile radius of the State House and forming what is commonly termed the Metropolitan District.

Boston's history and her educational preeminence are known over the entire world, and her culture, her art, her music, her refinement and her wealth have gained for her the title "Athens of America," fame which is shared with the suburbs, nearly all of which contribute their due proportion. The whole district has many inspiring traditions of which the residents are justly proud. It is needless to rehearse Boston's part in history fame, to recall that Brookline is the wealthiest town in the country, to mention Cambridge with its Harvard University and the accompanying literary atmosphere, Lexington, the birthplace of American liberty, Wellesley's great college for girls, Newton, Milton and many other communities which are part and parcel of Boston's fame in history and in the world of education and all that goes with it.

For that is the impression that the word Boston conveys to the average mind. Speak of Boston in almost any section of the country and the conversation will immediately turn on these aspects of the city. This reputation is a most valuable asset and nothing should ever be done to injure it, yet it has been so constantly in the world's eye that the other aspects of Boston have been completely overshadowed. Therein lies the misunderstanding of what New Eng-

land's metropolis really is.

Few people realize the tremendous commercial and industrial resources of the forty cities and towns comprising the metropolitan district of Boston. It is doubtful if many residents of this immense community itself have any idea of the real importance of Boston and its suburbs in the business and manufacturing world. It is customary to speak of Boston as a city of some 600,000 population, and few people outside of New England realize that immediately adjacent are such cities as Cambridge, the forty-fifth largest city in the country, standing ahead of Albany, N. Y.; Hartford, Conn.; Des Moines, Iowa; Kansas City, Kans., and many other thriving communities. There is Lynn, the fifty-sixth city in the country, larger than Springfield, Mass., and Troy, N. Y. Somerville, another suburb, exceeds in population Savannah, Ga.; Duluth, Minn.; Norfolk, Va.; Hoboken, N. J.; Utica, N. Y.; Manchester, N. H., and some of the well-known southern cities such as San Antonio and Houston, Texas. Malden is larger than Springfield, Ill., Chelsea and Newton exceed such cities as Jacksonville, Fla.; Wichita, Kans.; Galveston, Texas; Kalamazoo, Mich., and Racine, Wis. Now these cities and Boston with thirty-three other cities and towns comprise a compact community of 1,500,000 people. Boston itself is the fifth largest city in the country, whereas "Real Boston" is fourth, ranking close to Philadelphia. Yet how many people are there who do not think of such places as Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit and other cities

either as standing far ahead of Boston or ranking closely behind her? In actual figures Boston alone has a greater population than any of the above, while "Real Boston" is two or three or in some cases even five times their size.

Turning from population, let us consider the industries of this district. In 1905 there was issued by the Census Bureau at Washington a bulletin (No. 101) giving the statistics for thirteen of the largest industrial districts of the country. Each district included a large metropolis and the cities and towns in the adjacent territory which were closely allied with it. The thirteen districts mentioned are, in the order of their importance: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg-Allegheny, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Providence. The Boston district includes the forty cities and towns of the metropolitan water, sewer and park districts and also other adjacent places. Reference to the accompanying map will bring this out more clearly. All the cities and towns included within the heavy black line are in the metropolitan districts. Those just outside of this line are the additional ones included in the industrial district outlined by the Census Bureau. Notice at the outset that Boston ranks fourth in importance and stands ahead of a number of communities which are customarily considered as being larger industrial centers than Boston.

In the bulletin referred to the value of the products manufactured in and around Boston exceeds those of the Pittsburg-Allegheny district by nearly \$75,000,000, those of St. Louis by \$138,000,000, Baltimore by \$255,000,000, Cleveland, Buffalo and the remaining districts by nearly \$300,000,000.

Not infrequently one hears the statement made that Boston is industrially and commercially decadent or, if not declining, at least standing still. These figures certainly do not support this claim. Below is a table giving figures for the four largest industrial districts. The percentage of increase made in Boston from 1900 to 1905, was one-third greater than that in Chicago, and

nearly double that of Philadelphia, while New York, the great metropolis of the country, exceeded Boston by only three and one-half per cent. This is a remarkable showing of industrial vitality particularly for a community which is not infrequently rated as a second-rate business center.

The foregoing facts and figures have been cited to prove that Boston, and more so "Real Boston," is greatly misunderstood. One of the chief reasons for this misunderstanding is the fact that wherever census and statistical figures are published they are for Boston only. People gain their first impression,—frequently the most lasting one—from census figures. Below are tables, one comparing the census and statistical figures for municipal Boston and for "Real Boston," a second showing the relative positions of "Real Boston" and Boston as compared with the other cities of this country, and a third giving a similar comparison between "Real Boston" and Boston and the leading cities of the world. Nearly every man carries in his vest pocket a small book giving population and other figures of the leading cities of the country and of the world. Strike out of the tables above the figures for "Real Boston" and you will have the same tables that appear in nearly every pocket manual, almanac, year-book and publications of a similar nature. You have the only information the average man has about Boston's importance. There are few people living outside of New England or even Massachusetts who realize the existence of a "Real Boston" community. They know of Boston and have heard of many of the other cities and towns surrounding her, but they do not realize that all these forty are located within a radius of ten miles, nor do they realize that it is almost impossible to distinguish the boundary lines setting off one municipality from the other. Consequently, when they think of Boston they think of the municipality only and not of the many independent communities immediately around her. Even if they are aware of this, the average business man has neither time nor inclination to dig out the figures for forty



MARCH G. BENNETT, CHAIRMAN OF "REAL BOSTON" COMMITTEE

separate places and add them together in order to form his impression of the importance of one locality. He simply looks at the most convenient statistical publication which he has at hand and gains a first impression, which is almost indelible, of the facts which are set forth there.

What difference does it make? Just this: statistics are the commercial rating of a community, just as Bradstreet's or Dunn's is the commercial rating of a business firm. The first impression of strangers is generally gained from some book publishing these figures. If a man

is going to visit a city, he looks in his pocket memorandum book, in an almanac or atlas to see how that place is rated as to population, commerce, industry and other respects. Manufacturers looking for cities, retailers and wholesalers seeking distributing centers, steamship companies choosing a port, foreigners intending to open offices in America, Westerners and Southerners contemplating the establishment of eastern offices and prospective investors all gain their first impression of any city from census figures. If at first glance they see only

one-third or one-half of the actual resources, thus receiving an unfavorable impression, they are not likely to give the community further consideration. It is just this fact that is injuring Boston most seriously. It cannot be measured, but to those who go about the country or travel abroad it is painfully apparent that Boston is overshadowed by other communities and is not receiving the business consideration to which she is entitled. It hurts the city and injures every person who is doing business there.

It is no answer to say that the average man is alive to the situation and if he does not know the community, at least knows the business houses. The experience of many members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce who have been working to build up Boston has proved beyond doubt that the business men of the world and of the United States do not realize by one-half the true commercial, industrial, and financial importance of Boston and her surrounding suburbs. Several committees of the Boston Chamber of Commerce have been seriously embarrassed in the carrying forward of their work by this fact. Chief among these is the Committee on Manufactures which is striving to locate new industries and to make possible a commercial development which will benefit all "Real Boston." Other committees, such as the Trade Extension, Foreign Trade Relations, Retail Trade Board, have felt the handicap keenly and have considered various ways and means to remedy this serious condition.

In other ways than the industrial and commercial many committees of the Chamber have felt the need of federation and cooperation among the cities and towns of the metropolitan district. These places already cooperate in the support of the metropolitan water, park and sewer districts and there are many other matters in which the entire community has a common interest that could be handled better by joint action on the part of the different municipalities. As an instance, this entire community is clustered about one of the finest harbors in the world with immense possibilities of development, capable of having built on its

shores large docks and having sufficient space to handle almost any number of vessels. The harbor is a resource which must be fully developed if "Real Boston" is to continue its progress forward. Yet this cannot be done satisfactorily by one city. It needs the joint action of at least all those located on the water front, while its importance to the other municipalities nearby makes it necessary for them to aid and cooperate in the further building up of this great harbor. Only cooperation, however, will do it.

Much of a community's welfare and comfort depends on its transit facilities. The larger the area and congestion of a community the greater need of a comprehensive and systematically developed plan of these facilities. Disjointed work will only result in confusion. The plan for the whole must be worked out by some body representing the entire community in order to ensure that the needs of every locality are properly considered.

These are but two of many improvements which are vital to the proper growth of "Real Boston," and which now call for harmonious action on the part of the independent cities and towns. It would be possible to go on enumerating matters in which there is a common interest, which can be developed better by cooperation and joint action, but the fact is so apparent that no further illustration is needed. Harmonious action cannot be secured unless the municipalities join together in consideration of the problems.

Two great desiderata, then, appear first, that census figures shall be given for "Real Boston," and not for municipal Boston only; second, that some form of cooperation in plans for the development of the city shall be secured.

Both of these can be accomplished without taking away from any of the forty cities and towns either their individuality or their control of their local affairs. Some form of federation or cooperation without any form of annexation, provided it were given a municipal entity, would force the Census Bureau and all other publishers of statistics to give the figures for "Real Boston," and the community would then stand before the world in its true light and rated at

its true value and importance. Such action is necessary because census figures are enumerated by municipal divisions. It is perfectly possible to create a municipal division which will be recognized without destroying in the least the political independence of a single city or town located in the metropolitan district. Neither will any of them lose their own census rating. Consequently, in considering the advisability of securing a proper commercial rating for the district no community need fear that it will lose its political entity or sacrifice in the least any of the many local traditions of which it is so justly proud. Some form of loose federation would probably be sufficient for all purposes.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce has now appointed a committee known as the "Real Boston" committee, consisting of

March G. Bennett, Chairman;
Sylvester Baxter,
George Howland Cox,
William M. Flanders,
George Hutchinson,
Robert Luce,
Reginald L. Robbins,
Leslie C. Wead,
Robert A. Woods,
Sydney R. Wrightington.

The duties of this committee have been defined as follows:

"1. To promote general discussion of the fact that the cities and towns of the Greater Boston district are so closely allied industrially and commercially as to be in those respects a unit.

"2. To bring about a clearer realization of the substantial advantages that would accrue from a wider recognition of this fact.

"3. To study carefully the suggestions presented and to submit to the Board of Directors a plan for such form of federation of these cities and towns as seems to them advisable and likely to accomplish the objects desired.

This committee is now considering the advisability of bringing about some form of federation or cooperation, but before recommending a final plan is trying to have the whole matter thoroughly discussed and considered in every section of

"Real Boston." To accomplish this purpose it has asked representative men in each locality to form themselves into a committee for the purpose of ascertaining the general sentiment of the community. The "Real Boston" Committee by this method hopes to find out just what is needed and what is wanted, and to recommend a plan of action which will have the support of the greatest number of citizens.

Various remedies have been suggested to it. They fall naturally into four classes.

1. Legislative definition of the district. This alone seems to be insufficient and is, therefore, out of the question.

2. Loose federation, the most prominent example of which is a proposed act defining metropolitan Boston according to a council with advisory powers only, the proposed council to consist of the mayors of all the cities and all the chairmen of the selectmen of the towns.

3. Close federation. The best known example of this is the government of London County.

4. Annexation. There are serious objections to this plan and, after some discussion and consideration, the committee has voted that it is not in favor of any form of annexation.

Practically, then, the plans which will be considered by the committee are limited to some form of federation. One might well forecast the action of the committee by saying that, if any plan is recommended, it will probably be some form of federation.

There is no need to fear that this will lead to annexation, for the trend of the best thought on municipal government is not towards centralization of municipal power. There has come a realization recently that in American cities centralization has been carried to such an extent that the peak of efficiency has been passed and that further development along the same lines will be retrogression.

There is a growing realization among the residents of "Real Boston" that sooner or later for their own protection and their own future development the forty cities and towns must work together more harmoniously, and since it is the

desire of the majority to retain as much of their individual entity and political independence as possible, it will be well to work out some plan of federation before this sentiment in favor of joint action goes further and develops into a demand for annexation. If after due consideration by the residents of the different municipalities some form of joint action or cooperation is decided upon, the result will be that the whole community will stand before the world as a vigorous and robust business and industrial center full of vitality and

strength.

Comprehensive and systematic plans for future development and growth can be carried forward. There will be no diminution of the historical fame and well-deserved renown for culture and education, nor will there be any loss to the individual communities of the traditions of which they are so rightly jealous, nor of their local identity, nor will they be compelled to sacrifice to any appreciable extent the control of their local affairs which have been so successfully administered up to this time.

SENTENCED

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

Clamours of gratulation greet mine ears,
The smiling judge proclaims my innocence;
I have been tried by jury of my peers,
And quitted of offence.

High is the welcome of the curious crowd,
And dear the loving hands thrust forth to me.
Erect of head, I issue with the proud
Exultance of the free.

The day of quest, the probing search, are done;
An eve of calm succeeds tumultuous morn;
Yet in my secret solitude lurks One
Who laughs with quiet scorn.

What boots the test, the bout of laboured speech,
Accusal, witness, question and denial?
The thing of moment lay far out of reach
And had no sort of trial.

O jurors, pleaders, witness!—fellow-men—

Not of this obvious feature was my crime.

The fact that hath been judged, beyond your ken,

Is sentenced for all time.

From all your prating came no pregnant word

To leaven or illuminate the whole;

The one efficient witness was not heard—
Save by mine inmost soul.

Pomp and observance and diffuse display;
The final verdict came, the approving din;

But my still heart had heard throughout the day
That laugh of scorn within.

Drapings and vestments of reality
By such poor artifice may not be riven.
The secular judgment hath acquitted me—

Yet sentence hath been given.

JERRY'S CUBAN RIGHTS

By MISS KATE M. KNOX

SITTING drowsily against the back of his armchair in the hotel office Jerry Twiford listened to a couple of old habitués droning along through the devious ways of country gossip.

Two men entered the front door and passed him. One had a large bundle tucked under his arm, the other walked with a limping gait. He saw them and the next minute forgot the fact. When they appeared again coming from the same direction and vanishing in the rear of the office, his curiosity was aroused. Once more they came in at the front door, once more they disappeared, having dropped their parcel somewhere in the interval.

With both hands grasping the arms of the chair he pushed himself to a sitting position. The whole thing was like a game. He called out.

The lame man sped on, the other stopped inquiringly at his side.

"What's up?" asked Twiford boldly.

The man nodded in the direction his companion had taken.

"Come with me," he said.

Jerry took one look at his face. It made him hesitate for it was as hard and unsympathetic as the trade mark of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. A large mouth filled with teeth varying in size from milk teeth to tusks gave him an unprepossessing appearance. Curiosity getting the better of first impressions Twiford followed the man up two flights of stairs into a room. At the window stood the man who had preceded them holding onto a rope ladder which he was apparently feeding out into space.

"That is Mr. Hogsett," said Jerry's friend, indicating the man at the window. "My name is Hawkins. What is yours?"

"Twiford," responded Jerry.

The lame man acknowledged the introduction by a jerk of the head, then spit meditatively out of the window.

"We were trying to attract your attention," remarked Hawkins coolly.

"What have you got there?" inquired Jerry, pointing to the rope.

"That," said Hawkins, signalling the rope with a thumb movement—"that is the finest Fire Escape ever conceived through the ingenuity of man." After the ladder had been carefully examined, he added, "You observe that Hogsett is lame. Broke his leg demonstrating an inferior fire escape. He only handles the best now."

Here Hogsett climbed out of the window and disappeared.

"We are trying to make a record getting down the Fire Escape. Like to try it?"

Expressing a desire in that direction Jerry slipped out of the window after his friend and down the ladder. Making their way back to the hotel they found Hogsett already occupying himself pleasantly at the bar.

Hawkins was a man possessed of a gift. This gift was a faculty for diverting money from other men's pockets into his own, his one stipulation being that there must be money to divert. Ordering drinks all round, he subjected his newly found acquaintance to a quiet scrutiny which took in every detail of his face and well made clothes. The silent inventory over, he reported to himself a likelihood of there being money in the vicinity. At dinner he buckled down to business.

"I am going right at you," he said. "I don't believe in round-about methods. That fire escape is my patent and the best thing of the kind in the whole round

world. It is worth a fortune." Here he waved his hand in the air before darting down upon a helpless piece of meat. "I go away the first thing in the morning so my time for talking is limited. I will sell you the sole rights in this fire escape for the Island of Cuba for fifteen hundred dollars. It is like giving it away."

"I always understood the buildings were so low in Cuba that a man could fall out of the window quicker than he could climb a ladder," retorted Jerry.

"I expected that objection," was the response, "but I am not speaking of present conditions. The United States Construction Company of New York City have recently been awarded a contract for building sixteen skyscrapers in the City of Havana alone within the next two years."

"Sixteen," exclaimed Jerry in surprise. Hogsett also showed astonishment.

"Yes, sir, sixteen," continued Hawkins firmly. "It is ostensibly a private enterprise, but the Cuban Government is backing it. Now, remember, this is only *one* firm. A dozen other contracting companies are buying land there and drawing up plans for the erection of large office buildings. I will sell you exclusive territorial rights for ten years—no one else in the field—practically *virgin soil*."

Jerry shook his head. He was far from seeking investment just then.

"Every office will be provided with one or more fire escapes, for *the Cubans are a timid nation unused to high buildings*. This chance is *phenomenal—phe-nom-e-nal*. During the life of your option you can easily make a couple of hundred thousand." Hawkins seldom mentioned the word "dollars."

"I could not consider your proposition at this time," replied Jerry calmly.

"You don't like the terms. Listen. I'll take a thousand dollars down and your note for the balance."

"I am not kicking about the price," replied Twiford. "At this time fifteen hundred dollars does not mean any more to me than fifteen millions. I can as readily lay my hands on one as the other. I haven't ten dollars to my name."

His frankness convinced Hawkins who closed up like a jack knife. The lat-

ter did not care to waste his energies. So, the dinner being over, he separated himself from the others and sauntered to the office and where the clerk stood behind his desk.

"I wish to settle my account. I am leaving before breakfast to-morrow." He tendered a fifty dollar bill in payment, which the clerk refused.

"Can you loan me a 'V' until we get to the Post Office?" Hawkins whispered to Jerry.

"You will be sure to let me have it back to-night," the latter said. "I can't very well spare it."

"Oh, certainly," his friend replied, easily passing it over to the clerk in payment of his account.

Arriving at the Post Office Hawkins was deeply chagrined at finding it closed.

"Too bad," he ejaculated, "but I'll send you the five to-morrow when I go up to town—"

Jerry muttered that he did not intend to make a permanent loan, at which Hawkins looked hurt.

"I hate awfully to ask you to trust me. I thought you were *our kind* and would understand, or I should not have accepted the loan. It isn't every man *I permit to loan me money*."

"I can't afford to lose this money," said Jerry gloomily. "It is all I have. You have placed me in a *hole*."

"You are not going to lose it," said Hawkins, growing belligerent. "If there is one thing I am it's *honest*. I've got testimonials from every Senator in the West vouching for my honesty. I see you doubt me. *I allow no man to do that. My good name is all I have in business*."

"Then let me say right here that you've got a *damn poor equipment*," burst out Twiford, unable to conceal his wrath.

Hawkins showed no resentment at this. His attitude became too lofty for anger, while a look of crushed purity pervaded his whole being.

"I will permit no man to doubt my integrity, no matter at what cost," he replied. "I shall not ask fifteen hundred dollars. *I shall make you a present of the rights to Cuba, and the Fire Escape goes along with it*. How about it?"

Jerry was forced to accept the offer.

It occurred to him he might dispose of the fire escape, though he could not foresee a ready market for it. Hawkins proceeded to flood a sheet of paper with his writing, affixing a dashing signature which lapped up the last drop in his fountain pen.

"That little indebtedness automatically cancels itself," he remarked casually, referring to the incident of the five dollars.

Shoving the paper into his pocket and gathering up the rope Twiford departed for his room where he deposited the latter on the floor.

Two months before Jerry had been recalled from college. His father had failed in business, and though this was not an unheard of occurrence, it happened to be such a "dry" failure that checks ceased to flow entirely. Returning to the city he found that his father and stepmother had moved without leaving word as to their whereabouts, since when he had wandered aimlessly about. To-day he had come miles out of the city chasing one of those will-o'-the-wisp positions to which employment agencies send their clients while impressing the public that they are doing a smashing business. After devoting two whole evenings to the study of book-keeping he had struck a snag at the factory where he had been sent. On the subject of accounts he displayed vast ignorance and failed to secure a position. He would have felt less discouraged had he known he was the tenth man the Agency had sent out and the place had been filled a week.

The next morning Jerry did not wait to bid his companions goodbye, but took the first train for the city. The fire escape which he dragged after him was horribly heavy and mentally consigned to the realms of limbo. Opposite him a man, whose breath was strong and his knees weak from the same cause—*whiskey*—was making an effort to place a package in the rack above. He was a fat man and exceedingly loquacious. He announced that he had a tidy sum of money with him which he had come into through the sale of some land up state.

Jerry had had enough of strange finan-

ciers and, picking up the tangible portion of his Cuban Rights walked out and into the smoker. The fat man followed in his wake and stood over him with a loving, vacant smile. His legs were now trembling violently. A scowl brought forth the most abject apologies.

"I want to smoke, and I want somebody to talk to," pleaded the fat man.

Seized with an idea Jerry nodded to him to sit down. The man needed little urging. He had twenty-five hundred dollars in his breast pocket which he wanted to put into something sure—something that would bring in a reasonable profit. The subject of investment obsessed him.

"*Cuban Rights*," murmured Jerry, hopefully giving the bundle at his feet a friendly kick. Here was an asset worth certainly twenty-five hundred dollars. For eight weeks he had worked at anything he could find to do. He had just been *robbed*. No wonder he believed this to be *his opportunity*. Leaning forward he fastened his gaze upon the fat man.

"I am making ten thousand a year myself," he said.

The man pulled himself together and continued to smile indefinitely. He enjoyed two things, drinking and talking business. He was about to have both. At a sign the porter set up the table for drinks.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Is it anything I can get in?" There was a begging note in the question.

"I could use the *right party*. I don't know that *you* are the man I want," responded Jerry with teasing indifference.

"Why not?" broke in his companion. "I drink a little, but I've got the *money*. *Money* counts, don't it?"

Jerry grudgingly admitted that it had some show.

"I am making a fortune selling a patent fire escape in Cuba alone," he said, disclosing the contents of the bundle to the fat man's view. "I have about made up my mind to part with it as it interferes with my regular business. The United States Construction Company of New York City has contracted to build sixteen skyscrapers in Havana within the next two years, paying a heavy forfeit for

every day thereafter. I have it on reliable authority that this Company is backed by," here he whispered into his companion's ear the name of a certain financier whose reputation was international.

"You don't say so. I want to get into this. I don't see why you won't let me."

"All this is inside information—confidential as between gentlemen, you know."

"Oh, certainly," and the man from up state mopped his neck with a red silk handkerchief and rang for the porter to bring back the bottle.

"In spite of the greatest secrecy, other contracting firms, it seems, have caught on, and it is putting it mildly to say they are *crazy* about it and are buying up all the available land in and around Havana. They also will erect office buildings. Now let us figure out that each building will have four or five hundred offices. Count on three or four occupants to every office, possibly more, for Southerners *will huddle* together although the hot climate does not warrant it."

"I would not care to huddle if I had to live in *Cuba*," interposed the intoxicated gentleman.

"Every man jack will buy a fire escape," went on Twiford, ignoring the interruption, "for the *Cubans are a timid people—devilish timid*. They do not take kindly to tall buildings—"

"Then what's the use talking if they won't occupy offices," broke in the other in bitter disappointment. "I don't favor going South with a fire escape proposition anyway. *Something in the cold storage line would go better.*"

"I knew you would say that," remarked Jerry curling his lip in conscious superiority. "Because the Cubans are afraid it does not follow that they won't rent offices in these skyscrapers. Cowardly people do just what other people do—only *they take precautions*. They will hesitate at no outlay to insure their personal safety. Desk room at the *window* will command a premium, that's all. The fire escapes will sell like wild fire, and I am giving you exclusive territory—you fairly tread on virgin soil."

"It's certainly great," muttered the fat

man tipsily. He was now stretched out at full length with closed eyes. The gentle motion of the train was wooing him to irresponsible repose.

"Would you care to consider the proposition?" inquired Twiford, giving him a casual jab in the stomach.

"Yes, if it didn't cost too much," murmured his friend, fast drifting away from any proposition however alluring. He opened his eyes and made a feeble attempt at sitting up.

"It is yours for \$2,500. All you have to do is to sit in your office and *not budge—the fire escapes will sell themselves*. Here is a mail order business that will net you ten or twenty thousand a year."

The idea of anything selling itself impressed the fat man favorably. He hesitated a few moments to show Twiford that he was not devoid of judgment, then offered fifteen hundred dollars for the option. Jerry told himself that fifteen hundred dollars was *money*. He sent the porter for writing materials, and with a sigh of relief signed over all his rights in the territory of Cuba. The drunken one handed him a roll of bills and rapturously took possession of the brown paper parcel.

At the Grand Central Station they parted company. Pushing through the door that led into the street Jerry stumbled against someone waiting on the steps. It was his father.

"Son—Gerald!" cried the elder Twiford, his face lighting with pleasure. "Where have you been? Why don't you come home?"

"I haven't your new address," was the cool reply.

They walked slowly down the street turning into Fortieth Street.

"I forgot all about that," said his father remorsefully. "You haven't needed money?"

"Needed money?" echoed Jerry. "If you had only seen me trotting up and down Fifth Avenue delivering telephone directories, you would have thought I needed it *some*."

The elder man laughed. He remembered his son's objection to carrying even a small parcel.

"Noble job," he said chuckling.

He seemed to derive more amusement from it than his son thought the circumstances warranted. He assumed an injured look.

"I wish you could *heft* one of the bags. It was like delivering *pyramids*."

"Well, well, I can help you now, *Boy*. I am making a fine living from the sale of Adding Machines. You don't happen to know of anybody who wants to invest two or three thousand dollars, do you? I could use it to advantage."

Jerry did not know of any such person.

"I was expecting a man on this train

that I hoped to do business with. The worst thing about him is he is *unreliable*."

Jerry looked up inquiringly. He passed his hand across his vest pocket.

"You see he drinks," continued his father.

The young man cocked up his ears.

"What's his name?"

"Stearns," was the reply.

Jerry drew in his breath with a low whistle.

"I would not waste my time on him," he said. "He is *neck deep in another proposition*."

IN THE STATION

By ALICE COREY

I watched a train just moving on its way
And, looking, saw beyond the starting place,
The fields to cross, deep woodlands and the bend
Of hills to climb; the downward rushing race
Past lamp-lit houses to the journey's end
In roar of city noise at close of day.

So clearly rise those places where you go,
For I with you have all that journey made,
And well I know that you at last will pause
Where once a meeting very fully paid
A debt of sorrow, heaped by loves own laws,
When days seemed years, and swiftest moments slow.

But not to-night, although the debt has grown
Anew too heavy for the heart to bear;
I watch you on the homeward journey start,
While I must forth on other errands fare,
Seeing the bourne, the miles between that part
One who remains,—O, doubly now, alone.

THE FORD HALL MEETINGS

A Social and Educational Factor in Boston's Life.

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

IT has been four years since the first gathering of people in Ford Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Baptist Social Union proclaimed a new way of doing old things and the un-failing crowds of all sorts and conditions that every Sunday night test the seating capacity of the hall, as well as the intense interest in the faces of the audience as they listen, are proofs that the new way is a successful one. From all parts of the city, they gather,—no matter how cold or unpleasant the weather may be,—hundreds of the city's toilers, thinkers, dreamers, eager to hear questions of national interest discussed, subjects of international importance dissected, matters of literature, music, drama, and the fine arts, ably presented by acknowledged authorities in these several lines of achievement.

Not the least interesting feature of these meetings is the audience that it for the moment unifies from a vast concourse of dissimilar social elements, into a congregation of men and women moved by a common impulse of desire for more knowledge concerning the vital questions of life, animated by the quickening of the spirit of progress.

As one enters the large hall, the sea of upturned faces shows no ripple of restless curiosity (if the speaker has already begun his discourse). There is no shuffling in the seats, no turning of heads in the direction of the belated comer. He immediately feels his insignificance and

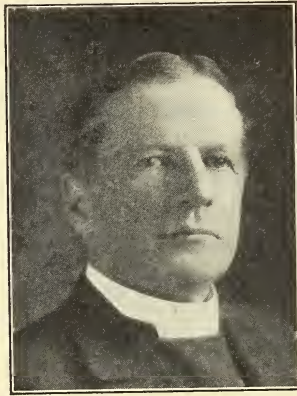
slinks into the first available chair, anxious to hear what it is that has so absorbed the heterogeneous mass of hearers. Old men, leaning forward on their canes in the front row, nod their grey heads approvingly when the speaker says something that particularly appeals to them, and bring their canes down with emphatic acquiescence when some social evil ridiculed or denounced, or when something for humanity's good is proclaimed. Girls with their "young men," middle-aged couples, absorbed in the pursuit of making homes for their families, old people eager to see the glimpses of a dawn that has been long coming for them, young men interested in science, literature, art, the drama, wait impatiently their opportunity "to ask a

question of the speaker," which Mr. Coleman, the chairman of the meetings, always gives, while *all* seem bound together in the one *communal interest of economics*.

This is a marked feature of these meetings and the secret of their success.

Now it is this interest in the material side of life that brings these people of varied nationality, differing creeds and of no creeds together, and this fact makes the explanation of their presence very simple.

The churches have gone too far toward eliminating the material wants and necessities of man, and whenever the physical vehicle of the spiritual is not



BISHOP LAWRENCE



JAMES O. FAGAN



NORMAN HAPGOOD



STEPHEN F. WISE

taken into account, the great balance is lost—the balance that holds the scales of body and soul in perfect adjustment. The natural law of the spirit as well as the natural law of the body, demands this balance or adjustment, by which only, sane conditions can result.

It seems that the effort of the Ford Hall meetings is to do just this, to preserve this balance, and by its very catholic enlistment of lecturers it is doing a great deal in this direction.

Supported by the endowment of a devout churchman as well as philanthropist, the social platform calls to its aid socialist leaders, scientists, art critics, lecturers on the drama, missionaries from long fields of service, authorities on economics, political adepts and dignitaries of the church, and with one common accord each has taken some theme through which the universal elevation of humanity might be hastened. Each one has been the advocate of social reform, humanitarianism, and always, no matter what the subject, there has been, underlying every æsthetic surface, the ethical consideration.

Mr. Alfred Brown, who spoke a few Sundays ago on the potentialities of the drama, warned the people that they must not allow purely economic standards to supplant the spiritual standards for the betterment of mankind. He showed them simply to get and hold that which was advantageous to social and economic ends was good, but there was something higher and better; that what he called the

“superman” of the future would be a higher development of the spiritual in the human being and that the drama might be made a great force in developing this spiritual side of humanity.

Mr. Henry George on a preceding Sunday night had explained the theory of the single-tax to the people, and he also spoke very reverently of the balance of pure living and right thinking which he believes will ultimately result from an even distribution of wealth. In every speaker one notes this same recurrent strain of reverence for those things that really deserve reverence, and, when the audience is taken into account, the hearer feels that there must be an infinite tact somewhere behind all this that can make this appeal to so many different sorts of listeners.

This power behind the scenes is Mr. George W. Coleman, the Chairman of the Committee of the Baptist Social Union, who really founded the Hall meetings.

No other denomination in Boston or any other city, indeed, has been able to accomplish just exactly what the Boston Baptist Church is doing to-day for the great army of “Unattached Christians” and that other army of people of no creed whatever. The Ford Hall meetings make an appeal to both of these classes, yet hold on to its *Christian* principles.

To some of the regular attendants of these Sunday evening gatherings the initial prayer that is always offered was objectionable. Mr. Coleman simply said:

"Friends, there are many among you who want the prayer. I trust to the courtesy of those others who do not want it, to cooperate with us in our effort to make these meetings pleasant to *all* who come." There were no further objections made and an orderly multitude bowed in a prayer, asking for guidance and the spirit of brotherly love and kindness.

Now when it is remembered that no other meetings of this character are held anywhere with prayers, the achievement of the Baptist Social Union Committee seems quite phenomenal. How much of the success of this enterprise is due to the force and magnetism of the Chairman of the Committee who has it in charge may be gathered from a brief summary of his career from the time he graduated number two in his school, "After working very, very hard to get number one," as he laughingly says, to the present time, when he holds the place of President of the Publicity Association, which is promoting New England's best interests through advertising.

For four years he was Assistant Editor of the *Journal of Education*, a Boston publication, and it was in the interests of various publications that he was sent to Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, during the time of Blaine's reciprocity movement and the newly awakened interest in the South American Republics. Fate held other things in store for him, however. "The Millie F. Browne" was shipwrecked and he was picked up by an English tramp steamer, landed in Norfolk, Virginia, from which point he returned to Boston. Three days after his arrival he became business manager of the *New England Magazine*, at that time edited by the late Doctor Edward Everett Hale and Mr. Edwin D. Meade.

In March, 1893, Mr. Coleman undertook the advertising management of the *Golden Rule*, (now the *Christian Endeavor World*) and in 1905 became the publisher of the weekly under its changed name.

But publishing weeklies did not keep this man from other interests. In the same year he helped to organize and was

made Treasurer of the Sagamore Beach Company, an organization which has rapidly transformed a tract of land on Cape Cod Bay below Plymouth into a leading summer resort, which is the rendezvous of the Sagamore Sociological Conference each summer. The new summer resort boasts two hotels, sixty cottages and extensive waterworks, and here the Conference meets, as Mr. Coleman's guests, annually to discuss social and economic conditions and needs.

All of these interests have eventually brought a wide experience, and fitted him, as perhaps no other experience might so well have done, for the work he is now doing for the unchurched, the creedless, the workers of Boston. The work of spending efficiently the income of the half million of dollars left by Daniel Sharp Ford, the late owner of *The Youth's Companion*, requires business ability of a high order. This sum of money was left by Mr. Ford, who saw the "inevitable conflict" that must arise between the capitalist and the employed under the existing conditions, and it was this wise man's wish that this sum should be expended for *the welfare of the working men and women*.

How best to use it was a grave question. Mr. Coleman was impressed by the Cooper Union in New York. He conceived the idea of establishing something of the same sort in Boston. That something which has certain essential points of difference, matured and blossomed into the Ford Hall Meetings, which entertain, indirectly educate, and essentially elevate one thousand men and women every Sunday night.

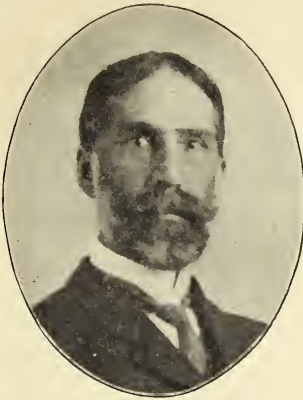
The work is wider in its influence than can at present be estimated or shown. Sunday evening theatrical performances find now a rival in the meetings, where intelligent young men have an opportunity to hear good music well rendered, and a lecture on interesting subjects by some distinguished speaker. The Choral Service under the direction of Mr. Gutterston is exceedingly popular, and the half hour of discussion after the lecture, when questions may be asked, is valuable as a means of giving young thinkers an op-

portunity to get into touch with experienced ones who are really in this way teachers for the moment. The questions asked are often not only pertinent but suggestive. Sometimes they are asked in faltering English by some keen-eyed, bright-faced youth who in his intense interest forgets his hesitation and embarrassment, and usually there is real thought back of the oddly phrased English.

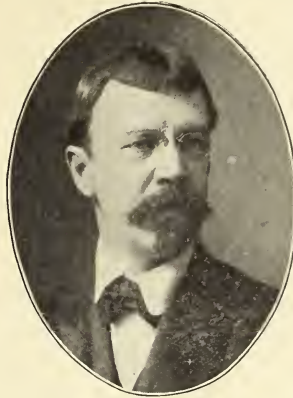
Mr. Coleman, who is listening alertly for these questions, shows genuine genius occasionally in catching their exact import, and proves that besides his other accomplishments he might have made a reputation as a translator.

form, each one eager to contribute some centralized thought to the general betterment of the world in its present struggle.

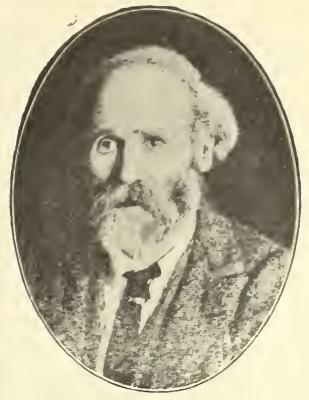
Bishop Lawrence talked last year of the Church's efforts to render spiritual and material aid. Professor Rauschenbusch, whose date was November 20th, took for his topic the "Church and the Social Awakening," and his discourse struck the keynote of the Baptist Social Union's effort to show what *Christian Socialism* may be and should—the way out from formalized religion to practical Christianity—the Christianity embodied in the words: "If thine enemy thirsteth, give him drink, if thine enemy hunger, give him bread," which is another version



MR. WILLIAM SALTER



MR. LINCOLN STEFFENA



MR. KIER HARDES

But others besides the working men and women of Boston attend these meetings. Harvard students "run in town to hear what's going on;" journalists (who by the way are certainly the hardest of all working men and women); people who "like something new"; and the countless number of homeless lodgers who need some entertainment and can't afford pay lectures or the theatres. To them the Ford Hall meetings give the leavening of a little amusement which so wonderfully helps the week of routine or toil.

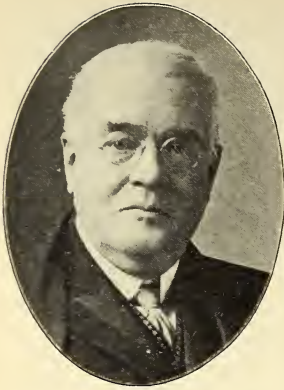
Men like Bishop Lawrence, Zueblin, Doctor Faunce, Dr. Lunn, Professor Rauschenbusch, Mr. Norman Hapgood, realize the magnificent opportunity offered them to perform a beneficent service to the world in these meetings, and willingly take their stand upon the plat-

of the law of love which is always greater (because it includes more) than the law of justice.

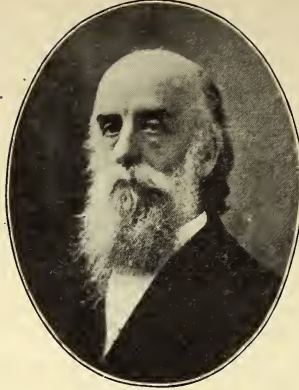
Mr. Hapgood, who is to speak upon the "Social Function of the Press," stands for the *Editor who dares*, the man who saw that the press *might* be a social reform of equal force as the pulpit and the stage.

Other speakers take up the question of secular vocations and their spiritual significance, and various topics of as varied interest, while Dr. Coit, of London, comes with the world question of responsibility upon his lips, "Am I my brother's keeper?" which is, indeed, at the root of most of the evils of the present order of things.

Dr. Lunn's lecture last week on "What Happened in Schenectady" was a presen-



MR. HORACE FLETCHER



DR. LYMAN ABBOTT



MR. LOUIS BRANDEIS

A GROUP OF FORD HALL SPEAKERS

tation is indeed practical Christian Sociology is indeed practical Christianity and his account of his transition from pastor of a prosperous church to his present work is an interesting chapter in the history of social ethics.

There will be a new note touched when the Reverend Doctor Lyman Abbott of the *Outlook* comes December 11th to tell this widely different and differing congregation the reasons of his belief in the immortality of the soul. This is the first time that a purely psychological subject has been announced, and the fact that this distinguished man is coming to present this subject is a proof of the broadness of the platform in Ford Hall.

To some of the extremest of the materialists among his hearers, there will doubtless be those who do not see why such a subject should be discussed. This is a superficial conclusion, for of all things bearing most heavily upon the attitude we adopt toward the present, the problem of eternity is the most important, the most vitally interesting, the most inspiring. To the materialist who says: "Do what is right, what is just, what is kind, now because the present is all you have," the question is not important maybe, but to him who believes in the immortality of his intellect and soul, what renewed hope comes with the thought that there will be beyond the grave intellectual and spiritual activity and growth and enjoyment!

When this old man with the frost of many years upon his hair and beard, stands before the people and says: "I have come to tell you why I believe in the immortality of the soul," every intelligent ear will give attention. It is a great question and a greater belief he comes to ask and to attest.

Among the most earnest workers of the committee of the Social Union is Miss Mary Crawford, its secretary. Miss Crawford brings to bear upon her work not only experience, but executive ability of a high order, and an intimate knowledge of socialistic work, and what is more essential even than these,—a broad sympathy with the movement.

From an educational point of view these Sunday evening talks are invaluable, while not aiming primarily to be educational in a strict sense. That is to say, the first question concerning all subjects is; is it important ethically and economically? Yet, it follows in natural sequence that such subjects really are, when ably discussed, prolific in educational suggestion.

Young men and women, for instance, who heard Mr. Brown, on the Drama, (who had the influence for good that the drama *should* be in his mind) went away knowing something about Ibsen they did not know before, understanding for the first time the message of the "Servant in the House," realizing that poor plays and "shows" are the people's fault, not

the managers', for the people have popularized them,—agreeing, let us hope, with Mr. Brown "that the worst part of a bad show is the audience."

The education power, like the moral of a novel, is all the more forceful when it comes in this way, and if the Ford Hall meetings did nothing more than stimulate a desire for knowledge, they would have been a great force in the life of Boston. Socialism, under a great many different guises, is in the air. We have it in dramatic form, in poetry, in college clubs, in utterances from mouthpieces which sometimes do not quite intelligently pronounce its doctrines. There are some mouthpieces in fact which profane its meaning. In such a state it is a fine thing that there is a platform like Ford Hall, where the real socialism that finds its apotheosis in *practical* Christianity, where its doctrines, its motives, its aims for humanity may be heard clearly defined, purely enunciated.

When Mr. Ford's half million was put to this use, the first step toward a real mitigation of the "inevitable conflict" was taken.

Perhaps in no other way could a plan have been made to help in the work of assimilating the masses of foreign population that drift to us year by year from European shores, bringing with them distorted ideas evolved from distorted

conditions of European life. Eager-eyed young Jews, remembering certain horrors perpetrated in the name of Christianity in Russia, may now hear for the first time the preaching of a socialism that shall have the love of all men to all men for its basis,—the love taught by the gentle Nazarene. Here he may express his own troubled thoughts, ask the questions that are in his brain, sure of a response, certain of intelligent sympathy. Gradually he becomes modified in his views. He has a feeling that he is now a citizen,—a man with a country. There comes the first lesson that family life is the foundation of patriotism,—the home is the stronghold,—all things that guard the home must have his protection.

The socialism that he hears in Ford Hall recognizes God,—he is first of all troubled, dazed. The socialism indirectly shows that the first great advocate of love and justice for all mankind was the man Christ. This socialism begins to stand for something different to that socialism he knew before!

The Ford Hall meetings are in truth a force for good that few now realize, and it is a matter of congratulation that the Baptist Social Union has taken this initial movement in establishing an institution that has the twofold value of practical benefit and spiritual inspiration.



A FAIR WITCH OF SALEM

(Continued from page 416.)

are hounding me to death, to have jurisdiction over my soul, once they have taken my life."

"Are you an unbeliever?"

"I am not."

"Are you willing to enter the presence of your Maker with a lie on your lips?"

"I go with no lie. I go with truth in my heart and on my lips. Should I admit that to which you are seeking to drive me, it would be a lie."

"Truly," murmured the Reverend Mr. Parris, "this is the most contumacious and shameless prisoner that hath yet appeared before this court."

Martha's firm bearing, calm courage, and modest demeanor had impressed the judge, which Mr. Parris was quick to detect. He whispered in the magistrate's ear, "Call Mercy Lewis."

Martha was accordingly discharged for a few minutes, and Mercy Lewis took the stand. After the preliminaries she was asked:

"Do you say that Martha Howes is the one who has tormented you?"

"She, with others."

"How?"

"By pricking and pinching me. Then she comes to me and chokes me. I feel them now, and I see her coming. She is angry at what I say, and is trying to prevent my speech. Oh, Lord! help me and take her away."

Immediately Mercy grew rigid, stared, and fell to the floor, re-enacting the drama she had so perfectly learned, for the opportunity was too good to miss a second chance of displaying her histrionic powers.

To those learned magistrates, sitting in judgment on a young and lovely girl, defenceless, save in her own consciousness of her innocence, in the colony of Massachusetts in the year sixteen hun-

dred and ninety-two, this was proof beyond dispute, and William Stoughton, the deputy governor of the province as chief justice, beside whom sat upon the bench, five other well-known men of that day, called upon Martha Howes to stand forth and hear her doom.

"Martha Howes, you have been brought before this court, charged with the damnable crime of witchcraft. The evidence has been clear and indisputable, while your defence has been weak and insolent.

"This court finds you guilty. Hear your sentence, which is, that you be taken to the prison wherein you are to be confined until the twenty-second day of this month, and thence on that date to the usual place of execution where you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul."

Martha trembled, swayed, and seemed about to fall, but recovering herself by a wonderful exercise of will power, raised her head, and lifting her chained hands, looking Mr. Parris steadily in the eye, said:

"You have succeeded in bringing to her death an innocent girl, who goes cheerfully, sooner than accept her life at the price of marrying you, as you offered her. May God forgive you!"

"Remove the insolent witch!" said the judge sharply to the sheriff, and Martha was led out of court, back to her prison.

CHAPTER XIII.

Upon the acquittal of Mrs. Howes, Philip, who had remained in court during her trial, took her to his home where she was made as comfortable as possible, although her mental agony was intense at the idea of leaving Martha alone to bear the brunt of her conflict.

But the reaction following her acquit-

tal, when she had fully prepared her mind for a verdict of guilty, was so great, that she was utterly unable to remain, and she yielded to Philip's entreaties that she go to his home.

He returned just as Martha was being led out by the sheriff, and he knew at once the fate that had been decreed her. He accompanied her as far as the jail but was not permitted to enter as the hours during which he had been permitted to make his visits had passed.

Naturally, he had no chance for any private conversation with her on the way but when they had reached the jail, the sheriff, a young man named George Corwin, and a friend of Philip's, touched by their distress, granted them a few moments together, withdrawing beyond ear shot.

Philip made the most of his opportunity.

"Give not up hope, dear heart. Thou shalt be rescued, even if I have to tear down this vile prison, but suffer the fate that hath been pronounced upon thee, thou never shalt. I know not now how we may compass it, but a way will be provided. Thou mayest have to act quickly when the time cometh. Do so, with no demur or question. Hope and trust."

He kissed her goodbye, thanked the sheriff for his courtesy, and left his beloved to await what seemed to her, her inevitable fate.

It was then the ninth of September, and the date for which her execution had been set was the twenty-second, thirteen short days between youth, and health, and life, and an inertly swinging mass of her who had been Martha Howes. The girl's courage at last gave way, and sinking on the prison floor she gave way to violent weeping in the bitterness of her despair.

But by degrees her calmness returned, and a little whisper of hope began to stir in her heart. Her confidence in Philip's ability to act was great, much as she feared the imprudence of his impetuosity at inopportune times, but now, action of any kind however desperate could result in nothing worse than that hanging over her, unless, and her heart stopped in fear, unless it might result in danger and pos-

sible death to Philip himself. But the thought of David Raymond's cool brain reassured her, and she knew that in whatever attempt might be made, every caution and provision would be looked out for to the last detail, and she finally reasoned herself back to something of her former hope and courage.

When Martha had addressed Mr. Parris after receiving her sentence, he sank back in his chair, cowering, and an ashy paleness came over his face. To him, she seemed like an accusing angel reading his inmost soul, and looking down upon him from an immeasurable height as upon some puny creature whom she scorned as unutterably beneath her, yet with a touch of condescension and pity.

For a moment he was tempted to defy court and magistrate, to go and fall at her feet, to confess the true reason why he had thus pursued her, to acknowledge the insane and maddening love she had lighted in his heart, and accept the humiliation and consequences such a course would bring to him, if she would only look on him for a moment and say, "I know and I understand;" if she would only lay her manacled hand on his head as he knelt at her feet, and say, with divine tenderness, "I forgive, for I know what love may mean, although I cannot give it thee," he would gladly accept all the after bitterness of hopeless longing, of denied desire, of all that life had meant to him since first he had looked upon her face.

But instantaneously with this thought came the consciousness of its utter futility and madness. Her contempt would be greater, her scorn more intense. She stood upon a summit which he could no more scale than the traveller, fallen into the depths of an Alpine glacier crevasse can climb its blue and slippery sides.

Pity she might have, but nothing of tenderness even in that pity.

Scorn, immeasurable scorn, would be his portion from her, and from his fellow-men, the loss of all his power, influence and prestige, despised by all, deprived of everything that had been the goal of his ambition, with a future so black and hopeless that self-destruction

would be a blessed release.

Mr. Parris was very human, and coincident with these thoughts came that of Philip, of her love for him, of the knowledge that if he himself so released her, this other man would enjoy the delight of her lips, the clasp of her sweet, warm arms about his neck, the lovelight in her eyes, while he would be as one cast out from the glory of heaven, to rail in the bitterness of the nethermost pit at what he had aspired for, and—lost.

No, the die was cast. He had gone too far to recede, and nothing was left for him but to carry on to the bitter end the course he had mapped out. Thus, at least, he would save himself the humiliation of the contempt of his fellow-creatures, retaining whatever of power he might have, though its possession was but dust and ashes, having lost the one thing for which he was willing to give his soul.

Malevolent hate gripped him at thought of Philip, and he determined, that if he could accomplish it, Philip should no longer have the joy of Martha's kisses, even in prison, and when court adjourned, for the day, after finishing the trial of Mrs. Easty, who was also convicted and sentenced to death on the twenty-second, he sought a private interview with the judge.

To him, he dilated on the peculiar malignancy of Martha's Satanic possession, instancing the fact, that even in the presence of the court, she had not hesitated to exercise her demoniac power, as was shown by the fact that Mercy Lewis had suffered from two seizures.

He then referred to the words that she had addressed to himself, as a flaunting defiance of Satan to a minister of the gospel, false of course, but nevertheless very painful. He declared that it took all of his will power, and fervent, silent petitions to the Almighty, to prevent himself from being overcome by the devilish venom, and requested in the interests of the other prisoners, among whom, there might, perchance, be some innocent ones, that Martha be removed from the common room and placed in solitary confinement.

He went on to say, that Martha, now being given over body and soul to the evil

one, would not hesitate to exert every effort of which she was capable to exercise her infernal power during the few days of life that remained to her, and closed by a further request, that in addition to the chains she wore on her person, that she should be fettered by another fastened to a staple in the floor or wall, and that she should be allowed communication with no one, nor any allowed to visit her.

The judge consented readily that she should be confined by herself, hesitated a little with regard to the additional chain, but finally agreed, and refused absolutely to deny her the privilege of seeing her mother and betrothed. Mr. Parris had to content himself with picturing in his imagination the torture Philip would suffer at seeing the additional ignominy that was heaped upon his fiancée.

Unwittingly, Mr. Parris played into the hands of the man he so hated.

At his first visit to Martha, Philip endured all the distress that the minister anticipated, and went away in a frightful rage at the needless cruelty imposed.

He sought his friend David, to whom he told the circumstances, heaping maledictions dire and bitter on those who had done it, but paused, and a look of wonder came on his face as he saw a slow smile gradually creep over that of David.

The latter noticed it, took Philip's hand, and said tenderly, "Think not, my friend, that I smile at the additional suffering of the maiden. I would that they who are responsible for this crowning outrage might feel the clasp of the fetters themselves, but wishes neither bind nor loosen iron bands. I but smiled to think how in his hate, the minister, for it is he who hath done this, hath simplified the matter. Is the Pretty Polly ready for sea?"

"She lieth at the wharf, David, ready to sail on the instant. Her master is a man I trust to the uttermost. The crew have but short liberty and a few at a time. She is well provisioned, and God grant but a breeze to move her from the wharf, and Martha once on board, it would go ill with these fiends from hell should they try to take her."

"It is well. Art willing to let me have a little gold, Philip?"

"An hundred sovereigns if you wish, and more."

"Nay, half that will suffice, if even so much be necessary. To-morrow night, if the wind serve, see that every man be on board the vessel, and yourself as well, for I think not you would wish your betrothed to set sail without her lover to comfort her."

"Tell me, David, of your plan."

"Nay, that I will not. I trust not in your discretion. A bold man you are and a true one, but as you, yourself, have said, your strength lieth in action and not in ways that are devious. Leave it to me, who, though I love ye both, lose not my head through the tumult in my heart."

"Further, go not to the prison to-morrow. Busy yourself about the town, making outcry if you please concerning the injustice of the verdict. Give out that you go to Boston to seek a stay from Sir William, and at such time as suits you after mid-day, saddle The Earl and depart, letting yourself be seen, and make statement of your errand. Return not till two hours before the middle of the night, and come with all the caution of the stealthy red man, going directly to the vessel."

"Leave the horse outside the town where William may find him before the dawn. While the time as you may, it boots not how, but be not seen after you have left the village."

"There is no moon, and if I read the signs aright, I think by tomorrow night, neither will stars be seen."

"Should things fall out as I hope and believe, ere two hours beyond the midnight have passed, your arms will be about Martha, and the Witch Hill but a blur over the stern of the Pretty Polly."

Philip grasped the hand of his friend.

"I will do to the least detail even as thou hast said, and if thy plan, whate'er it be, fall out as thou sayest, and I, holding Martha to my heart, see that accursed hill sink from sight, life can hold no greater joy or promise," and tears stood in his eyes.

That night she had fallen into a troubled sleep when she was wakened by

a light touch on her arm, and she started in alarm.

The cell was dark and she could see no one, but a voice whispered, "Fear naught, say naught, friends await thee."

She felt the unknown hands fumbling at her fetters, and soon one hand was free, then the other, then her ankles. During the day her irons had been changed, new ones, fresh from the smith in place of the old ones, and she had noticed that the key had turned in the locks with noiseless ease.

The fetters were silently laid on the floor, her hand was taken, and she was led to the open door of the prison.

"Go," said the voice of her conductor. The door was silently closed behind her, and Martha stood alone in the sweet fresh air of the September midnight.

It was very dark, moonless and starless, for dense clouds covered the sky.

She had been there not more than thirty seconds although, as she afterward said, it seemed hours, like the long intervals of time that pass in a dream, which scientists tell us are of comparatively infinitesimal duration, when another voice whispered, "Silence," and her hand was taken.

They had gone, perhaps two hundred yards from the prison, when a vivid lightning flash showed her her companion.

"William!" and Martha put her arm about the neck of the redemptioner lad and kissed him. He led her to the wharf where the Pretty Polly was lying over the side, and Martha was in her lover's arms.

The lines were noiselessly cast off, the breeze filled the half raised foresail, and the water rippled along the vessel's side in musical gurgles as she gathered way.

Soon all the canvas was set, and as they neared the outer harbor, one vivid lightning gleam showed the fateful hill, standing grim and threatening, cheated of its fairest victim, then swallowed in the darkness.

CHAPTER XIV.

The escape of Martha created considerable excitement, and the jailer was sharply interrogated.

He declared that about eleven o'clock that night he had made his customary rounds, and that Martha was in her cell, securely fastened.

He examined her fetters carefully, for he had put on new irons that day, and found them in perfect order, and went to his own room.

About midnight he wakened, trembling, and conscious of the presence of some one or something. When his wits came to him, he saw a frightful shape standing over him with a countenance of exceeding ferocity, in which eyes gleamed like burning coals.

Nothing was said to him, but the apparition, whatever it was, man, beast or devil, gazed at him until he lost consciousness.

Although there was no light in the room the figure was plainly visible, for a luminous radiance emanated from and enveloped it, and he noticed a sulphurous odor.

How long he remained insensible he did not know but thought it might be one or two hours. As soon as he dared move, he arose and went to Martha's cell, but there was no prisoner there. The odor of brimstone was much more noticeable in the cell than in his own room, and if those who questioned him doubted it, they might find out for themselves, for it was yet plainly perceptible.

This was done, and the truth of the man's assertion verified.

He went on to say that the fetters which Martha had worn were lying in precisely the same position as that occupied by her recumbent form, and that also, they might see.

He said that the bunch of keys that he carried about his person had not been disturbed, for they were attached to a small chain about his waist which was locked.

He had not touched the wrist and ankle manacles that Martha had worn, since he found her gone. These were then examined and found locked.

In short, the devil had come to the aid of his own, and for his own part, he was through with his job.

"I mind not human beings, whoever they may be, governor or slave, and will cheerfully lock and guard them for or-

dinary crimes, but when it cometh to confining agents of the evil one, I have had enough of it in this night's experience, and ye may get another jailer."

When asked why he had not notified some one when he found that Martha was gone, he shrugged his shoulders, and said that if the devil were content to leave him alone and uninjured, he certainly would let the devil alone and those he had taken under his protection.

All efforts to shake the man's story were unavailing, and the authorities were obliged to accept it as he told it.

In the temper and the current belief of the time, the tale was by no means incredible, and it went through the village like wildfire.

In the course of time a legend grew up of the rescue of Martha by the Prince of Darkness in person, and persisted for many years.

Even the Reverend Mr. Parris was mystified. He believed firmly in the power of the devil, and his capacity to assume any shape and appear in any guise he might choose, but he found it difficult to reconcile Martha's escape by the aid of her dark master, and the simultaneous disappearance of Philip and the Pretty Polly.

The vessel was never seen in Salem again. After reaching New York and landing Philip and Martha, she was loaded there for a voyage to the West Indies, and was lost in a storm.

Mr. Parris was bitterly chagrined at his failure, but devoted himself with renewed energy to the prosecution of others, and so successfully, that on the day he had hoped to see Martha put forever beyond the reach of Philip, he had the grim satisfaction of seeing eight others suspended from the scaffold on Witch Hill, six of whom were women, among them the aged and saintly Mary Easty.

As he stood there watching the gruesome spectacle, a fellow clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Noyes, turned and pointing to the swinging bodies, said with unction, "There hang eight firebrands of hell."

This was the last harvest that the hill ever reaped.



In presenting our readers with a double November-December number, the management of the New England Magazine have been enabled to make a very advantageous gain in the regular date of publication. The apparent loss of one number to our subscribers is made up by correspondingly extending the date of expiration, so that each subscriber will receive twelve full numbers for the year's subscription. We feel that this action will meet with general approval, as there has been a growing demand for an earlier date of issue.

FEDERATING NEW ENGLAND

The New England Federation of Business Organizations was formed by the presidents of boards of trade and chambers of commerce in all parts of New England, at a meeting held in the reading room of the Chamber, Wednesday, at the call of the committee on affiliated associations. A special committee was named which will submit a plan of organization at another meeting to be called later. This committee consists of John H. Fahey, chairman, and George H. Carter, a member of the Chamber's committee on affiliated associations, Gustave Peyser, president of the Portsmouth Board of Trade, Arthur Chapin, president of the Bangor Chamber of Commerce, Charles T. Tatman, president of the Worcester Board of Trade, and two others who will be named by President Rothwell.

The purpose of the new association is to weld the boards of trade and other commercial organizations in all parts of New England into a cohesive force for the protection and the advancement of New England's commercial and trade interests.

The following interesting statement is from the address by Mr. John H. Fahey, and is indicative of the spirit of the organization:

"For that reason many months ago it (The Chamber of Commerce) undertook to make a study of the conditions as affecting all the New England states through the medium of an industrial survey of New England. This survey has been made under the direction of a special committee of the Chamber of Commerce consisting of Walter M. Lowney, chairman of the committee on trade extension, George S. Smith, chairman of the committee on manufactures, and George B. Gallup, of the publicity committee. The plan was suggested to the officials of the Chamber by George French, and he has conducted the work and edited the volume which is being made ready for the press. The immediate result of this work is to be a book entitled: "New England, What It Is and What It Is to Be." This book will consist of 446 pages of text, and will treat of all the industries, and especially of the opportunities for extension of manufacturing, trade, commerce and agriculture. It is not quite ready to be announced, and I only allude to it now to be able to suggest that it is only necessary to know New England to become enthusiastic regarding the possibilities for expansion of her business interests. This survey will reveal those possibilities, and I am sure you will all be somewhat surprised when you read what has already been done in the way of canvassing and utilizing them. Do you know, and will you believe that there is a farm in New England for which the owner has refused \$1,000,000? There is such a farm, and it consists of less than 1000 acres. But these great opportunities, in

the land, in the waterpowers, in horticulture, in many lines of truck raising, in beef, in sheep, in forestry, etc., as well as in the better known lines of manufacturing and trade, are not well known. They are not believed in. Because our old ideas of agriculture have convinced us that New England lands are sterile, it is not easy to at once accept the fact that modern science has taught us that they have the elements of great profit. Because we have cursed the vagrant dogs as being a bar to profitable sheep-raising, we are prone to doubt that as much as twenty-five per cent may be made in the branch of agriculture, and is being made by New England farmers. Because our fathers did not succeed in raising peaches on the choicest lands on the home farms, we are not too ready to credit the fact that a New England boy has become the greatest peach man in the country, if not in the world. Because he found out that the rockiest old pasture is the best peach land. Let me tell you, in a word, that this book will open your eyes and gladden your hearts, because it will show that New England is actually, as one of her biggest and most successful farmers calls it, "The garden spot of America for money-making on the land," and will show you that there are as great opportunities in other lines of business. *But* it will also show you the absolute necessity for concerted effort to place these facts before the world, and to persuade the people of New England to open their minds to them."

President Rothwell has said to you that during this meeting several other speakers will discuss various things on which we can cooperate to advantage.

I would suggest that meanwhile we take steps to formulate a definite plan for organization by the appointment of a committee which can retire while this meeting continues, consider just how we had better proceed towards organizing and report back a plan for your consideration before we adjourn. If that suggestion meets with your approval I think it would be well if a committee of say five members could be appointed right now to take this matter in hand, retire and get to work.

VERMONT LOSES DR. BUCKHAM

Matthew Henry Buckham, whose death occurred at Burlington, November 28th, was for more than sixty years a teacher and for nearly forty years president of the University of Vermont. His work was two-fold. He assumed the leadership of a small college with high traditions and next to no resources, and by a lifetime of patient endeavor, large planning and close managing built up an institution of many departments, well housed, serviceably equipped, and committed as it were, to a future of growth. He met generation after generation of strong farm youth, the best of a hardy New England stock, and subtly, quietly—and not without a certain reserve—introduced into their lives and thoughts the refinements and graces and intellectual joys which were meat and drink to him.

This small, erect man with the large nobly-shaped head, close-drawn lips and precise way of snapping out his words was regarded in later years as a kind of present-day Nestor, for during long years he had been the associate and correspondent of statesmen, scholars and men of letters. He had belonged to the generation of Justin S. Morrell, of Edmunds, and Hoar, of Lowell and George Perkins Marsh. It is interesting to note that when he set himself to write one of those quaint and beautiful essays which he could never be prevailed upon to publish but circulated generously in white paper covers among his friends, he harked back to the quill pen of his boyhood and of all the writers of yore. He was more than a repository of experience; he was an artist.

Though aloof from the turmoil of life he was interested; a shrewd observer and helpful commentator. Whatever he touched upon he invested with quality. Not long ago he ended a short address upon athletics with these words: "They are fools," says Heriod, 'who know not that the half is more than the whole.' When devotion to athletics has become fanaticism halve it and you get enthusiasm, which is saner and more continuous and longer lived and far more sure to win all that is worth winning."

This was the good President Buck-



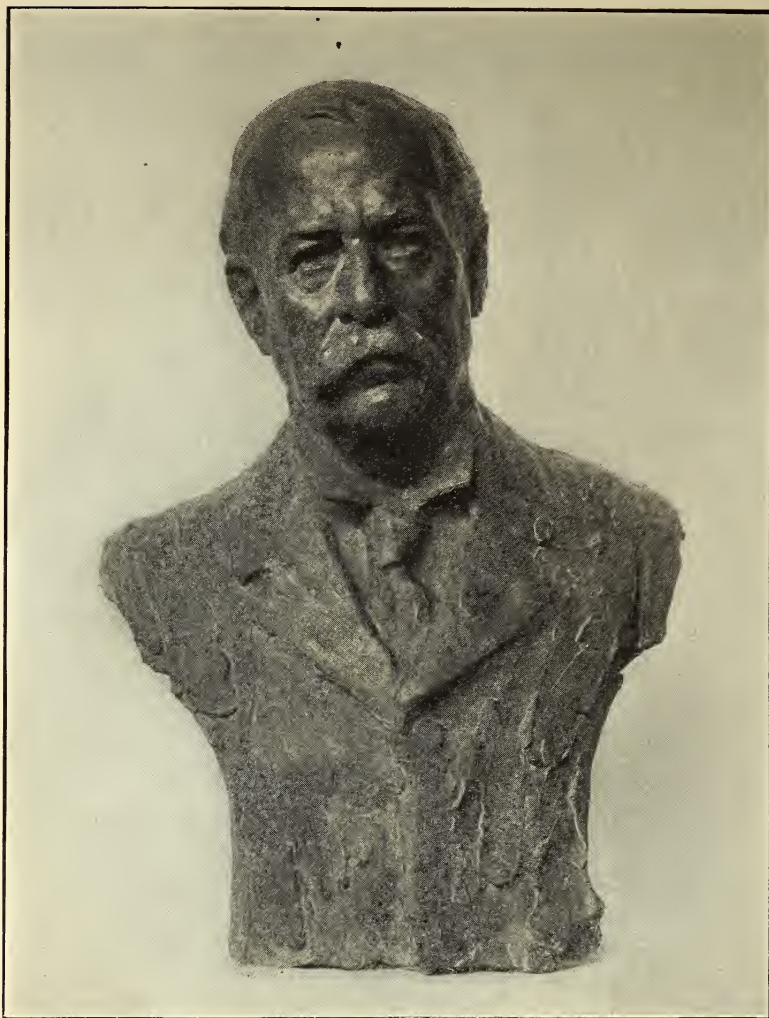
MATTHEW HENRY BUCKHAM, LL. D.

ham; a man who could quote Heriod on athletics and out of that harmony of living which the Greeks knew extract counsel to make present-day college boys more moderate, sane and sure to win.



Mr. Pollock's recent exhibition of marbles and casts from recent work

awakened unusual interest. Boston enjoys a peculiar prestige in the matter of sculpture. Recent work turned out from Boston studios is of the very highest rank, and interest was naturally very keen in comparing this work with that of the famous English sculptor. Mr. Pollock appears to excel in portrait rather than in imagination work, and his portrait busts are treated with a downright British directness that leaves but little room for imaginative suggestion. The portrait of a child, shown in our cut, is an exception, while the Draper portrait.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE GENERAL WILLIAM DRAPER OF MASSACHUSETTS

also shown, is typical of this phase of his work.

The members' exhibition of the Boston Art Club brought together an interesting collection of canvasses of widely varied merit. One of the pleasant things about these club exhibitions is the home feeling that encourages those whose work is not of the very best to exhibit canvasses that are yet meritorious, interesting, and often not without promise. This informal exhibition should by all means be retained; but it would be well if some Boston art lover would enable the club

to offer a prize, or series of prizes to become a center for a more rigidly censored exhibition that would bring out the best that Boston can do. An exhibition of this kind would be of surpassing interest.



With David Warfield at the Hollis,



PORTRAIT OF CHILD

Arsene Laupin at the Park, and "The Echo" with Bessie McCoy. at the Colonial, "Mary Magdalene" at the Shubert, "Madame X" at the Majestic, "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Tremont, and Adeline Genée at the Boston, theatre goers of Boston and vicinity will enjoy a rich and varied holliday program. The arrangement is an unusually clever one and speaks well for the skill of the managers.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Theatre-goers will be interested in the following announcements:

Boston Theatre — Mme. Bernhardt. January 9.

Colonial — "The Dollar Princess." January 16.

Grand Opera House—"At the Old Cross Roads." January 9.

Hollis—"The Spendthrift." January 16.

Shubert—Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot." January 9.

Tremont—"Follies of 1910." January 9.



DAVID R. WARFIELD



For the third season Mr. Henry L. Gideon is addressing a group of children from seven to seventeen years of age—the Louisa Alcott Club in the South End. The talks are on the Standard Operas. These children have been so receptive that they are already prepared to hear some ten or twelve different operas. One

of his most recent undertakings is the organization of an opera club at Harvard University the function of which is to enable students of music to listen more intelligently to operatic performances.

As a lecturer upon opera and upon worship music, choirmaster, organist and composer, Mr. Gideon, has received worthiest recognition. He received the degree of A. M. in music in 1906 from Harvard, also the John Thornton Kirkland fellowship for music study in Europe. He spent the season of 1906-1907 as a student in Paris, and the sum-



HENRY L. GIDEON

mer of 1909 at the Wagner Festpiel. He has been organist and choirmaster of Temple Israel, Boston, for several years. Mr. Gideon's aim and purpose are best shown by his own words.

"I aim to discriminate between self-culture for its own sake and the development of what I am for the good of my fellows. One purpose I have is to go as far as I can in the orchestral field and even more especially into the field of opera. But this is self-culture. My more humanitarian purpose is for the popularization of better music. I aim to give the very best, I do not believe in catering to the popular taste. The purpose of the lecture recital or of any public use of music should be the production of the very best that one is

capable of and an endeavor to make it acceptable by intimate talks and explanations of it. For instance, in the realm of worship music, I have always been opposed to the compromise that many churches are willing to tolerate, but have found that in order to have congregations understand and appreciate the nobler forms of worship music, it is insufficient to have them hear it week after week. The popular mind needs a form of education. The main titles of lecture recitals are worship music and the opera. My reason for taking these two topics is that they are the two musical forms that are presented to the largest number of music lovers. In both fields many of the finest creations pass un-noticed or misunderstood because of insufficient in-

formation on the part of the hearers."

Last summer Mr. Gideon gave informal talks on opera in all the operatic centres where the University Travel tour which he was conducting were to hear performances. One unique feature was the explanation of the Gregorian chant just before the party heard it sung at the monastery in the Isle of Wight. The Gregorian chant was Mr. Gideon's big study in Paris and an investigation of the principles at work in ecclesiastical music. Several weeks ago Mr. Gideon addressed an audience of one thousand people in a well known synagogue in New York City on the question of the appropriateness of music in the synagogue. In his church music Mr. Gideon's guiding motive is the harmonization of the choir loft and the altar. In his talks on opera he has the same sincere aim. He has just finished a series of talks before the Heptorean Club of Somerville. In these talks he gave a minimum of historical setting but developed the æsthetic features of the opera. In Patterson, New Jersey, he recently gave a talk on opera and the Work-a-Day World (Charpentier's "Louise").

In the month of February Mr. Gideon will make his first professional tour throughout the Middle West. The Bureau of University Travel, an organization which has always aimed to give intelligent direction to travel, has widened its scope by arranging a trip to the home of Music and Musicians. This trip will be conducted by Mr. Gideon and by Mr. Henry Eames recently of Paris but now of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Eames is well known as a pianist and musician of broad intelligence and exceptional attainment.

"My ultimate hope," says Mr. Gideon, "is to contribute my share towards the development not only of music in America but of American music. This implies that I have faith in the gradual formation of a national school of music, —not a chauvinistic feeling about such a movement but a firm belief that the ideas which make up Americanism in social life can be utilized in artistic creation.

Mr. Gideon will give his third memorial recital at the Temple Israel on

January fifteenth. At a date to be announced he will give his two annual public lecture recitals on Opera.



NEW ENGLAND LEGENDS

It is a pleasure to note that a new edition of "New England Legends and Folk Lore," by Samuel Adams Drake, has been necessitated by the popular demand for that interesting and valuable work. The new book is thoroughly revised and substantially enlarged. It is illustrated in an interesting and appropriate manner and very attractively bound. No more suitable gift from a New Englander to a lover of New England could easily be found. To the historian it will be valuable for its local information, comprising the legendary wealth of Boston, Cambridge, Lynn and Nahant, Salem, Marblehead, Cape Ann, Ipswich and Newbury, Hampton and Portsmouth, York, Isle of Shoals and Boon Island, Old Colony, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Nantucket and the White Mountains. The traveller will find its companionship a daily delight, and the fireside reader, a source of never-ending entertainment. For here they all are—these dear old New England tales, from the Lonely Shamut to the skipper Ireson—Old Meg, The Noble Exile, The Shrieking Woman and a hundred more, old friends all, and you should keep them at your elbow. The book sells for \$1.50 net.

THE LAND OF LIVING MEN

By RALPH WALDO TRINE

Mr. Trine is a well-known writer of really inspiring popular sermons. His "In Tune with the Infinite" and "What all the World is Seeking" has a wide circulation in this country and also in Germany. Now, in his latest book, Mr. Trine has ventured to deal with other subjects than the human soul and its relation to the Infinite. He has launched

forth on the sea of politics and economics. We believe that Mr. Trine has assumed far greater responsibility than he is capable of shouldering. He puts himself before the public as a pilot who will direct the ship of state out of the troubled waters into a safe harbor. He purposes to deal in an interesting and practicable way with our common relations, social, economic, and governmental. "So many books," he says, "deal with all these affairs in a manner so abstract and academic that they are not of sufficient interest to draw the average reader to them." He purposes, therefore, to fill this need by giving a concrete and clear-cut survey of the conditions that exist among us and the remedy for their solution. If an author can fulfill such a task, he surely deserves the highest commendation and the most profound thanks of the Republic, now and in the future.

One instance of Mr. Trine's remedy for all the iniquities of our American civilization will be sufficient to show the turbid rhetoric on which the success of most of his writings depend. In Chapter II he sets forth in lurid words the industrial conditions, municipal corruption, inefficient education, tuberculosis, tenement housing, etc., and what does he suggest, what is the Omega Oil that he pours upon the troubled waters? We quote him: "Just as soon as sufficient numbers of our people take enough interest in public welfare.....then the forces will be engendered that will take the Republic to that eminent and true position that, by the grace of God and the awakened common-sense of the people, we believe it shall yet attain." In the "Foreword" Mr. Trine states frankly that the reader will find that there is nothing scholarly or academic in his volume. We should, therefore, not be disappointed; but we cannot refrain from suggesting here that the solution of such problems are going to be successful only if they are treated in the most scholarly and academic way. The time has now come when "the common people" are becoming suspicious when newspaper editorials and books of the type which we are discussing refer to them as an exceedingly wise aggregation whose judg-

ments are infallible and whose motives are always the noblest.

SICILY IN SHADOW AND IN SUN

By MAUD HOWE

Beginning with a most graphic and interesting picture of a cosy dinner party in a luxurious Roman villa on the evening of December 28th, 1908—the day of the awful earthquake at Messina—the author relates, in a charmingly intimate manner, the first realizations of the awful disaster. She then takes us to the buried cities of Messina and Reggio and to the ruined villages in the interior and on the coast. It is a most interesting account, a thrilling account, of the ruin and desolation, the suffering and despair of the few survivors. This is told in the first two chapters,—“Messina Destroyed,” and “The Straits of Death.” The successive chapters tell, in the same interesting conversational manner, the story of the rescue and of the American relief; they are “America to the Rescue”; “The Cruise of the Bayern”; “Royal Visitors”; “At Palazzo Margherita”; “Building the New Messina”; “The Camp by Torrente Zaera”; “Guests at Camp”; “The Villaggio Regina Elena”; “Taormina”; “Syracuse”; “Palermo”; “Mr. Roosevelt at Messina”; “Easter,” and “Messina” (Ave atque vale). The story of the American relief work under the organization of Ambassador Lloyd C. Griscom, and carried out by Lieutenant Commander Reginald Rowan Belknap and his men is told in detail, every bit of which is absorbing in its interesting detail and manner of relation. It is one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of our navy.

The account is enthusiastic and the whole is fused with a delightful individuality which is full of charm. Also, Mrs. Elliott's account is authoritative. She was Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Relief Committee and had every opportunity to study every phase of the relief work, from the cruise of the Bayern, the first American relief ship, to the completion of the American village at Messina.

The book is full of delightful pictures

and glimpses of ancient Sicily, and of Taormina, "the most beautiful town in the world after Athens," and of Palermo, Girgente and of Syracuse. Mrs. Howe has made this great tragedy the background for one of the most interesting books of the season. Mrs. Howe is well known as the author of "Roma Beata," "Sun and Shadow in Spain," "Two in Italy," etc.

"Sicily in Shadow and in Sun" is illustrated with original drawings and pictures from photographs taken at the scene of the catastrophe by John Elliott, who was at Messina throughout the relief work.

The volume is in decorated cloth, gilt top, 8 vo, in box, \$3.00 net. Little, Brown and Company, Publishers, Boston.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S FAVOURITE

"Nelly's Silver Mine," the beautiful juvenile story from the pen of Helen Hunt Jackson, is another Little, Brown and Company publication appearing in holiday attire, with attractive color illustrations by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. The story is a prime favourite with the children, and its new and attractive appearance will prolong and widen its popularity. The scene of the story shifts from the old New England farm to the mining camps of Colorado—scenes with which the author was familiar and which she has touched with a loving hand, adding to the charm of her narrative the truths of careful observation and sympathetic insight. The book takes rank with the beautiful children's stories of Miss Alcott. In its new form it sells at \$2.00.

A PRAIRIE ROSE

"A Prairie Rose," a book for girls, by Bertha E. Bush, is a story of adventure with as winsome a little heroine as one will meet in many a book-hunt. Rose is a girl of fifteen who, with her older

brother, Rob, goes in a prairie schooner from Wisconsin to Iowa to make for themselves a new home. The interest and pathos of it lies in the truth that just such incidents have a place in the wonderful story of the building of our nation. There is humor as well as the hazard of new adventure, and over all the atmosphere of self-reliant integrity that gives it an inspirational value. The book is published by Little, Brown and Company for \$1.50.

A VITAL BIOGRAPHY

"Edison: His Life and Inventions." If ever a book bore a name to conjure with, it is the one that carries the above title. What American boy, and we are all boys at heart, even the girls, does not feel a quickening eagerness of curiosity whenever the name of the "Wizard" is mentioned.

And here we have, for the first time, the complete story of his life and work. The book is the result of the joint labours of Mr. Frank Lewis Dyer, the general counsel for the Edison Laboratory, and Mr. Thomas Commerford Martin, the electrical expert, and ex-president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the entire work has been carefully revised by Mr. Edison himself.

For the first time, also, this work gives us the man as only a continuous biography can. We have his boyhood—a lively and not too precocious a boyhood, yet strongly tinged with the promise of things to come.

Edison's methods as an inventor are described with acuteness and appreciation. Then there is the achievement element, so thoroughly American and so full of inspiration. Significant anecdotes and incidents never common-place fill out the two attractive volumes that contain not a line of dry prosing from beginning to end. The book is published by Harper and Brothers in two volumes at \$4.00 for the set.



The Progress
of
Mrs. Alexander

A Farce Comedy
in 3 Acts.

by Louise
Rogers
Stanwood

Persons of the Drama

Mrs. Alexander Smith.

Alexander Smith, her husband.

Florence Kenyon, her secretary.

Charles Francis Fuller, 3d., of Boston.

Prince Sarski, of Russia.

Professor Winthrop, of Harvard.

Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill, of Boston.

Mrs. J. J. Vantyne, of New York.

Mrs. Vivien, of Everywhere.

Mrs. Samson, of Breezeforo.

Mrs. Beals-Browne, of Boston.

Evelyn Beals-Browne, her daughter.

Billy Beals-Browne, her son, a Harvard Undergraduate.

Miss Wilton, of Boston.

Mr. Henry Madison, an elderly Bostonian, her cousin.

A Maid, and a French Maid.

A Butler, two Footmen, a Buttons (Japanese)

Act I.—Breezeforo, Michigan.

Act II.—Newport.

Act III.—Boston, Mass.

Time, the Present.

"The Progress of Mrs. Alexander" was written for Professor Baker's course ("English '97"), Radcliffe College. Miss Stanwood's play, having won the Fall Competition of the Harvard Dramatic Club, was presented by that organization in December, 1910, in Cambridge and in Boston.

The Magazine rights are the property of the New England Magazine. Miss Stanwood has reserved all dramatic rights and the play may not be performed without her permission.

The Editors.

The Progress Of Mrs. Alexander



Comedy in Three Acts.

ACT 1. BREEZEBORO

The scene represents Mrs. Alexander Smith's "den" in her new house in Breezeboro, a small city of the Middle West. The room is very pretty, very pink, prosperous and up to date. Many pictures on walls, many potted palms, pink carnations in vases, many papers on desk, small table with seven packages tied up with white paper and pink ribbons. Door with rose-colored portieres at back, leading into hall and drawing room. From this room comes the sound of many high-pitched female voices, sometimes increasing, sometimes lulling.

Florence Kenyon (Secretary) discovered at desk, very busy writing, sorting papers, etc. She is a pretty and animated girl, dressed very trigly,—a distinctly modern type.

Telephone rings. A smart and aggressive maid, with pink bows on her cap, dashes into the room before Florence can answer it.

Maid (at 'phone, loud voice): Hello—yes—it's Mrs. Smith's house—this is Mabel—oh! (to Florence, abruptly.) He wants you!

(Florence looks annoyed, but goes to 'phone. Maid listens a moment then dashes off, back.)

Florence (at 'phone): Yes this is Miss Kenyon, Mrs. Smith's secretary,—Miss Florence Kenyon, yes!—Why how do you do, Mr. Fuller!—What are you doing in Breezeboro?—Oh nonsense!—

Go along! Well, *come* along—how's Boston?—Oh!— (*she gurgles with laughter.*) What—yes, but I'm *always* busy here,—of course I'll be glad to see you—now brace up and hurry up—good-bye Boston! (*hangs up receiver, and returns to desk.*) Now wasn't that just like Charles Fuller?—(*mockingly*) "When are you at leisure"—leisure! (*laughingly*) — "Thank you, Miss Kenyon, Boston still has her own peculiar charm"—peculiar!—Poor old Charles, what is he doing in Breezeboro? —(*she bites the end of her pen-holder, thoughtfully. Telephone rings again,—Maid dashes in as before, but Florence gets there first, in one jump, and looks disappointed when she listens at phone. Maid flounces off.*)

Florence (at 'phone, very briskly): Hello—yes—oh!—I'm afraid Mrs. Smith can't come to the 'phone just now—this is her secretary, Miss Kenyon—give me the message.—Mrs. Vantyne?—from New York, yes. Well, Mrs. Smith is very much engaged this afternoon with the Bridge Club—and then she has a committee meeting for the Charity Bazaar and a dinner to-night—yes, she's frightfully busy—I don't know when she can see you. Mr. Smith?—Oh, I don't know, I suppose he's at his office. Why don't you just drop in?—Oh!—All right, Mrs. Vantyne, I'll tell her. Goodbye. (*hangs up receiver, goes to desk, makes a note of it.*)

Maid (dashes in with a note): Special

delivery—for her. Will you sign for it?

(Florence signs, maid dashes off. Florence looks at note, hesitating, then goes to door of drawing-room, L. and looks between the portieres a moment,—loud hubbub is heard, off L.—Florence returns to desk, hubbub dies down.)

Mrs. Smith enters L. through portieres. (She is a large, handsome woman, with much force in her face, and restlessness in her manner. She is dressed in pink, or rose color, and her air of prosperity and pleasant importance also matches it. Her gown looks very, very new, and rather fussy, but she looks interesting nevertheless, and her smile has good humor in it.)

Mrs. Smith: Well, Miss Kenyon, what is it?

Florence: Two or three things, Mrs. Smith,—this special delivery note—*(hands note to Mrs. S., who opens it quickly and reads it in one glance)* this telephone message, and these notes waiting your signature.

Mrs. Smith (throwing note on desk): You can answer that, Miss Kenyon. Let me see,—I'll sign this one,—*(writes without sitting down)* —“Eliza W. Smith.” You can just sign that one—Eliza W. Smith per F. K. What's the telephone message?

Florence: Oh—here—Mrs. Vantyne, from New York, called you up,—she's at the Hiawatha House, until to-morrow, wants to see you. Of course I told her you were engaged.

Mrs. Smith (much excited): But, Miss Kenyon, was it Mrs. John Jacob Vantyne, the Mrs. Vantyne?

Florence (indifferently, glancing at paper): “J. J.”—that's it.

Mrs. Smith (beaming): Really! I met her abroad last summer—I never expected—I mean I wonder what she's doing in Breezaboro? What did she say?

Florence: Oh, she insisted on seeing you, or talking to you, or something. Those New Yorkers have nerve!—

Mrs. Smith: You don't seem to realize—I hope that you weren't rude, Miss Kenyon?

Florence: Oh, no, just a little bit snifty—told her how rushed you were

and all that.

Mrs. Smith (quickly): Did you mention the Charity Bazaar?

Florence: I did.

Mrs. Smith: Ah!—that's right, but perhaps I had better—*(goes to telephone, then pauses.)* Did Mrs. Vantyne 'phone herself?

Florence: First it was the maid speaking, then she spoke herself.

Mrs. Smith: And you told her who you were?

Florence: Your secretary—yes.

Mrs. Smith (smiling contentedly): Quite right, Miss Kenyon! *(calling)* Mabel!—*(Maid with pink bows dashes in.)* Mabel, just call up the Hiawatha House and get Mrs. J. J. Vantyne of New York. *(Maid looks surprised, but acts promptly.)*

Maid (at 'phone): Gimme West Breeze, 101—one-o-one—hello, Hiawatha?—This is Mabel—gimme Mrs. J. J. Vantyne of New York—yep—Hello, Mrs. Vantyne?—This is Mabel—

(Mrs. Smith makes a frantic gesture, Mabel turns to her.) What?

Mrs. Smith: Say, this is Mrs. Smith's maid, and make sure it is Mrs. Vantyne herself—

Mabel (briskly): This is Mrs. Smith's maid, and are you sure you're Mrs. Vantyne?—

(Mrs. Smith pushes Mabel away from 'phone and makes gestures of appeal to Florence.)

Mrs. Smith: No, no!—Go away!—

(Mabel flounces off.)

Florence (at 'phone, prompted by Mrs. Smith): Hello,—Mrs. Vantyne?—This is Mrs. Smith's secretary, and Mrs. Smith is delighted to hear that you are in town, and she—says—

Mrs. Smith: Do come in this afternoon—

Florence: Can't you come in this afternoon?—She isn't receiving, and she can't leave, but she'll see you—*(looks at Mrs. S. for approval.)*

Mrs. Smith: Charmed.

Florence: She'll be charmed to see you,—yes, any time—

Mrs. Smith: Quite informally—

Florence: Quite informally—will you come? Thank you—goodbye. *(Hangs*

up receiver.) There, that's all right, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith (graciously): Yes, my dear. And now for a little note—take my monogram paper, Miss Kenyon, and write this in my name—(*sits, Florence at table writing.*) “Dear Mrs. Vantyne,”—(*Florence looks surprised.*) Yes!—“Will you waive all ceremony and dine with us this evening, very informally,—and Mr. Vantyne also, if he is with you?—I am only expecting one or two friends.”—

Florence: Excuse me, Mrs. Smith, but hadn't we better say expecting only one or two—instead of “only expecting?”

Mrs. Smith (coldly): You learned that at college?—Well, as you please, go on, Miss Kenyon,—“I am expecting only one or two friends, including Mr. Markham, editor of the Breezebro Bulletin. Hoping for the pleasure of having you with us, I am—in haste—yours cordially—no, cordially yours—Elizabeth W. Alexander-Smith.”—

(*Florence looks up in surprise again.*)

Mrs. Smith (haughtily): Yes, and you may put a hyphen between Alexander and Smith.

(*Florence smothers a laugh as she finishes note.*)

Florence: What's the use of this note when she's coming here presently?

Mrs. Smith: Miss Kenyon, I hope I know social etiquette even if I haven't been to college. (*With an imperious gesture.*) Let me see it—

(*Florence hands note.*)

Mrs. Smith (dropping her hauteur and looking uneasy): What's wrong with this notepaper?—

Florence: Too thick and too much scented, monogram too large and too pink. Simplicity for mine!—

Mrs. Smith: Well, well, order me some new paper to-morrow—with a smaller monogram in rose and silver—

(*Florence makes a memorandum of this.*)

And meanwhile send this to the Hiawatha by the chauffeur—

(*Four ladies, including Mrs. Samson, rush in from drawing-room, L. all talking at once.*)

Three ladies and Mrs. Samson (all to-

gether: Mrs. Smith—listen—how about this—Mrs. Samson—revoke—penalty—not at all!—(etc.)

Mrs. Smith: Mercy ladies! What's the matter?

A Lady—Mrs. Samson—

Mrs. Samson (an over-dressed little woman with a shrill voice): I did not!—

Mrs. Smith: Please be calm, Lily. You didn't what?

Mrs. Samson: Revoke!—At least, I didn't mean to, I didn't see that little diamond—

Mrs. Smith: It's well to see even little diamonds, Lily. It's well to play the game, and pay the penalty.

A Lady (quickly): What's the penalty for a revoke?

Mrs. Smith: Three tricks from her score or to her opponent,—you all know that!

Three Ladies: Aha, Mrs. Samson!

Mrs. Samson: I don't think I ought to pay the full penalty—anyhow she had no right to double it without the ace of hearts,—it made me nervous!

Mrs. Smith: Nonsense, Lily Samson, don't squeal. You had better go back and retrieve your blunder!

(*Three ladies exit, two laughing, and one, Mrs. Samson's partner, glaring.*)

Mrs. Samson (at portieres): I don't suppose Mrs. Smith knows any more about Bridge than I do!

Mrs. Smith: Lily, wait a moment—do keep the women in the parlor, if possible for I'm expecting a call from Mrs. Vantyne of New York—

Mrs. Samson (astonished): Mrs. Vantyne?—not—

Mrs. Smith: Yes, Mrs. J. J. Vantyne,—I want to have an intimate chat with her in here, so do excuse me for a while—and you're keeping them waiting, Lily.

Mrs. Samson (very much subdued): Oh—yes! (*she retires to card-room.*)

Mrs. Smith: Now, Miss Kenyon,—

(*Enter “Buttons” with a card on tray. He is a short boy, covered with shiny buttons,—a Jap if possible, but not necessarily. Buttons brings card to Florence.*)

Mrs. Smith (eagerly): Is it Mrs. Vantyne?—

Florence: No, Mrs. Smith, it's a friend

of mine from Boston, a Mr. Fuller,—I met him when I was at college—he—just—

Mrs. Smith: Show Mr. Fuller in here, Jinjo,—

(Exit Buttons.)

I shall be glad to meet your friend, my dear,—oh! but I shall let you see him alone too!

Florence: Mercy, Mrs. Smith, I don't he's just—

(Enter Charles Francis Fuller, 3d, a self-conscious young Harvard graduate, who looks as if he took life and himself very seriously. A very gentle manner, a touch of superiority, not unmingled with embarrassment.)

Florence (shaking hands with him heartily): Hello, Mr. Fuller! How are you?

Charles: How do you do?—*(he looks as if he wanted to keep her hand, but drops it.)*

Florence: Mrs. Smith, may I present Mr. Fuller?

Mrs. Smith (shaking hands with Charles): Delighted to meet you, Mr. Fuller,—let me welcome you to Breezaboro!

Charles: Thank you so much.

Mrs. Smith: You are a graduate of Harvard College, I think?—

(Charles bows.)

And what has brought you to Breezaboro?

Charles: I am a correspondent of the Transcript—

Mrs. Smith: What's the Transcript?

(Charles looks shocked.)

Florence: Just a Boston paper,—the Boston paper, I mean.

Charles: I am writing up the Middle West,—an unknown country to Boston!—

(Florence bridles.)

Mrs. Smith: Really!—Well, I hope you'll condescend to mention Breezaboro!

Charles (seriously): Oh, certainly.

(Mrs. Smith and Florence laugh.)

Mrs. Smith: Now you must excuse me, Mr. Fuller,—I have a Bridge-party on my hands,—I will leave Mr. Fuller in your hands, Miss Kenyon.

(At portiere L.)

I hope you'll dine with us, Mr. Fuller.

(Charles murmurs something.)

(Exit Mrs. Smith L.)

Florence: So it was not to see me that you came to Breezaboro,—I thought it was something more important than me!

Charles (gently): I, Miss Kenyon—please!

Florence (laughing): You! Oh, there's nothing more serious than you! Well, what do you think of Breezaboro?

Charles: A typical Middle-Western city, of second size—

Florence (indignant): Typical!—Not at all, it's different from any other place in the world,—thank goodness it's different from Boston!—The West for mine!

Charles: Yet you came East for college!

Florence (giving him a chance): And you came West—for—?

Charles (missing the chance): For the Transcript.

Florence (sarcastic): Conscientious Charles!—Couldn't let it pass for a pleasure trip!—*(with impatient gesture she goes to desk.)*

Charles: I hope to combine duty and pleasure—

(Florence handles papers on desk.)

But I fear you are busy, Miss Kenyon, I fear my visit is an interruption—

Florence: Nonsense! You know we always scrap, you and I. As Kipling says:—

"Oh East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet!"—

(She sweeps the papers to right and left in two opposite heaps.)

Charles (taking out note-book.): Permit me to make some notes for my letter to the Transcript—

(Loud hubbub in Bridge-room.)

The ladies play Bridge here, I note—

Florence: Yes, it's one of the manners and customs of the natives. They have also a curious custom of eating with forks—except soup!

(She darts at the typewriter and clicks the keys loudly.)

Charles (stifly): You seem busy, Miss Kenyon, I think I had better go—

(His soft words are drowned out by the noise of the typewriter and the Bridgers. He stands helplessly.)

(Enter Mrs. Smith, L., followed by

Mrs. Samson.)

Mrs. Smith: Miss Kenyon!—

(Florence stops abruptly, a little confused.)

(Charles puts his note-book in his pocket.)

Mrs. Smith: You see how busy we are, Lily!—By the way, Mrs. Samson, let me introduce my new secretary, Mr. Fuller of Boston.

(Charles gasps, and stands helplessly trying to think how to phrase his denial.)

Mrs. Samson: Please to meet you, I'm sure. *(Insists on shaking hands.)*

(To Mrs. Smith in hoarse whisper.)

Two secretaries, Eliza?

Mrs. Smith (coolly): Yes, I really needed two. Mr. Fuller has just arrived, I must speak to him—*(she makes a slight gesture toward the Bridge-room.)*

Mrs. Samson: Oh, yes, of course,—but Eliza, what would you make it, with this hand? *(showing her hand of cards.)*

Mrs. Smith: It depends on the score—what's the score?

Mrs. Samson: I don't know!—

Mrs. Smith (witheringly): Perhaps you had better go back and play Bridge, Lily!

(Exit Mrs. Samson, quite crushed.)

Charles (hesitating): Mrs. Smith—

Mrs. Smith (promptly): Mr. Fuller, pray pardon the liberty I have taken,—it was an impulse, but it's true that I do need another secretary,—a man—and really now why couldn't you accept the position? At least for the present?—Now why not?—Miss Kenyon needs assistance, and you know you needn't sever your connection with that paper—the—*a—*Transcript. I sha'n't require your services for more than a few hours a day. What do you say?

(Charles is trying hard to say something. He looks wistfully at Florence, who looks intently out the window.)

Charles: I—I—really Mrs. Smith, I don't know,—it could perhaps be arranged—

Mrs. Smith: I should think a weekly letter from Breezeforo might be of interest in the Transcript—

(Charles smiles a sad smile. Florence shakes all over.)

Charles: I should be very glad to help

Miss Kenyon if—

Florence (coolly, looking off): Oh, if Mrs. Smith has made up her mind to have you, Mr. Fuller, you may as well surrender right now! She always gets what she wants.

Mrs. Smith (laughing): Then we'll consider it settled!—

Florence (jotting down in memorandum book): Thursday, February the nineteenth, Mr. Charles F. Fuller engaged as Assistant Secretary.

Mrs. Smith: Not assistant, my dear!—

Florence: Oh, well, Secretary of the Department of the East! I'm the West. I'm a Suffragist, Republican, expansionist, progressive, a Rooseveltite,—I suppose he is a Democrat and Anti-everything!

Charles (explanatory): My attitude—

Mrs. Smith (smiling): I hope for harmony in my cabinet! Are you ready to take the portfolio, at once, Mr. Secretary?—Miss Kenyon will give you some facts.

Florence: Yes, facts for mine! He is all theories!

Mrs. Smith: And you might write some Harvard notes for the Breezeforo Bulletin, Mr. Fuller.

(Charles brightens up.)

Now, young people, work, and don't squabble!

(Charles looks pained at the word "squabble.")

(Florence and Charles together at desk.)

(Enter Buttons with a card.)

Mrs. Smith: Mrs. Vantyne! *(She rushes quickly from the room, through door at back. Buttons stands looking at Charles and Florence.)*

Florence (to Charles): Now don't sit there looking like the Irishman's owl!—*(a faint chuckle comes from behind the shiny buttons of Jinjo.)*

Fade away, little blossom!

(Exit Buttons.)

Charles: My dear Miss Kenyon!

Florence: Oh, that last line was for the Buttons,—he's all buttons—and eyes! Gets on my nerves. Now get busy,—help me with the catalogue.

Charles (eagerly): Books?—

Florence: No, young man, neither

Mrs. Smith (herself again): Really, Lily, you must have played it badly. Did you take all the chances?

Mrs. Samson: Yes—all but the queen, I couldn't risk that.

Mrs. Smith: Ah!—I thought so! Dropped your nerve, poor Lily!—I'm afraid you are *bourgeoise*!

(Mrs. Samson is speechless.)

Now I must distribute the prizes—will you help me, Miss Kenyon?

(Florence takes up the tray with parcels—Charles comes forward quickly but solemnly.)

Charles: Permit me—

Florence: Yes, you take them, that's right.

(As Charles, bearing the trayful of prize packages, solemnly follows Mrs. Smith into the drawing-room, Florence's gurgling laugh rings out irrepressibly.)

Mrs. Samson (recovering her speech): She feels pretty fine, doesn't she, with that Harvard man carrying her miserable prizes! Eliza has had a swelled head ever since she married Sandy Smith, and I don't see why—he hasn't got anything but money!

Florence: I think he has brains,—it takes brains to make money, as well as to win at Bridge, Mrs. Samson!—

Mrs. Samson: In this house even the dependents are impertinent!—

Florence: In this house there are no dependents,—here all are independent, all are free!

Mrs. Samson: Very free!—*(she swishes off through portieres, L., almost colliding with Charles, who re-enters.)*

Charles: That little woman seems much agitated.

Florence: Oh, she'll be all right when she gets outside of three or four chocolate frappés!

Charles: My dear Miss Kenyon!—will she really—do that?

Florence: That's *her* manners and customs.

Charles: The ladies all seem greatly excited—just hear them—why do they shriek so?

(They are indeed shrieking. Then the noise suddenly diminishes, as if they had all gone further off.)

Florence: Ah, now they have ad-

journed to the dining-room, they'll be quiet for a while!

Charles: We can now continue our very interesting discussion—

Florence: I want to know if you consider a secretary a servant—aren't you and I, for instance, just as good as anybody?—

Charles: Equality seems to me a matter of individuality rather than of caste.

Florence: Oh, I know what you mean by that, you mean that you are superior to me!—

Charles: My dear Miss Kenyon, you will always be personal! You don't understand my attitude. Now, technically, Mr. Alexander Smith is the owner of this house—

Florence: But Mrs. Smith rules the ranch!—

Charles: My dear Miss Kenyon!

Florence: And if you are going to be snifty—

(Enter, back, Sandy Smith, timidly and cautiously. He is a little short man with a large head, a shrewd face and twinkling eyes. He looks around with exaggerated fear.)

Sandy: Did anybody say Smithy?—Hush!—Is it safe for Smithy in here? Did anybody see the Bridge Club?

Florence: Oh, Mr. Smith!—

Sandy: Hello, Miss Florence. What's that? *(pointing to Charles.)*

Florence (laughing): That's Mr. Charles Francis Fuller—

Charles: Third.

Florence: Of Boston. And this, Mr. Fuller, is Alexander the First—

Sandy: Called Sandy!—How are you, sir? *(grasping Charles's hand.)* A swain of yours, Miss Florence?

Florence (hotly): No! This is Mrs. Smith's new secretary.

Sandy: Oh, lord!—*(he drops on a chair.)*

Charles: My trip to Michigan, Mr. Smith, is sufficiently motivated by my letters to the Transcript; but I seem to have arrived here at the psychologic moment—

Sandy (to Florence): Say, is he talking English?

Florence: No, Bostonese!—

Charles (haughtily): In short, I have the honor to be Mrs. Smith's Private

Secretary,—for the moment.

Sandy: All right, my boy, I guess she can have as many secretaries as she wants! Make yourself at home. I say, Miss Florence, is the Bridge Club gone?

Florence: Oh, dear no, but they are all in the dining-room now,—you are fairly safe here, Mr. Smith.

Sandy: But I want to see my old girl—got something kind of important to tell her.

Florence: Then I'll go and get her for you—(going towards door, *L.*)

Sandy (following her to door): Say,—have we got to live up to him?

(*Florence's laugh rings out as she exits.*)

Sandy (comes towards Charles rubbing his head): Fine girl that, Mr. Fuller, eh?

Charles: Yes, she seems to me to have possibilities.

Sandy (chuckling): She does, eh?—How about the probabilities?

Charles: I don't quite grasp—

Sandy: Don't, eh?—Well, young man, what's Mrs. S. going to give you?

Charles: Give me?—

Sandy: Yes, how much *per*?

Charles (embarrassed): Oh, the salary!—Really, we didn't touch on that at all,—it's of no consequence, I assure you.

Sandy: Oh, it ain't, eh?—You certainly do not grasp!—Well, my boy, I like you all the better for it,—I live in a world of grasp and grab, myself,—do you know the four Gs?—Grasp, Grab, Graft and Grit!—And I might add Gumption.

Charles: And I would add Genius, Mr. Smith.

Sandy: Well, I guess that's the same thing as gumption. Between you and I—

Charles: Me.

Sandy: Eh?

Charles: I beg your pardon!—

Sandy: Between you and I, young man, my wife is a genius. Gee whiz! But it's lucky for you she's free with the shekels,—and can afford to be!

Chuckles again. Charles looks at him with dreamy-eyed wonder.)

Mrs. Smith enters with a frown. Florence comes to door at back, and beckons

Charles off.)

Mrs. Smith (ungraciously): Aren't you home very early today, Sandy?

Sandy: Yes, my dear, I am. Sorry to butt into your party, Eliza, but I've got some important news for you.

Mrs. Smith (bored): Oh, business news, I suppose! You mustn't bother me, Sandy. I have such a full day. And who do you suppose has been here to call on me? Mrs. J. J. Vantyne, of New York—but I don't suppose that will interest you! You wouldn't understand what it means to me.

Sandy (chuckling). Guess I know just what it does mean,—I had a little business transaction with J. J. himself today!—

Mrs. Smith (astonished): What!—Then his Breezboro business was with you?—

Sandy: Sure!—

Mrs. Smith: And she knew it of course!—That accounts for her mysterious smile, and probably for her visit. But—(she turns away, in thought).

Sandy: (eager to tell his news): Never mind Mrs. J. J.—I've put through a big deal today,—the railroads, you know, and the mines,—

Mrs. Smith (pre-occupied): Yes, yes, Sandy, don't bother me about railroads!

Sandy (apologetic): Excuse me, Eliza, very sorry to bother you, but I kind of thought I ought to inform you that today's work makes me one of the rich men of the country! One of the richest! Sorry to bother you!—(chuckles).

Mrs. Smith (gasping): Sandy! Do you mean it?—

Sandy: Guess I do!

Mrs. Smith: A millionaire?

Sandy: Multi!

Mrs. Smith (with a cry of joy) Newport! Why not! (drops into a chair and holds her clenched hand against her head, a characteristic gesture of hers.)

Sandy (coming to her): News too much for you, old girl?

Mrs. Smith (almost hysterical): No, no,—be quiet, Sandy,—I'm thinking golden thoughts!

Sandy (chuckling): And a little bit of copper, Eliza!

Mrs. Smith (with flashing eyes):

Sandy, I'll tell you what I must do,—I must go East, and conquer!

Sandy (disappointed): East?—Not Chicago?

Mrs. Smith (springing up): No, Newport, New York—*Mrs. Vantyne!*

Sandy (rubbing his head): Hell's fire!—Well I guess we can afford it, Eliza, I guess my money can get you whatever you want.

Mrs. Smith: Sandy, don't be bourgeois!

Sandy: Eh, what?—

Mrs. Smith: Don't be vulgar!—Money can't do everything, woman's wits can do more,—with money.

Sandy: Can eh?—Well, perhaps you're right, old girl,—

Mrs. Smith (impatiently): Don't talk!—*(She suddenly looks at Sandy with critical eyes):* Sandy, you don't care for society,—

Sandy (meekly): No, Eliza, I ain't a shining light socially, I haven't got your *savoir faire*.

Mrs. Smith (quickly): That's it, and it bores you as much as your business bores me. Now then, Sandy, I want you to promise to keep yourself in the background,—or in Breezaboro—during my campaign,—you attend to the business end, while I do the—the climbing. *(She brings the word out defiantly):* Is it agreed?

Sandy (rubbing his head): I guess it is, if you want it, old girl. I'll give you your head,—but keep your head, Eliza! *(She gives him a scornful glance).* There is another little thing to bother you with,—got something for you in my vest pocket,—*(he pulls out a jeweller's box)* kind of a memento of this eventful day—talk about sparklets!—*(Produces a diamond necklace, very brilliant... Mrs. Smith does not scorn the necklace, she takes it eagerly and puts it on with an air).*

Mrs. Smith: Diamonds!—Beauties!—Thank you, Sandy—*(Florence and Charles enter, at back).*

Florence: Mrs. Smith—

Mrs. Smith: Miss Kenyon, from now on, I am Mrs. Alexander-Smith, with a hyphen! Don't forget. *(She stands*

centre, her eyes shining as brightly as the diamonds.) (Mrs. Samson runs in once more.)

Mrs. Samson: Oh, Eliza, the Club is leaving now,—they want to say good bye.

(Loud hubbub of voices approaches the door at L. Sandy hides behind Florence, in comic fright. She is laughing, Charles bewildered.)

Mrs. Smith (gaily): Lily, I hope you see my little diamonds! A new trinket Mr. Smith has just given me,—Isn't it pretty?

Sandy (in the corner): Trinket!—Little diamonds!

Mrs. Samson (completely dazzled): Oh!—Eliza—*(speechless).*

Mrs. Smith (significantly): Yes, indeed, now I must say goodbye!—

Voices of ladies (through the portieres): Goodbye, Mrs. Smith!—

Mrs. Smith (repeats it to herself, laughing): Yes, goodbye, Mrs. Smith!—Goodbye, Breezaboro! *(Then she sweeps magnificently through the portieres, L. to a loud chorus of "Goodbye, Mrs. Smith!")*

Curtain.

ACT II. NEWPORT.

The scene represents the interior of Mrs. Smith's (now Mrs. Alexander's) palatial villa at Newport, on a morning of late summer. A spacious drawing-room, or "morning-room," open, loggia-like, at back, showing marble terrace, many flowers, and sea-view beyond. The room is in white and gold,—much gold—with many mirrors, rich hangings of green velvet, furniture in gilt and pale-green brocade; tall electric lamps (marble statues), orange trees, vases of American Beauty roses... A very large, gilded arm-chair beside a table near stage-centre. Conspicuous on one wall, a large portrait of "Mrs. Alexander," which does not resemble her in the least. In the portrait, an evening wrap lined with ermine falls back, like a royal robe, over the chair in which she sits, and in one hand she holds a long American Beauty rose, like a sceptre... A jewelled tiara is on her head,

a King Charles spaniel on her knee.

Everything seems to glitter,—the room itself and the blue sea beyond... Automobile horns are frequently heard outside. Footmen in gorgeous livery come and go, with vases of roses, etc.

Enter Florence Kenyon, R., wearing a cool and simple white-linen dress. She has a little sprig of golden-rod in her hand, and also a book... Her face is fresh, her step is brisk.

Florence (to footman who is placing a vase of roses): Is Mrs. Alexander up yet?

Footman (scorning Florence): Don't know, miss. (He goes out, gorgeously.)

(Florence presses a bell-button in wall. A French maid enters, L.)

Florence: Berthe, is Mrs. Alexander up yet?

French Maid: Madame has raised herself up, yes, but her toilette is not yet finished. Mam'selle desires—?

(Her manner is pert.)

Florence: Mamselle desires Madame, as soon as she can get her. I suppose she'll come to this room?—I'll wait here.

French Maid: Madame will come—if it pleases her!—(Goes out shrugging. Exit Maid.)

(Florence imitates her shrug, and laughs a gurgling laugh.)

(Enter Charles Fuller, R. with his hands full of papers. In his gray summer suit he is only a shade less solemn than in Act I. His face is anxious.)

Florence: Hello!—Busy?

Charles: Good morning, Miss Kenyon. Is Mrs. Smith up yet?

Florence (correcting him): Mrs. Alexander!—She'll be down soon.

(He glances at clock which says eleven, and sighs. Places his papers on table, and makes some notes. Florence sits on arm of big chair, idly swinging her foot.)

Charles Francis, in that higher atmosphere where you dwell apart, is it cooler than it is down here on earth?

Charles (sitting down by table, centre): I'm quite cool, thank you.

Florence: My comrade, you are cold! (He attends to his papers, silently.)

Busy boy, I hate to see you working so hard on an August morning!—

Charles (haughtily): Naturally I must

attend to my duties.

Florence (untroubled by his snub, laughing): Look—I've been for an early walk and see what I found,—the first golden-rod!—Now could any flower be more appropriate to Newport than the golden-rod?—But it's a wild-flower, bless its heart!

(She kisses the sprig of golden-rod and makes a face at the American Beauty roses. Charles, watching her, forgets his papers.)

Charles: I see you have your Kipling with you, as usual,—“Ballad of East and West,” I fancy?

Florence (opening her book, quickly): No sir!—I was reading the poem called “An American,”—there's a strong thing, and in connection with this Newport business—good gracious!—You think it coarse, of course, but it isn't, really—

Charles: I don't quite remember it—

Florence: Well then, listen—you know, it's supposed to be the American Spirit saying all this—

(Reads.)

“Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,

* * * *

Blatant he bids the world bow down—”
and so on—Oh! now listen—

“But through the shift of mood and mood

*Mine ancient humor saves him whole,
The cynic devil in his blood
That bids him mock his hurrying soul”—*
et cetera—

“That chuckles through his deepest ire”—that's me!

Charles: I!

Florence: Here's you,—“He greets the embarrassed gods, nor fears”—et cetera—Now wait a moment,—here—

*“Lo, imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast,
And in the teeth of all the schools,
I—I shall save him at the last”!*

There!—that's the American Spirit, and I think that means the Sense of Humor!—

Charles: I rather fancy it means something deeper and more subtle than that.

Florence: It can't mean anything more subtle than that!—And in the teeth of everything, that shall save him

at the last—yes, and *her!*

(*She walks about the room.*)

Charles: Her?—Mrs. Alexander?—You think—

Florence (*laughing*): That she'll be saved? Yes, at the last! In spite of all her nonsense!

Charles (*anxiously*): How about the talk of—a—divorce?

(*He hates to say it.*)

Florence: All talk, and nothing doing!—Don't worry about that.

Charles: But how very—

Florence: Vulgar?—Yes, but that's Newport!

Charles: And about—Prince Sarski?

Florence: All bosh!—Newport, again. She'll stick to Sandy all right,—and I won't have you sniffing at Mrs. Alexander!

Charles: You laugh at her yourself.

Florence: Yes, and I laugh at you, Mr. Sniffy! You are both ridiculous.

(*Working herself up to a state of excitement.*)

Oh, I know why you stay on this job,—it's for our good! You hope to improve us both with your superiority—ha, ha! You don't believe what the American Spirit says there, you with your Earnest Purpose and your analytic mind working over-time!—You sit there, with your thoughts flowing on like the Charles River,—not very swift, not very broad, but *deep*, oh, very deep!—But I'm on to your latest little theory—I see through your deep-laid plot!

Charles: Plot? Really, Miss Kenyon—

Florence: Yes, really!

(*Pointing her finger at him.*)

Don't you think you are going to save Mrs. Alexander? Your good influence,—the New England influence!

Charles (*with some spirit*): Well, yes, Miss Florence, I do quite think so.

Florence: I knew it!—You're going to woo her away from the crudities of the West and the frivolities of Newport, and lead her gently on to higher things,—yes?

(*Charles bows solemnly.*) We'll see!—Perhaps between us both,—well, there she is between us both, East and West, and we'll see! But I tell you. Mr. Sober-side, that one laugh would be worth more than was ever dreamt of in your Puritan

philosophy!

(*She is out of breath.*)

(*Charles is trying to phrase a reply when a Gorgeous Footman enters.*)

Footman: The 'ead chauffeur wants to know about horders.

Florence (*airily*): Tell him that Mr. Fuller won't require any *hautomobiles* this morning. He prefers *hair-ships*.

Charles (*reproachfully*): Miss Kenyon, please!—There are no orders as yet, Jason.

(*Exit the Gorgeous one.*)

Florence, how can you be so—so—

Florence: So bright?—That was very funny, Charles, you should have laughed! But I do wish Mrs. Alexander would show up—I want to tell her about the Woman Suffrage League's appeal—

Charles (*with a forced laugh*): Ha, ha!—

Florence: That isn't funny—please don't laugh in the wrong place! If there's anything serious,—it's the Suffrage League.

Charles: My dear girl!—and I had something really important to talk to her about.

Florence: "Really important"!—Some of your darned old Causes!

Charles (*shocked*): Oh, Miss Kenyon!

(*Enter "Mrs. Alexander" L. She is less brisk and beaming than the Mrs. Smith of Act I, but even more commanding. Lines of care are on her brow, and the arrogance of wealth is seen there too, but the good humor is not all gone from her smile. She wears a morning gown of real lace, with a chain and other ornaments of pink topaz.*)

Good morning, Mrs. Sm—Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander: Are you two quarreling so early in the day? And such a warm day!

(*She yawns, and comes down centre, sits in the big chair, which has rather the appearance of a throne. Charles stands on one side of her and Florence on the other, like East and West.*)

Charles and Florence (*together*): Mrs. Alexander—

Mrs. Alexander (*not heeding them*): Is everything going well for my dinner to-night? The dinner of the season!

(*The secretaries exchange guilty*

looks.) •

My dear boy, what are all those papers? Are you doing Miss Kenyon's work and your own, as usual? (*To Florence playfully.*) Naughty girl!

Florence (quickly): Mrs. Alexander—

Charles (firmly): Mrs. Alexander—

Mrs. Alexander: One at a time, please.

Florence: Aren't you still interested in the Woman Suffrage League of Michigan?—There's an appeal from them to-day. I do hope—

(*Mrs. Alexander stifles another yawn.*)

Charles (earnestly): Mrs. Alexander, I beg your attention for the Ethics of Art Committee—they would like to have their next meeting at this house. Paul Vivien is going to talk on "Greek Columns as Supports of the Soul." (*Mrs. Alexander nods carelessly.*)

Florence (on the other side): Mrs. Alexander is his sole support!

Charles (more earnestly): And will you perhaps subscribe to the Anti-Moving-Picture Society?—Or the Newport Nervine, or the Hawthorne Home for Unmarried Sisters or—

Florence: Or the Society for the Prevention of Serious Secretaries!

Charles: Miss Kenyon!—And really Mrs. Alexander, I hope you'll consider the new Educational League—

Florence: To teach the children of the Rich how to dig in the sand!

Mrs. Alexander (turning from East to West, bored and bewildered): Do be quiet, Florence. I daresay I can give something to them all—but why bother about it now?—Is there any message from Prince Sarski?—

Florence (quickly): No, nothing.

(*Charles looks worried.*)

There was a letter from Breezeboro—(*Mrs. A. ignores this.*)

(*Enter Footman with a piece of paper in his hand.*)

Footman (advancing to Mrs. Alexander): Madam, the chef has sent up the meenoo for the dinner to-night—(*the menu is on pink paper.*)

Mrs. Alexander (taking it eagerly): Ah!—Let me see—(*Looks it over while Charles and Florence shrug their shoul-*

ders.)

Hum—yes—that's right—no, we must have another entree there,—let me see—I'll add humming birds' eggs cooked in claret—

(*She writes on the menu with her jewelled pencil.*)

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Mrs. Alexander: Mr. Fuller, this is not a class in Natural History. The chef must attend to that!—And (*writing again*) I want fresh strawberries—

Footman: Strawberries in August, madam?—

Mrs. Alexander (superbly): I wish them!—You may go—leave the menu here, I'll think it over carefully (*Footman going.*) Wait—have they got the blue water-lilies yet?—

Footman (pausing): Not yet, madam. And I 'ardly think—

Mrs. Alexander: You needn't think!—Go and tell someone—everyone—that I must have them.

(*Exit Footman.*)

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Mrs. Alexander (with an uneasy gesture): Don't preach!—

Charles: Is it necessary to have all these wines?

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(*Charles gives a faint and dreary laugh.*)

Mrs. Alexander: Necessary?—No! But I shall have them! I shall have a fountain of champagne in the centre of the table, if I want to, Charles Fuller,—It is necessary that my dinner should quite eclipse Mrs. Vantyne's! Now her ices were little bears, for Russia you know, but I'm going to have little Napoleons retreating from Moscow! Sherry has made them especially for me.

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this evening,—we came to make our excuses—but you would have it on my evening. “J. J.” is bringing out some friends to play Baccarat with the Prince, don’t you know?

Mrs. Alexander (firmly): But it was quite understood that the Prince would come to me for this evening—and I have a little surprise for him.

Mrs. Vantyne (in a sharp whisper, as before): My dear woman, poor Sarski is simply overdone with dinners, don’t you understand? Do let him off.

(While they are talking together, Sarski has picked up the dinner menu from table and read it with glistening eyes and teeth. Mrs. Alexander is turned away from him.)

Mrs. Alexander (in a fierce whisper): I can’t—it’s too late, you have no monopoly—

Mrs. Vantyne (same business): Yes, he belongs to me for this week—*(calling out gaily to Prince.)* My dear Sarski, I’m trying to explain to Mrs. Alexander that we can’t possibly come to dinner to-night—

Mrs. Alexander (more gaily): And I’m saying that I can’t get on without you! You mustn’t disappoint me, Prince.

Mrs. Vantyne: I can’t spare him to-night—come, Prince, we must be going—*(she crosses to R. of Prince.)*

Sarski (standing centre, between the two women, very smiling): Pardon,—I dine here to-night! *(He has hastily thrust the menu in his pocket.)*

(Mrs. Vantyne flashes with anger, Mrs. Alexander smiles triumphantly.)

Mrs. Alexander (drawing near to Sarski on L.): Of course, Prince!—I promise you won’t be bored.

Mrs. Vantyne (same business R.): But my Baccarat party, Monsieur! You are my guest, don’t forget—

(She is losing her temper.)

(Sarski smiles at both ladies in turn, but remains side of Mrs. Alexander as Mrs. Vantyne turns to go.)

Mrs. Alexander: Why not be my guest now?—*(playfully.)* If Mrs. Vantyne turns her back on you thus, let me send for your things and keep you here and protect you!

Sarski: Ah, thanks, madame! So charm-

ing!—Dear Madame Vantyne,—

(Following her a few steps.)

Mrs. Vantyne (looking back furious): Oh, pray don’t trouble to come with me, Monsieur Sarski!—I can send your luggage to you here with pleasure! But Mrs. Alexander Smith, this is extraordinary ingratitude, after all I’ve done for you!

Mrs. Alexander (feigned surprise): You have done for me, dear?—

Mrs. Vantyne: Oh, I haven’t been your *paid coach*, like Mrs. Vivien, but as your friend I *placed* you in Newport,—and now!—

Mrs. Alexander (still smiling sweetly, following her to door R.): And now I take the Prince away from you, and so take away your place as leader in Newport! Too bad! But he chose. Do try to be a better sport, dear!—

Mrs. Vantyne: I shall never forget!—

(Exit Mrs. Vantyne in a rage, R.)

Sarski (calling after her, up L.): *Au revoir*, dear madame! *(But she is gone.)*

Mrs. Alexander (flushed with victory. He crosses down L. C.): My dear Prince, this is a great compliment to me! I’m charmed to have you,—but I’m sorry she made such a row about it,—so unpleasant for you!

Sarski (shrugging): Not at all!—A jealous woman—I am used to dat. But it is a little awkward, yes, because I lost at de cards,—I owe her much money, and—

(His shrug and gesture express no money.)

Mrs. Alexander (with meaning): Don’t let that worry you at all!

Sarski (kissing her hand): Ah! Mona Lisa!—

Mrs. Alexander (laughing gaily): Of course we know that she will talk scandal about us,—she’ll take away my reputation if she can!

(She seems to enjoy the idea.)

Sarski: I will defend your honor—I will shoot somebody!

Mrs. Alexander: I wish you would shoot Fitzgerald — my chauffeur!—*(Crossing above table to mantel.)*

(An auto horn is blowing repeatedly outside.)

He’s the only man in the world I’m afraid of—*(she presses a button.)*

Sarski: You fear not your husband, no? (*She laughs.*) You divorce him, yes?—I will perhaps marry you!—

Mrs. Alexander (surprised): Marry me?—

(*Enter a footman R. Higgins*)

Tell Fitzgerald not to blow that horn! I shall come out presently.

(*Exit footman R.*)

Sarski: Or, you marry me!—

Mrs. Alexander (thinking aloud): (*To L.*) Princess!—

Sarski: My queen!—

Mrs. Alexander (briskly): We'll see!—(*Turning and crossing to R.C.*) Meanwhile I have a new car to try out—(*turning to him.*) Will you take a spin about Newport with me?

Sarski: Anywhere with you, Mona Lisa!

(*Kisses both her hands.*)

(*Enter Sandy Smith back, from the terrace.*)

Sandy Smith (taking his hat off): Hello, Eliza!—

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy—Mr. Smith!—Where did you come from?

(*Her smile of triumph changes to a frown of annoyance.*)

(*The prince on seeing Sandy starts hastily toward the door, R., passing below Mrs. Alexander, then stops and stands nervously by a chair, R. His smile does not fail.*)

Sandy (eyeing them both shrewdly, crossing down L. C.): Thought I'd give you a surprise, Eliza. Guess I did, eh?—

Mrs. Alexander: You did. Monsieur, this is my man of business from the West,—Mr. Smith, let me present you to Prince Sarski, of Russia.

(*Sarski bows gracefully, but continues to eye Sandy anxiously.*)

Sandy (bowing with exaggeration): How-de-do-sky Mr. Roosky? Won't you take a chairavitch?—

Mrs. Alexander (horrificed): Sandy—Mr. Smith!

(*Close to him.*)

I'm ashamed of you!—

Sarski (with forced laughter): Sandy ha, ha!—

(*He sits nervously on edge of chair R. Sandy is chuckling.*)

Mrs. Alexander (trying to control her

temper): I'm glad you find Mr. Smith so witty, Prince!

Sarski: Ah, yes, so funny, so American!

Mrs. Alexander: I find him very rude and intrusive.

Sandy (imperturbably): Well, I guess perhaps your "man of business" may be useful about now.

(*He sits, L. of table, but Mrs. Alexander remains standing, as if waiting for him to go.*)

Sarski (rising, gaily): If you are going to talk about de money-matters, perhaps Madame will permit her poor Prince to smoke on de terrace?

(*Rising, goes toward open loggia, R. C. back. Sandy watches him.*)

Sandy: Money don't interest you, Prince? Don't eh?

Sarski (smiling, shrugging, lighting a cigarette, at back): You permit, Mona Liza?—

Sandy (quickly): What's that he calls you?—What's that you call her sir?

Sarski (up C.): Mona Lisa—a little pet name!

Mrs. Alexander (quickly, R. C.): The Prince is playful!

Sandy: So he's funny too, eh? Well, I guess you better stay right here, sir, guess you and I had better get acquainted.

(*Sarski throws away his cigarette with a nervous jerk, and comes down a few steps.*)

Mrs. Alexander (uneasy): Mr. Smith, Prince Sarski and I are just going to try my new motor car—please don't detain us now,—I'll talk with you later.

Sandy (not heeding her): I think we've met before, sir,—in Paree, eh?

Sarski: I have not de honor to remember it, sir. I tink you make a mistake.

Sandy: I tink not,—and I guess you've got on to the idea that I'm this lady's husband?

(*Sarski has a moment of panic.*)

Mrs. Alexander (whispering to Sandy): Can't you keep quiet, Sandy? You don't understand—

Sarski (recovering himself quickly): So!—Her husband from whom she gets de divorce!

(*Sandy turns pale and gasps, looking at Eliza for explanation. She looks*

defiant. *A moment's pause.*)

Sandy (*choking*): What—what?—

Mrs. Alexander: Don't make a scene, Sandy!—

Sandy (*very quietly*): On second thoughts, sir, I guess you needn't wait. I guess you better get right along out of this—make yourself *scarce-ky!*—

Sarski (*feebly*): Ha, ha!

Mrs. Alexander (*enraged*): Sandy!—You shall not insult my guest—my Prince!

Sandy (*bursting*): Prince nothing! He's no more a prince than I am,—and I guess I ain't exactly one!

Mrs. Alexander (*gasping in her turn*): Sandy—how dare you?—

Sarski (*plucking up courage for one last moment*): Monsieur—how dare you?—

Mrs. Alexander: What do you mean?

Sarski: For whom do you take me, Mossieur?

Sandy: I take you for an imposter, an adventurer, a fakir, a gambler, a black-mailer and a dam, sneaking—

(*He stops at a wild gesture from Eliza,—she drops into a chair, holding her head. Sarski hides behind an orange-tree.*)

Mrs. Alexander (*overcome with horror*): Oh! You must be mistaken, Sandy!—

Sandy: No, Eliza, *I ain't*,—you know I never make mistakes about men, and I tell you I've encountered that jackanapes in Paris,—his fancy beard almost fooled me at first, but I thought I remembered his grin, and when he threw his cigaroot away I was dead sure of him. Oh, I know him, beard off or on! He was thrown out of the Roosian army—what his real name is Beelzebub only knows! But good lord, Eliza don't your swell friends know that Prince Sarski died in Siberia?—

Mrs. Alexander (*shakes her head, then speaks with effort*): Mrs. Vivien introduced him here—you remember, I met her in Paris. She knows *everybody everywhere*—oh, it seems impossible!

Sandy: All women are gulls, when it comes to titles. But perhaps she does know him!

(*A faint laugh comes from behind the*

orange-tree.)

Mrs. Alexander: Where is the villain?

Sandy: He took to the woods!

Sarski (*stepping out and leaning against a statue, with bravado*): Madame, I am here among de gods!

Mrs. Alexander: Idiot!—

(*She is still sunk in her chair.*)

Sandy: How long has he been in this house?

Mrs. Alexander: He had just come,—Oh! I had just got him away from Mrs. Vantyne!—oh!—

(*Begins to weep.*)

Sandy (*fiercely*): Eliza, you don't mean to say that you care for that grinning gazaboo?

Mrs. Alexander (*sobbing*): Care for him—no! But oh, the disgrace, the disgrace!—

Sandy: You pity him? You pity that—that

Mrs. Alexander: No-o! Pity *me*—the disgrace is to *me*! Oh! Sandy, why did you come just now, in my moment of triumph? Why did you ever come at all? It's all your fault!—

Sandy: My fault?—Well, by the Jumping Jehoshaphat!

Mrs. Alexander: Mrs. Vantyne will make me the laughing stock of Newport—what a revenge for her!—And if it's known here that you are my husband, my reputation will be lost!

Sandy (*gasping*): What—what?—

Sarski: Madame, I will defend your honor!—

Sandy (*turning on him*): Shut up!—Your little Newport game is all up now, and you can step right along! I think my wife's gone off her head—but that's my affair. Not *get*!

Sarski (*seizing his hat and going*): Adieu!

Mrs. Alexander (*in a ringing voice, springing up*): Stop! Wait!

(*At her tone Sarski pauses, and Sandy looks at her in surprise. She gathers herself together suddenly, and speaks with more and more force.*)

Listen, both of you,—I won't have my little Newport game spoilt! Sandy, you don't know what this means to me—

Sandy: I don't know what it all means about your reputation, and—

divorce!—

Mrs. Alexander: I say that my reputation will be lost if it's known that you are my husband, and in this house, because I'm supposed to be getting a divorce from you,—don't look so frightened, Sandy, you donkey!

(He does look frightened.)

It's only pretense, make-believe,—I wanted to be in the fashion!—I'm not really getting a divorce any more than I'm really having a love-affair with that wretch, Sarski—

Sarski (looking at a statue in mock grief): Cupid have pity!

Mrs. Alexander: Ass!—Now listen,—Sarski must be "Prince Sarski," and you, Sandy Smith, must be my "Man of Business." I will not have my triumph spoiled,—my great dinner shall come off to-night!

Sandy: But Eliza—

Mrs. Alexander: Don't butt in!—You promised to keep in the background,—well then go on keeping in the background, and let him go on playing his part, just as if nothing had happened,—do you see? I'll pay all his debts,—yes, I'll give you a salary, Sarski, to remain in my service till the season,—my puppet prince!—

(She looks scornfully at him, but he has regained his swagger during her speech and now takes out another cigarette, grinning, bowing.)

There'll be scandal talked about us, and I shall be utterly in the fashion!—Don't let it worry you, Sandy—*(looks scornfully at him)* it will be just as true as his title. *(Passionately.)* Sandy,—you don't know what I've had to go through, to arrive in Newport,—and now I have arrived,—why, to-morrow I shall be the leader, unless you—tell! Oh, I couldn't bear it!—Sandy, don't tell!—You may stay on a few days, as my business man. Let me play the game through the Newport season, then—we'll see! Do you agree?

(She looks at them both commandingly.)

Sarski (airily): I vill keep your secret, if he vill also keep mine!

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy?—

(Poor Sandy looks bewildered.)

Sandy (rubbing his head): Well, of all the hokey-pokey!—Well, if that's what you want, Eliza, I suppose—I guess—

Mrs. Alexander (quickly): Ah!—then it's all settled!

(Sits on her throne-chair again, and fans herself. Sarski lights his cigarette.)

Sarski, send somebody for your baggage, and keep yourself out of my sight till I want you.

(Sarski strolls toward the terrace.)

Mrs. Alexander (with long sigh of relief): Now where is that dinner menu?

Sarski (returns, with a skip and a grin): Voilà, madame!—

(Gives her the menu, from his pocket.)

Mrs. Alexander: Why, how did you get it?—

Sarski (chuckling): It got me!

(He prances out to the terrace, and is seen smoking his cigarette there, at last.)

Mrs. Alexander (bewildered): What?—Oh!—wretch!—Now if I can only get the blue water-lilies!—

Sandy: Blue Beelzebubs!—

(He looks really worried.)

(Enter Florence by way of the terrace, back. She nods to Sarski as she passes him, he throws a kiss at her.)

Florence: Mrs. Alexander—why Mr. Smith!—is that you? How are you? I am glad to see you!

(Shakes hands warmly.)

Sandy (meekly): Thank ye, Miss Florence, I'm glad somebody's glad! Newport hasn't changed you, eh?

Florence: Not a bit!

Sandy (twinkling): But Miss Florence, don't you know you ought to curtsy to a real live prince, when you pass him on the terrace?—

Florence (laughing): Oh, bother! You are the same dear old Funny Man, Mr. Smith!—Come on out in the garden and talk about Breezeboro—*(Sandy cheers up.)* that is, unless Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Alexander?—

Mrs. Alexander (with impatient gesture): Oh, go, by all means!—Do leave me alone!—

(Exit Sandy, with Florence, back. As they pass Sarski on terrace they both bow low, and their merry laughter is heard off scene.)

(Mrs. Alexander rises, stretches her arms as if in relief and relaxation,—then catches sight of Sarski on terrace and glares at him. He steps jauntily just out of sight. The motor-horn blows again loudly. Mrs. Alexander clenches her hands.)

Mrs. Alexander (calling out sharply, at back): Sarski—tell Fitzgerald not to blow that horn again!—Send him for your things—and tell him I'm not going out to-day—tell him I'm ill, sick!

(She comes down again, and throws herself into a chair with utter abandon.)

(Enter Gorgeous Footman, R., Jason with a card on a tray.)

Mrs. Alexander (wearily): Oh, Higgins—Jason—not more visitors?

Footman: Yes, madam, it's Mrs. Vivien, madam, and this hother lady—

(Presenting card.)

Mrs. Alexander (reading card): "Mrs Adam Berkeley Hill"—oh! I forgot, Mrs. Vivien said she was going to bring a friend from Boston this morning—what a bore!—

(Footman coughs.)

Oh, Higgins—

Footman (sadly): Hi am Jason, madam!

Mrs. Alexander (irritably): I don't care who you are, show them in here at once!—

(Exit Footman, very haughtily.)

(Mrs. Alexander darts toward terrace and calls—)

Sarski!—

(She darts to mirror and dabs powder on her nose, from a tiny gold box on her chain.)

(Enter Sarski, back.)

Sarski (with his grin): Does madame need me now?

Mrs. Alexander (throwing her words over her shoulder at him): Yes, Mrs. Vivien is calling, with a Mrs. Hill from Boston,—some freak I suppose, but we may as well make an impression on her!—Take that rose out,—you look idiotic.

(He throws away the big rose from his button-hole.)

And now, play the game!—

(Footman holds back the portiere, R. Enter Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Vivien. The latter is a dark, vivacious woman, with

sharp eyes and rather French gestures. She is dressed in an "artistic" manner. Mrs. Hill is—Mrs. Berkeley Hill. Dressed in dowdy black, with a little bonnet and stringy feather-boa, she yet has an air of distinction. She looks somebody. She is sixty, perhaps.)

Mrs. Vivien: Here I am!—

Mrs. Alexander: Good morning, my dear,—this is so nice.

Mrs. Vivien (introducing): Mrs. Hill—Mrs. Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander (with smiling air of importance, but looking Mrs. Hill all over with curiosity): Delighted to see Mrs. Hill, I'm sure.

Mrs. Hill (without delight): How do you do?—

Mrs. Vivien (to Sarski, who is bowing again and again): Bonjour, monsieur!

(He kisses her hand.)

Mrs. Alexander (impressively): Oh, Mrs. Hill, let me present my friend Prince Sarski, of Russia.

(Mrs. Vivien looks amused.)

Mrs. Hill (carelessly nodding): How de do, monsieur.

Sarski (bowing, as if to the Czarina): Madame!

(Places a chair for her. All sit. Clearly no "impression" has been made on Mrs. Hill as yet.)

Mrs. Alexander: I thought I would receive you very informally, in my morning-room!—

(Mrs. Hill gives a quizzical look at the gorgeous room, through her lorgnettes.)

It's cooler here,—the Prince was just saying it's the coolest spot in Newport,—do you get the breeze there, Mrs. Hill?—

Mrs. Hill: Thank you, I am quite cool. But I do think Newport a very warm place.

Mrs. Alexander: What! Our dear Newport?—

Mrs. Vivien (gaily): My dear, you don't know these Bostonians,—they find every place warm, except Nahant, but they themselves are always cool!

(Mrs. Alexander keeps making signs to Sarski to talk to Mrs. Hill, to "show off," make an impression.)

Sarski: Madame Hill should try Siberia!

Mrs. Hill (looking at him through her

glass, in amusement): You have been there, Monsieur?

Mrs. Alexander (nervously): Oh, the Prince is quite a hero!—And he has promised to spend a week or two with me!

Mrs. Hill (still perfectly indifferent): Yes?—

(Mrs. Vivien is much amused at this scene.)

Mrs. Alexander (condescendingly): You are from Boston?—One of my secretaries is from Boston.

Mrs. Hill (with the first attention she has shown): Yes, I know,—it's young Charles Fuller.

Mrs. Alexander: You know him?

Mrs. Hill: But of course!—I came here at his re—that is to say, I should like to see him.

Mrs. Alexander (astonished): You wish to see my secretary?

Mrs. Hill: My good woman, of course I want to see Charley Fuller!—

(Mrs. Alexander presses a button, R., with a haughty air. At same time she makes impatient gestures to Sarski, who engages Mrs. Hill in conversation though she is bored with him. Mrs. Vivien follows Mrs. Alexander to R.)

Mrs. Vivien: My dear creature, she is *Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill*—there's only one! Only one in all the world!

Mrs. Alexander: But her clothes!—

Mrs. Vivien: She can wear anything she pleases, do anything she pleases. Money bores her, and she doesn't often call on new people, so please appreciate this!—

(Enter Footman, R.)

Mrs. Alexander (to Footman): Ask Mr. Fuller to come to me. Tell him Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill is here.

(Exit Footman, R.)

(Mrs. Vivien crosses L. Mrs. Alexander looks at Mrs. Hill with new interest, and draws a chair close to her.)

Sarski (to Mrs. Vivien): And what is dat dear Paul doing now?

Mrs. Vivien: Oh, my poor Paul is hard at work on a statue for Mrs. Alexander—

Sarski: A statue of me, yes?—Ha, ha!

Mrs. Vivien: Yes, of you as "Prince Fortunatus"!—

(Laughs merrily, Mrs. Alexander gives a forced laugh. Sarski grins. Mrs. Hill looks bored.)

Mrs. Vivien: By the way, have you admired the portrait of Mrs. Alexander?—Have you noticed it, Mrs. Hill?

(She leads Sarski to fire-place, L. where they stand, whispering and laughing together.)

Mrs. Hill (looking at portrait through her glasses, smiling): Mrs. Alexander?—It looks like Chartran!

Mrs. Alexander (gushing): How clever of you, dear Mrs. Hill!

Mrs. Hill (abruptly, to Mrs. Alexander): How long has he been with you?

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, he has just come to-day,—I'm having a little dinner for him to-night, just an informal affair,—I do hope you'll come with Mrs. Vivien?

(Mrs. Hill tries to speak, but Mrs. Alexander rushes on.)

Isn't he charming?—Of course he's only a distant relation of the Czar, but even so, blood will tell, don't you think?

Mrs. Hill (very drily): I do. But I was not speaking of Prince Sarski, I was speaking of Charley Fuller.

Mrs. Alexander (taken aback for an instant): Oh!—*(rallying)* Oh, the dear boy has been with me several months.—really I forget—but I think I may say I have done a good deal for him!

Mrs. Hill (giving her a quizzical look through her glasses): Indeed!

(Mrs. Alexander moves uncomfortably in her chair, and calls to Mrs. Vivien—it is like a call for help.)

Mrs. Alexander: Mrs. Vivien, my dear, I do hope you'll bring Mrs. Hill to my little dinner to-night.

(Mrs. Vivien crosses to her.)

Mrs. Hill: Thank you, but I hope you will excuse me,—I'm too old-fashioned for these Newport dinners!

(Mrs. Alexander looks appealingly at Mrs. Vivien, who shrugs.)

(Enter Charles Fuller quickly, from the terrace. He hurries forward. Mrs. Hill brightens instantly.)

Charles: My dear Mrs. Hill! How do you do?—

Mrs. Hill (holding out her hand): Well, young Charles!—Here we are!

(Charles bows to Mrs. Vivien, but

talks only to Mrs. Hill.)

Charles (softly, earnestly): This is delightful!—You got my note?

(Mrs. Hill nods.)

It's so sweet of you to come—

(He glances toward Mrs. Alexander, but she is whispering to Sarski, up stage.)

to help me in this matter. I do quite think I have done a good deal for her, but you can do more. She's really a very good sort, you know, but—my hope is—if we could draw her away from all this—to Boston!—

(He drops into the lowest murmur, and he and Mrs. Hill become absorbed in conversation together, though she looks amused. Sarski tries in vain to engage her attention on the other side,—she ignores him.)

Mrs. Vivien (with Mrs. Alexander, L. centre): How did you get him away from Mrs. Vantyne?—

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, that was easy, my dear!—

Mrs. Vivien: Well, *chérie*, don't forget that I introduced him to you.

Mrs. Alexander (drily): No, I won't!—Now can't you persuade Mrs. Hill to come to dinner to-night?

Mrs. Vivien: Impossible, my dear!—

Mrs. Alexander: It's going to be wonderful!—You know my dinner-table with a tank in it—real water and a fountain? Yes, with water lilies, and overhead a great bell of Russian violets, and the room will be lighted with those tall Russian candle sticks,—a lot of them—and then after dinner, while we are drinking Russian coffee on the terrace, such a surprise!—The great Russian singer, Lina Lowska, will sing Russian folk-songs!—

Mrs. Vivien: Charming!—Clever creature!—It will be great fun, I wouldn't miss it for anything, but it wouldn't make the slightest impression on Mrs. Hill!—

Mrs. Alexander (looking troubled): She's more interested in my secretary than in me—or the Prince!—

Mrs. Vivien: He's a Bostonian!—

Mrs. Alexander: Perhaps she would stay to luncheon?

Mrs. Vivien: Perhaps—for his sake. But don't urge.

Mrs. Alexander: Well, you suggest staying, will you?

Mrs. Vivien: I'll do my best. By the way, dear, I had to get a new gown for your dinner, and I'm almost broken!—I've been—yes, as usual!

Mrs. Alexander: Losing at Bridge? Ah! You won't follow my advice and take all the chances!—

Mrs. Vivien: Oh, you play in luck,—“grand slams” always! If only it isn't grand smash some day!

Mrs. Alexander: Nonsense!—Shall I let you have a thousand? Will that do?—

Mrs. Vivien: Oh, thank you, dear!—That will quite do.

(She is radiant.)

Mrs. Hill, shall we stay to lunch with my good friend here?

(Coming close to Mrs. Hill.)

I think we may as well, if you don't mind!

Mrs. Alexander (quickly): Mr. Fuller will lunch with us also—all very informal!—I'll send you home in my new machine after lunch—

Mrs. Hill (smiling coldly): Thank you, but you will not!

Mrs. Vivien (quickly): Mrs. Hill never rides in automobiles!

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, very well!—But meanwhile I do want you to see my garden, Mrs. Hill. I'm quite the old-fashioned *chatelaine*, you know,—I keep the keys of the house and the garden in my own hands!—

Mrs. Vivien: Golden keys, dear!—*(to Mrs. Hill)* I want you to help choose the spot for Paul's new statue—

Mrs. Hill: By all means let us go to the garden.

Sarski: I will escort these ladies,—you come, *belle chatelaine*?

Mrs. Alexander (hesitating): I—I will join you in a moment—

Sarski: Allons!—

(He follows Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Vivien out back, across terrace. Mrs. Alexander and Charles left alone on the scene a moment. She presses a bell-button, L.)

Charles (hesitating): You wish me to lunch with you?

Mrs. Alexander (abstractedly): Yes,—yes.

(She looks after Mrs. Hill with a

troubled face.)

Now what is it about that woman?—She wears that old rag of a feather boa as if it were an ermine mantle!—

Charles (gently): I don't see anything the matter with her boa,—it's the same one she's always worn.

(Exit Charles to garden.)

(Enter French Maid, L.)

Mrs. Alexander (still absorbed in thought): The same one—that's just it

Maid: Madame desires?—

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, Berthe!—Bring my garden-hat, and a veil and gloves—and a parasol.

(Exit Maid L.)

(Enter Sandy Smith, R., cautiously.)

Sandy (with twinkle in his eyes): Well, Eliza, who have you roped in now?

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy, you can't lunch with me to-day, you can lunch with Florence or else go to the hotel.

Sandy: All right, Eliza—

(Enter Berthe, L., with hat and other things.)

Mrs. Alexander: Sh!—On the table, Berthe,—that will do.

Berthe: Bien, madame.

(Exit L., leaving things on table. Mrs. Alexander takes the hat, a very large lace affair trimmed with roses, and jabs a long hat-pin in and out of it.)

Sandy: Who have you roped in now, Eliza?

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, just a—a Boston woman—*(Jabs hat viciously.)*

Sandy: Good lord, 'Liza, what's the matter with your hat?—

Mrs. Alexander: It looks so new!—

(Sandy stares at her. She gives hat a shake, then puts it on.)

By the way, Sandy, can you let me have a thousand right now?—It's for Mrs. Vivien, a "loan," but she'll never pay it back, you know!

Sandy: By the hokey-pokey!—

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, well, she's done me several favors,—she's been coaching me, so to speak,—of course I don't pay her a salary, but—some of your money goes her way, Mr. Smith!—

Sandy: Does, eh? Well, I guess I've got plenty in my vest pocket—

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy, don't be

bourgeois!—Don't say *vest*, please say *waistcoat*. Thanks!—

(He hands her a roll of bills which she hastily conceals in her parasol as Footman enters, R., carrying a large valise with coat-of-arms all over it.)

Footman: 'Is lordship's grip, madam.

Mrs. Alexander: Take it upstairs to the first guest-suite—

(Footman going—she points a scornful finger at the valise, speaking to Sandy.)

Behold his coat-of-arms!

(Sandy chuckles.)

Footman (at door R.): Madam, the Chinese wants to speak to you.

Mrs. Alexander: Jinjo?—well, what is it, Jinjo?

Jinjo (entering with basket, bowing): Blue water-lily!—

(Holds up blue pond-lilies.)

Mrs. Alexander (delighted): Really! You found them?

Jinjo: Jinjo made them.

Mrs. Alexander: What? Artificial?

Jinjo: No, honorable 'live lotus, all blue!

Footman: 'E took some blueing hoff the laundry, madam!—

Jinjo: Make white lotus all blue!

Mrs. Alexander (to Sandy): These clever Japs!—

Jinjo: Those flower go to sleep at night.

Mrs. Alexander: What? You mean they will close at dinner? But they mustn't, I won't allow them to!

(Jap bows respectfully.)

Jinjo: Jinjo has also more surprise—*(Darts off R.)*

Sandy: Say, why don't you dress him up as the Mikado and let him sit opposite to Prince Sarski at dinner?

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, do be quiet!

(Jinjo darts in again with a bunch of golden-rod and pine.)

Jinjo: See—go'den rods, pines,—New England!

Footman (with utter contempt): Wild flowers!—

(Exit R.)

Mrs. Alexander (with sudden inspiration): Jinjo, you go and arrange the lunch-table with golden-rod and pine—take away the roses, and make it a New

England table, you understand? All very simple. Tell them to serve a simple lunch—

Jinjo: Baked-beans?

Mrs. Alexander: No, no! The chef will know, run along—

(Exit Jinjo.)

Sandy: Well, old girl, you've got your blue pond-lilies and your prince—guess you've got Newport!—Satisfied at last?

Mrs. Alexander (pulling on her gloves): No, I'm not.

Sandy: Hell's fires!—what more do you want?—Just name it and I'll buy it for you.

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy, don't always be talking about money. Money bores me!

(He stares.)

I want something that can't be bought.

Sandy: Case of woman's wit?

Mrs. Alexander (going up towards terrace): Yes!

Sandy: What do you want now?—

Mrs. Alexander (standing in open loggia with dramatic pause): I want—Beacon Hill!

(Sandy rubs his head.)

(Mrs. Alexander steps out on terrace, opens her sunshade, and the forgotten bank-notes flutter down all round her.)

Curtain.

ACT III. "BEACON HILL."

The scene represents the drawing room of one of the old houses on Beacon street, looking across the Common,—a room of quiet tone, almost dingy, but elegant and dignified. Hangings of faded blue damask and old tapestry, furniture covered with same damask. White paneling, rather smoky. Windows at L., with some violet-colored panes. View of Common, in spring. Flowers in windows, hyacinths, etc. Old blue and white vases with branches of forsythia and pussy-willows. Bowl of May-flowers on centre table, many books on table. Fire-place at back a little left of centre, fire burning. Mahogany door at R., back, leading to hall, and mahogany door, R., leading to library. Large bust of Dante on low book-case, R. Two Copley portraits, one, a man, over door at back, and

the other, a woman, over fire-place. It is late afternoon. (The room is lighted later, by gas and kerosene-lamps.) At rise of curtain, Mrs. Alexander discovered standing at window, L., deep in thought. She has somehow acquired an air of distinction, and in her black chiffon tea-gown, without jewelry, she looks something between the Antigone of Sophocles and Mrs. Berkeley Hill.)

(Enter R., back, a sombre and elderly Butler, in black. He has a newspaper in his hand.)

Butler: The Transcript, madam.

(Mrs. Alexander does not move. Butler places Transcript on centre-table, carefully, and exit R., back. Mrs. Alexander moves slowly to table, picks up paper, yawns, and puts it down again. Goes to fire-place, still thinking.)

(Enter R. back, Florence, in spring street costume, followed by Charles.)

Charles: You must admit, Miss Florence, that Boston has a peculiar charm of its own in the spring.

Florence (pulling off her gloves in jerks): Very peculiar!—

Mrs. Alexander (from the fire-side): Have you two had a good walk?

Charles: Oh, Mrs. Alexander, pray pardon us! We didn't see you.

Florence: Charles Fuller's idea of a spring walk is to drag me up to Copp's Hill Burying-ground! Oh, is it up or down?

Mrs. Alexander: My dear, when you live on Beacon Hill, wherever you go, you go down!—

Florence (laughing): Mrs. Alexander is a true Bostonian now!

(But Charles looks doubtful.)

Charles (intensely): Mrs. Alexander, we saw one squirrel on the Common—just one!

Florence: And he had no tail!

Charles: Dear Miss Florence, I do think he had, but it was not quite—finished.

Florence (gurgling): Oh—oh!—Charles Fuller has made a joke!

(He stares at her, puzzled.)

Charles: Mrs. Alexander, you haven't forgotten that the Cameo Club will meet here this evening?

Mrs. Alexander: No indeed!—

Charles: And I hope they will do something for my Squirrel Rescue League. I think Professor Winthrop may make some valuable suggestion.

Mrs. Alexander (beaming): He is really coming?—Delightful!

Florence: Oh, he's great,—talks Henry James right off the reel!

(Charles turns away from her, with a shocked look.)

Charles (intensely): I am so very glad, Mrs. Alexander, that you have been made a member of the Cameo Club. And, *(looking out of window, L.)* I am always so grateful to you for having taken this house, with the violet window panes!—To look out across the Common through these panes is like—like—

Florence: Looking backward!

(He ignores her.)

Mrs. Alexander: Yes, I never have felt really at home anywhere before!—

(Florence chokes a laugh just in time. Charles looks hopefully at Mrs. Alexander.)

Charles: Now, Mrs. Alexander, I think we ought to attend to certain matters, before the Club-meeting. Can you give me your attention for a few minutes?

Mrs. Alexander (rising, wearily): Oh, yes—come into the library—come Florence!—

(Charles holds open the mahogany door, R., and Mrs. Alexander passes through.)

Florence (following Mrs. Alexander, pauses and whispers to Charles, with twinkling eyes): Is she saved?—

Charles (very gently): Hush!—

(He follows Florence off R., closing door behind them.)

(Enter Butler, back, showing in a visitor.)

Butler: This way if you please, madam—

(Enter Mrs. Vivien, as vivacious as ever, but wearing a dowdy dust-coat and traveling veil, etc.)

I will find Mrs. Alexander, madam—
(Exit, back.)

Mrs. Vivien (looking around the room): Well, well!—*Mon Dieu!*—Wonderful!—

(Her swift glance takes in everything.

She picks up the books on the centre-table.)

"Boston Blue Book"—Browning — Henry James—the "Atlantic Monthly"—perfectly delicious!—

(She looks up, her eyes light on the two portraits.)

Oh, la, la!—Copleys, I declare,—Copleys or copies!—Madame — monsieur!—

(She makes a curtsey to each in turn.)

My compliments!—You sit up there in the most naturally unnatural manner,—I wonder what you think of your new descendant?—Your *brand-new* descendant!—Do you ever solemnly wink at each other, when you look down at her? No?—You don't look at her at all?—My compliments, madame—monsieur!

(Curtseys again, laughing.)

(Mrs. Alexander has opened the door, R., during this little scene, and has stood watching Mrs. Vivien with contracted brows, biting her lips. Now she forces a laugh and hurries forward.)

Mrs. Alexander: Well, my dear, paying your respects to my Copleys?

Mrs. Vivien (shaking hands): Your ancestors, dear?

Mrs. Alexander (firmly): Yes,—from Salem. He is Colonel Peabody and she is Betty Devereux. They married, and their grand-daughter was the Elizabeth Peabody, for whom I was named.

Mrs. Vivien (laughing): Delicious!—Where did you pick up your ancestors?—

Mrs. Alexander (drily): At the North End, in a very old house—now a junk-shop.

Mrs. Vivien: Dear clever creature!

(Mrs. Alexander sits, near fire. Mrs. Vivien standing by fire, looks at her, then at "Betty Devereux" above the mantel-piece, with quizzical smile. Mrs. Alexander looks uncomfortable, and speaks coldly.)

Mrs. Alexander: When did you get back?

Mrs. Vivien: This very day!—Came to you first thing! You've been getting on, it seems?

(She darts about the room.)

Perfect—perfect!—

Mrs. Alexander (haughty): I've done rather well,—in spite of your desertion.

Mrs. Vivien: But you know I *always* spend the winter in Rome, *cara mia*. I can't endure Boston in the winter!

Mrs. Alexander (drily): Well, I have weathered 'a Boston winter,—no, it wasn't easy!—but now it's spring and—(*impressively*) to-night the Cameo Club meets at my house!

Mrs. Vivien (much amused): No, really? You've got into *that*?

Mrs. Alexander: Yes,—Charles Fuller arranged it.

Mrs. Vivien: Ah! that young man must be rather useful to you in Boston!—And is that girl still with you?

Mrs. Alexander (smiling): Florence? Oh, yes!—if she weren't I hardly think Charles would be. Oh, he thinks he's staying here for my good—he thinks he's influencing me, and he thinks I don't know it! But really he's in love with Florence.

Mrs. Vivien (shrugging): Well, she's pretty!—

Mrs. Alexander (impulsively): She's more than that, she has character!—When I see how she keeps her head through everything—not dazzled by Newport, not awed by Boston, and always is just *herself*—I declare I almost despise myself!—

Mrs. Vivien (gushingly): Oh, my dear, don't say that!—Yours is the kind of genius that develops—progresses. You are adaptable, subtle,—and you are playing your part so well! Don't wish yourself in the simple *ingénue* role!

(*Mrs. Alexander smiles, gratified and flattered.*)

Now tell me,—where is Prince Sarski?

Mrs. Alexander (with a little shudder, her face clouding again): He too has got into Boston society!

(*Mrs. Vivien laughs loudly, and prances about the room, in imitation of Sarski.*)

He followed me up here, and I've had to introduce him right and left. Of course he's in my power—but so also am I in his!—

Mrs. Vivien: *Quelle comédie!*

Mrs. Alexander (irritably): Do talk English, and do sit down!

(*Mrs. Vivien sits for a moment.*)

I've told Sarski not to come here this

evening—he gets on my nerves!—The Beals-Brownes have him in tow at present. The daughter, you know, is the belle of Boston.

Mrs. Vivien: Yes, she danced her way in!—I don't mean waltzing, I mean *bal-let*! You haven't tried *that*, have you, dearie?

Mrs. Alexander: Thank you, I haven't needed to—I have got in without it. What are you laughing at now?

(*For Mrs. Vivien is always laughing.*)

Mrs. Vivien: My dear, as if an outsider could ever get in, really, in Boston!—

(*Mrs. Alexander bites her lip.*)

And if you've done so well without me, dear, I need hardly have left Rome at the most charming moment and come rushing over here to see you! Yes, came just as I was, with nothing but rags in my trunk—behold how seedy I am!

(*She holds out her hands in shabby gloves.*)

Mrs. Alexander: I shall be happy to—(*Hesitates.*)

Mrs. Vivien: Give me a new spring outfit?—Oh, the dear woman!

(*Throws her a kiss.*)

Mrs. Alexander: That is, if you won't—

(*Glances at portraits.*)

Mrs. Vivien: Give away your ancestors from Salem Street? No indeed, I adore them and you! Boston would be too dull without you!

(*She executes a few minuet steps, humming, in front of the portraits.*)

Mrs. Alexander: Do sit down!—

Mrs. Vivien: No, I must run away.

Mrs. Alexander: You'll come to the Club this evening?

(*Mrs. Vivien makes a wry face.*)

I may need you—there are still two or three things I don't quite understand.

Mrs. Vivien: I rather think there are!

Mrs. Alexander: I'm awfully tired,—it's the spring, I suppose.

Mrs. Vivien: No, dear, it's *Boston*!—Well, I'll try to come in, but they do bore me to death.

Mrs. Alexander (impressively): Professor Winthrop is coming.

Mrs. Vivien: Oh, the tiresome thing!—Oh, la, la!

(*Mrs. Alexander looks horrified.*)

The Cameo will talk and *talk*—and do nothing!

Mrs. Alexander (firmly): I intend that we shall do something to-night!

Mrs. Vivien (amused): Really?—What's on?

Mrs. Alexander: For one thing, we are to discuss the question of a fountain in Copley Square—

Mrs. Vivien (eagerly): Oh, my dear! Paul has just made the design for a fountain,—it would be just the thing!—Do let me show it to the Club this evening? Poor dear Paul would come over with me, leaving a lot of work unfinished on Rome.

Mrs. Alexander (wearily): Very well, my dear, certainly. And then—

(*Enter Charles, R.*)

Charles: Mrs. Alexander—I beg your pardon—how do you do, Mrs. Vivien—Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Johnson wants to know if you will serve on the Bottled Milk Committee?—

Mrs. Alexander: The *what*?

Charles: It means pure milk for poor babies,—she wants you to inspect the bottles,—or the babies,—I forget which. (*He looks embarrassed.*)

Mrs. Alexander: The nerve of the woman!

Charles (gently): She was an Adams.

Mrs. Alexander (changing her tone): Oh, was she?—Well, say that I'll think it over.

Charles: Very well.

(*Exit R.*)

Mrs. Vivien: Dearie, a word in your ear—don't let the Adamses worry you!

(*Mrs. Alexander looks bewildered.*)

Now I must fly back to the hotel to change my rags, and get a bite of dinner—I suppose there won't be anything to eat to-night?

Mrs. Alexander: Light wine and seed cake!

Mrs. Vivien (laughing): Exactly! Oh, but I'll come! With you it will be as good as a comedy!—

(*Going.*)

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, by the way—they seem to think here that I'm a widow, and I let it go at that—you understand! Divorce isn't quite the thing in Boston.

Mrs. Vivien (with a shrug and a sigh): *Mon Dieu*, I know that!—So you've buried Sandy Smith alive? Where?—

Mrs. Alexander: I don't know where he is, I wish I did!—That is—I mean—oh, well, I haven't seen him for months.

(*She betrays a little anxiety.*)

Mrs. Vivien (gaily): Well, I'll try to bring my little husband this evening, but you know what he is!—Anyhow I'll bring the sketch—*Au revoir*, dear. *Au revoir* madame, monsieur!

(*She bows goodbye to the portraits and exits back. Her merry laugh is still heard off scene.*)

Mrs. Alexander (alone, stretches herself wearily, takes a turn up and down the room): Oh!—Her laugh gets on my nerves! Heavens, how tired I am!—Shall I ever understand this Boston?—

(*Looks up at portrait of "Betty Devereux."*)

What are you smiling at? Are you laughing at me, too?—

(*She goes to mirror at wall L., between windows, and looks at herself, then up at portrait, then back into mirror.*)

Eliza Smith, you fool!—Pretty soon all Boston will be laughing at you!—You had almost begun to think those really were your ancestors—but now! *Now look*—do you look like their descendant?

(*In scorn of herself she whirls away from the mirror, goes toward door at back, and looks quickly at man's portrait.*)

Don't you dare to wink at her!—

(*She looks around the room, shuddering. The scene is growing dusky.*) ...

Ugh! I believe this old house is haunted! And the ghosts won't speak to me, I'm not one of the family! I'm all alone, I'm all alone in this musty old house, where the pictures on the wall laugh at me! Oh!

(*She huddles down by the fire, hiding her face in her hands.*)

(*Butler shows in a visitor,—a man—Sandy Smith. Exit Butler.*)

(*Sandy comes forward a few steps, stands hesitating.*)

Sandy (softly): Eliza—

(*Mrs. Alexander springs up with a shriek, then sees him, and rushes to him, clinging to him, hysterical.*)

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, Sandy! Is it you?—Oh, don't be a ghost, Sandy!—Don't be a buried-alive Sandy—be real!—

Sandy: Well, well, Eliza! Well by the hokey-pokey!

Mrs. Alexander (drawing back, ashamed): Excuse me, Sandy,—you startled me,—I thought you were far away.

Sandy: All right, old girl!—

(She drops into a chair, he pats her shoulder, awkwardly.)

But what's the matter, eh?

Mrs. Alexander: That Vivien woman has just been here, and—she laughed at me!—And that minx on the wall there—Betty Devereux—she's laughing at me!

Sandy: Betty Beelzebub!—

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, yes, I think so!—I don't belong to her and *she* doesn't belong to *me*!—

Sandy: Well, I guess she does,—bought and paid for.

Mrs. Alexander: That makes it all the worse! You don't understand,—and I don't, quite!—I only know that I'm a fool.

Sandy: Oh, I guess not, Eliza! But have you kept your head?

Mrs. Alexander: No, I haven't!—I've gone and put myself into that Vivien woman's power by telling her my secrets, and I was already in Sarski's power!—My trouble all began with that Sarski business—I've gone on lying and *pretending* ever since. Oh, what a mess!—It all gets on my nerves—and Boston gets on my nerves!

(She sobs.)

Sandy (standing in front of the fire, his hands in his pockets, looks down at her anxiously, his head on one side): Had enough, Eliza?

Mrs. Alexander: N-no!—

Sandy: What do you want *now*?

Mrs. Alexander: I don't know—I mean—oh, I don't know what I mean nor what I want!

Sandy (with inspiration): I know what you mean—you mean—

(Strikes an attitude and spouts.)

Ship me west of Massachusetts,
Where the worst is like the best,
Where there ain't no Copley portraits

And a man may wear a vest!—

Mrs. Alexander (laughing wildly): Oh, Sandy, dear, I didn't know you were so clever! Ha, ha, ha!—

(Suddenly stops laughing and springs to her feet.)

Oh, but I'm forgetting—the squirrels are coming!—

(She looks rather wild. Sandy stares at her in alarm.)

Sandy: Steady, old girl!—the *what*, eh?—

Mrs. Alexander: I mean the Cameo Club,—think of it, Sandy, the *Cameo Club* meets here to-night! I've been made a member!—That means *everything*, in Boston.

Sandy: In Boston! Say, Eliza, I thought Boston had got on your nerves?

Mrs. Alexander (getting hysterical again): My nerves, yes! I'm not fit to receive the Club to-night! And they'll be here soon!—

Sandy: Send 'em word you're sick. Put 'em off.

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, I couldn't!—Why, Sandy, *Professor Winthrop* is coming to-night—the great Professor Winthrop of Harvard!

Sandy (easily): Oh, let Professor Winthrop go to the devil!

Mrs. Alexander (hysterical): He c-can't,—he's a Unitarian!

Sandy (roaring with laughter): Haw-haw!

Mrs. Alexander (calming herself with effort): Do be quiet, Sandy,—I really must pull myself together and go through with this evening. I'm not afraid of these Bostonians! I—I've been a little upset, but I'm all right again now. I'll have my Boston triumph to-night, just as I had my great Newport triumph!—I put down Lily Samson in Breezoboro, and Mrs. Vantyne in Newport,—and shall I be put down by *Betty Devereux*?—No!—

(She looks defiantly at portrait.)

Now, Sandy, you keep out of the way, as usual, but I advise you to peep at the Club—it'll be as good as a "show"!—And you'd better be within call, Sandy, in case anything—happens.

Sandy: Good lord, 'Liza, what can *happen*?

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, I don't know—I feel queer!—

(Enter Florence in haste, wearing a pretty house-gown. She is followed by Butler, who solemnly lights gas and lamps.)

Mrs. Alexander looks disheveled and tear-stained.

Florence: Mrs. Alexander! Oh, Mr. Smith! I'm so glad—excuse me, but do you know how late it is? Past dinner time, and the Club will be here in a few minutes! Charles says they always come promptly at eight.—I thought you were in your room—I didn't know—

(She gives them a curious glance.)

Sandy: Didn't know Smithy had turned up again, eh?

(He and Florence shake hands.)

Mrs. Alexander: I didn't realize it was so late,—I'll go at once—

(Enter Charles, back, in evening clothes, many papers in hands.)

Charles (terribly excited): Mrs. Alexander—I beg your pardon, but the Club!—

Mrs. Alexander: Yes, yes, I'm just going to dress,—yes, I'll hurry!—I don't want any dinner, just send me a glass of sherry—you go and eat dinner, Sandy—don't follow me, anybody,—the sherry and the powder-box will make me all right!

(Exit back.)

Butler (solemnly, to Sandy): Will you dine, sir?

Sandy: Yes, sir, I will sir!

(He pulls a long face, in imitation of Butler, then winks at Florence. Exit Butler.)

Sandy: Say, where's Jinjo?—

Charles: Jinjo is studying at Harvard.

Sandy: By the hokey-pokey!—Well, Charlie, my boy, how are all the seconds and thirds around here?

Charles: The what?—I don't quite—

Sandy: How's the *juness dorée* of Boston? William the Second and Charles the Third, et cetera!

Charles: Oh!—

(He looks uncertainly at Florence, sees her laughing, and then forces a faint laugh himself.)

Ah, ha, ha!—Very good!—

Florence (declaiming): "I—I shall

save him at the last!"

Sandy: Well, coming to dinner, you two?—

Florence: Thanks, we little ones have had early tea in the nursery!—And poor Charlie is so excited about the squirrels!—But I'll join you later, Mr. Smith.

Sandy: All right,—fine girl, Charlie!

(He gives Charles a dig in the ribs as he goes off, back.)

(Exit Sandy.)

(Charles arranges papers, chairs, etc., in a fidgety, nervous manner. Florence shakes up sofa cushions, etc.)

Florence: I wonder what's the matter with Mrs. Alexander?

Charles: Why of course she feels a little nervous about the Cameo Club,—it's a crisis in her life!—

Florence (thoughtfully): I believe it is—

Charles: But I do hope she won't be late—it would make a very bad impression on Miss Wilton and Mr. Madison.

Florence: Oh, those old fossils!

(She shakes a cushion vigorously.)

Charles (shocked): My dear girl, they are pillars of the Club! Mr. Madison has always been President, and Miss Wilton is—his cousin.

(He places arm chair by table.)

There, I think Mrs. Hill will like to sit here,—of course she really rules the Club.

Florence (with spirit): I'll wager that Mrs. Alexander will be running it soon! She'll show them!—

(But Charles shakes his head sadly.)

Charles: Hardly that, I think. She isn't, after all, a Bostonian!—

(Florence picks up the Blue Book, shakes it viciously and bangs it down on the table.)

Florence: Charles Francis, you remind me of the Funny Man who made a comic curtain speech at the Tremont Theatre one night, and said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I was always born in Boston!"—

Charles (seriously): I wonder if he always was?

(Florence groans, and makes another attack on the sofa pillows.)

Miss Florence, I regret deeply that you cannot belong to the Cameo Club—

I fear you feel it,—but the conditions are, absolutely, that one must have New England ancestors—

Florence (poking the fire, vigorously): Thank you, Mr. Fuller, for thinking of my feelings!—But my strong feeling is that there are other things in the world besides Cameos and Copleys!—Oh, I'll remember your hint that I'm not expected this evening!

Charles (gently): Not as one of the Club, no—but you might perhaps assist in some little way—

Florence: Help Rogers to pass the silly seed-cake? Thanks!—Not for mine!—I had much rather spend the evening on the back stairs with Sandy Smith—

(She drops the poker with a crash that makes him wince.)

Charles Fuller, on your native heath you are simply unbearable!—

(She rushes off, back.)

(Charles alone, a moment.)

Charles (carefully puts poker in place): I wonder if she really will spend the evening on the back stairs with Mr. Smith?—I don't somehow quite like it!—

(A clock in hall strikes eight, loudly. Charles starts, looks anxious. Immediately the Butler announces "Miss Wilton"—

(Enter Miss Wilton, back. She is a severe maiden-lady, between fifty and seventy-five, dressed in a bright purple silk made "high neck." She has a "Paisley" shawl on one arm and a black satin bag on the other. A little knit scarf about her shoulders.)

Charles (hurrying to meet her): Miss Wilton—how do you do?—Won't you leave your wraps in the library?

Miss Wilton (grimly): I have left them there. Don't you dare to take my shawl away, young Charles!

(Charles is trying to relieve her of her shawl.)

One never knows what draughts there may be in strange houses!

(She sits by the fire.)

Charles: Strange? This dear old house?—

Miss Wilton: House of a Stranger, I mean. Where is she?

Charles (nervously): She has been

delayed by business of the—the Milk Committee,—I'm delighted that you are early, Miss Wilton, I want you to look over this report—*(Bringing her a paper.)*

Miss Wilton: I'm not early, I'm prompt,—I'm always prompt! So is Henry Madison, but he's still taking off his galoshes—

Butler (announcing): Mr. Madison!—

(Enter Mr. Henry Madison, very elderly and dignified, very deaf.)

Miss Wilton: Well, Henry, have you got off all your mufflers?

Mr. Madison: Your muff, Amy?—I didn't have your muff.

(She twitches impatiently, then takes horn-rimmed spectacles from her bag and reads report.)

Mr. Madison (warming his hands at fire): How do you do, young Charles?—Yes, the evening is chilly. Our New England spring isn't what it used to be. Where is our hostess, Mrs.—a—

Charles: She will be with us in a moment,—she has been delayed—

Mr. Madison (not hearing, looking up at the two portraits): Ah!—Who is this—and this?—

Charles: That is Colonel Peabody,—Mrs. Alexander's great-great—

Mr. Madison: Alexander the Great?—Nonsense!

Miss Wilton (looking up over her goggles): A Peabody? Nonsense!—

Charles (shouting): They are Copleys—ancestors—Salem!—

Mr. Madison (with dignity): I hear you, young man,—you don't need to shout Salem at me as if you were a conductor on the Boston & Maine!

(Charles is embarrassed.)

Butler (announcing): Mrs. Vivien!—

(Enter Mrs. Vivien in a flutter. She wears an evening gown of chiffon, which justifies her word "rags." Her hair is done in Greek fashion, with a fillet. She carries a long roll of paper.)

Miss Wilton: That Vivien woman!—I can't bear her—

Mrs. Vivien (gaily): Here I am!—Ah, old friends!—

(She rushes at them and kisses Miss Wilton, who looks grim. Mr. Madison bows gallantly.)

(Continued on page 619.)



Beautiful
New England.





Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

WEST ROCK, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT



Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

AN ANCIENT OAK NEAR WEST ROCK



Photograph by the Filley Studio, New Haven

ON THE ROAD TO THE NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB



Photograph by Clifton Johnson

THE WOOD ROAD



Photograph by Clifton Johnson

THE FIRST PASSER



Photograph by Clifton Johnson

AT THE LANDING



Photograph by Stebbins

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—ANCHORS DRAGGING WITH A SWIFT TIDAL CURRENT DRIVING THE
SHIP ASHORE. AN INCIDENT OF WINTER SEA-LIFE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST

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THE RE-ELECTION OF LODGE

THE re-election of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge to the United States Senate is the most significant victory of the 1910-11 elections. It is in vain that his opponents endeavor to emphasize the hard struggle and the narrow margin by which the victory was won. That struggle and that slender majority are not the significant facts. The significant thing is that they mark the utmost crest of a wave the rise of which at one time threatened to engulf the Taft administration. Mr. Taft himself is more genuinely and soundly progressive than many of the self-styled "Progressives." The name is all right, but it is being too often applied in the wrong quarter of late. The people of Massachusetts have said, in the re-election of Senator Lodge (and never was an election more truly a popular verdict than this return of Lodge to Washington), that there is needed something more, in the face of the evident sincerity of the administration and Mr. Lodge's long and forceful career, to retire a man of his character, ability and experience. The verdict is all the more significant from the fact that the opposition were able to present a candidate of the standing and ability of Hon. Sherman L. Whipple.

That the struggle was a national and not a local one is evident from the virulent partisanship manifested in parts of the country most remote from the scene of the election, while the unbridled extremity of the after-election comments in

certain quarters indicates the fierceness with which the anti-administration forces waged this battle. It was a last ditch fight, and the opposition were squarely and fairly routed. The result of the election ought to clear the political atmosphere very decidedly. It is not too much to say that the re-election of Senator Lodge ought to have a very material effect in restoring business confidence—not that Mr. Lodge, or any other individual is of such paramount importance to the community. He is one of the most able men in the United States senate to-day—but even so there are others! It is not that Mr. Lodge's presence in the senate alone means so much, great power that he is. It is rather that in this battle the anti-administration fight reached its climax and failed. The Taft administration is stronger to-day than at any time since the passage of the tariff law. And that means a very great deal to the business interests of the community. It means careful, conservative, conscientious study of the conditions upon which sound tariff legislation must be based rather than a whoop-hooray, log-rolling, congressional tariff-bill amendment. It means that the forward step taken toward a sounder, saner and safer tariff is not to be converted into a step backward into the horrors of log-rolling tariff legislation of the old régime under the name of "progressiveness." That particular type of progressiveness which consists in denunciation and negation of all

progress actually made, has received its effectual quietus, so far as the verdict of Massachusetts may extend its influence.

A very picturesque incident of the campaign was the appearance of Senator Lodge in Symphony Hall to address a throng of listeners in his own defence. The words in which he made this eloquent appeal for the confidence of his fellow citizens are more alive and significant since the election than before. Perhaps everyone has read them. The smoke of the battle has cleared—the whole incident has almost ceased to be news. But the event was so unique, so dramatic and Senator Lodge's speech so remarkable that it is worthy of more permanent publication than the columns of a daily newspaper. We make no apology for reprinting here a considerable extract from this speech which his most pronounced opponents would admit to a place in the first ranks of American political eloquence.

PARTY RULE—SUPPORTS PRESIDENT TAFT

I am a believer in responsible political parties—one of administration, one of opposition—and I feel sure that the system of responsible party government is the chief reason for the success which, after every deduction is made, has attended popular representative government among English-speaking people, a success so much greater than anywhere else in the world. So believing, I am a Republican with all that the name implies, for I am convinced that the Republican party is our most efficient instrument of government and that its policies are, as history has shown, for the best interests of the people of the United States. I believe in its past, its present, and its future; in its great traditions and in the leaders who have made it great. It is for us to maintain those traditions and to advance those policies undazzled by victory, undismayed by defeat. Our duty as Republicans is to stand together whether in cloud or sunshine, to leave to others their party policies untouched by us and to carry forward our own standard independently and bravely without dictation or advice from those who seek to overthrow us. I have supported to the

best of my ability, and while I represent the State I shall continue to support, the Administration of our able, upright, high-minded, and patriotic Chief Magistrate, President Taft.

HAS NO SECRETS

Thus, in outline, and only outline is possible, I have given an account of my service and of my opinions on present questions. That record I submit to the judgment of my fellow-citizens and to those who represent them in the Legislature. It is not for me to comment upon it or plead for it in my own behalf. Two things only will I say. My public service is all public. I have never had a private interest which in the remotest way conflicted with or affected my performance of my public duties. I have never been engaged in any private business. I have never been a director or officer of any corporation since I entered Congress, and only once before that time, I have never had any connection direct or indirect with the promotion of any financial or industrial enterprise. I have no secrets. I have nothing to conceal. No one is so acutely conscious as I of the mistakes I have made; no one realizes as I realize how often I have failed to reach in full completion the ideals I have sought to attain. But the record is there for the world to see. There is not a page upon which the people of Massachusetts are not welcome to look; there is not a line that I am afraid or ashamed to have my children and my grandchildren read when I am gone.

THE DIGNITY AND TRADITIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS IN THE SENATE

This also let me say: Whatever my shortcomings, I have cherished with reverence the dignity and the traditions of the great office which I hold. I have never suffered them to be lowered. I will not drag them through the mire of personal controversy or soil them with the rancor of personal altercation for any reward that can be offered to me. I received from my predecessors the great traditions of the Senatorship of Massachusetts as a sacred trust, and they shall remain in my hands or pass from me to

my successor unstained, untainted, unimpaired. I would at least have the people of Massachusetts able to say of me that

"I nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene."

I am a Senator of the United States. My first allegiance as an American is to the great nation founded, built up, preserved by heroic sacrifices and untold treasure. My first loyalty is to that bright flag in which the stars glitter and to which we bare our heads in homage as it floats above our soldiers and our sailors and the sight of which dims our eyes and chokes our throats when we see it in a foreign land.

But I am also a senator from Massachusetts, and that last word touches the chords of memory with tender hand and moves the heart of all to whom it speaks of home. I was born and bred in Massachusetts. I love every inch of the old State, from the rocks of Essex and the glittering sands of the Cape to the fair valley of the Connecticut and the wooded Berkshire Hills. Here my people have lived before me since the days of the Massachusetts Bay Company. They lie at rest in the graveyards of Essex, on Boston Common, beneath the shadow of Park Street Church. Here I have lived all my life. Here my dead are buried. Here I hope and pray my children and my children's children will always live and serve the State in peace or war as best they may.

GRATITUDE TO MASSACHUSETTS, COME
WHAT MAY

To this love I add the deep gratitude I feel to the people of Massachusetts for the confidence they have so long reposed in me. No matter what the future may

have in store, that gratitude which comes from my heart can never be either chilled or lessened. To be senator from Massachusetts has been the pride of my life. I have put aside great offices, for to me no public place, except one to which I never aspired, has seemed equal to that which I held, and there was assuredly none which could so engage my affections.

I have valued the high positions given me in the Senate because they meant large opportunity and testified to the trust and confidence of my associates. But I prize them most because they give to Massachusetts the place which is her due in the councils of the nation.

I have felt greatly honored when the Republican party of the nation placed me at the head of the Committee on Resolutions and twice made me permanent chairman of a National Convention. But I cared for those honors most because I could lay them at the feet of Massachusetts as mute witnesses that now, as in the past, she was a leader among the States.

Every tradition of our great State is dear to me, every page of her history is to me a household word. To her service I have given the best years of my life and the best that was in me to give. I hope that I have not been an altogether unprofitable servant. I have given my all; no man can give more. Others may well serve her with greater ability than I. I fervently hope that there will be many such others in the days to come, when her light will still shine before men as it now shines with steady radiance in the pages of history. Others may easily serve her better than I in those days yet to be, but of this I am sure; that no one can ever serve her with a greater love or deeper loyalty."





TABLE SET FOR BANQUET, IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKIO, JAPAN



JINRIKISHA STAND AT IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKIO

A MASQUERADE OF MENUS

Hotel Life from Yokohama to Bombay

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

A FRIEND of mine once said that he was more interested in knowing what the heroes of old ate for dinner than he was in reading about their deeds of derring-do, for, as he sagely remarked, they must have needed food and drink and comfortable inn quarters just as do prosaic present-day folk. In the same way, when the returning traveller tells of the glories of the East, of the temples, the shrines, the palaces and storied provinces, one is likely to wonder how he fared in the commonplace but necessary matter of living "between times," since even the most enthusiastic traveller cannot live by scenery alone.

It was an unromantic question that I

asked myself before ever I landed at Yokohama—unromantic possibly in the face of the æsthetic treat that old Nippon promised. How good or how poor would the hotels prove to be in Japan, through the far East and onward until we were once more within the familiar if not entirely satisfactory atmosphere of Sheppard's at Cairo? Would these houses of welcome (on the European plan) prove to be a purgatory of trifles, of little inattentions, of awkward imitations, of petty inaccuracy in kitchen, cafe and lobby? Or would they be frankly bad when not undeniably first class?

These may be things not to be considered in a truly reverential inspection of the monuments of Asia's ancient



HOTEL DE LA PAIX, SINGAPORE

civilization, yet on them depend whether or not the actual business of travelling is to be a pleasure or a penance performed in accordance with a high resolve. After this Oriental stage of the journey was over it seemed as if I had been taking part in a sort of kaleidoscopic, fancy-dress imitation of hotel life as we know it in America and Europe. So different was the imitation offered in each place that only one impression remained. It was more than an impression, too, for it can be borne out by anybody who has travelled through the tourist centers of the East. The fact is that the prices everywhere are as high or higher than in the best hotels of Boston and the entertainment is not as good.

Perhaps it would not be fair to mention by name certain hotels in connection with "customs of the country" that strike the traveller as anything but picturesque. Some of these customs may already be honored in the breach, rather than the observance, as the result of a revolt of the long suffering guests so that if I were to say that such-and-such a thing is permitted, I might discourage some yellow skinned boniface in his first attempts at reform. But imagine the feelings of a tired traveller who is paying prices equal to those of New York's Plaza or Boston's Touraine, and who is disturbed half a dozen times in an afternoon by persons who knock on his door, and when he opens prove to be salesmen for every imaginable sort of thing from a customs tailoring shop to a curio bazaar. Imagine, too, how that same traveller feels when his protests to the

clerk prove unavailing, and when he learns that these canvassers and peddlers are licensed to prey upon such as he, that they are directed to the rooms of newly arrived guests and that finally they pay the hotel a commission on whatever sales they make!

Again, take the case of the stranger who finds in some hotels that as many as two or three servants hang about his door constantly and give their entire time to attending his wants. To the average American it seems that this is dreadfully unbusinesslike on the part of the hotel management, especially since similar groups of patiently waiting servants may be noted in front of other doors along the halls. Later he finds out, probably from some old resident, that these servants cost the hotel nothing because they offer their services free and count for payment on the tips they may receive. Thus, if a guest looks well-to-do and ignorant of the value of Japanese currency, two or more of these volunteer servants



HONGKONG HOTEL, HONGKONG, CHINA



A GROUP OF ORIENTAL MENUS

will single him out in the hope that his generosity will provide enough for all of them. This farming out of the guest is being discouraged in some of the best hotels, but it has prevailed to such an extent that I should not care to tell here just which were the black and which the white sheep in this respect. Suffice to say that it is one of the customs to be expected and if the traveller fails to find it he should congratulate himself on his good luck.

My first experience with a real Japanese hotel, which means, from the standpoint of the tourist, a Europeanized hotel, was at Yokohama. The steam launch "Tourist" (an appealing and delicately complimentary title), came out to the steamer just as the hotel bus meets trains at any New England town. Up through the busy harbor with its hodge

podge of liners and sampans, tramp steamships and yellow sailed fishing craft, we were hurried, while before us we could see the line of the Bund on which faced the Grand Hotel. As we went ashore at the private landing place we saw that it resembled a big summer hotel with certain Oriental carving and fret-work and pronounced coloring. Also there was along its front the brick faced terrace, that presumable essential of all Europeanized hotels in the East. Once inside, that same mixture of the familiar and the exotic was noticeable, for, with the exception of Japanese decorations in places, the lobby and the adjoining public rooms were evidently modelled after any, or all, of half a hundred hotels one might have mentioned in America.

This mingling of two civilizations, or rather of their standards of living, is to

be noted everywhere in the outer boundaries of the eastern countries, but in the hotels it seems as if the amalgamation is presented most clearly because it is concentrated. But all this reflection comes as the result of a long trip and my first interest was in the hotel as I found it. One of the interesting situations met with at every turn was the compromise effected between guests and servants in almost complete ignorance of each other's language. At tiffin the long luncheon menu was printed in English and contained not one item to indicate that this

"thirty-one" for tea, not forgetting number "eleven" which was "quail." The reason was that the deft, attentive little brown waiters could copy down the Arabic numerals although they did not understand the names of the dishes. The guest pointed out the number and the waiter copied it, and all was well even if there was an occasion when the waiter drew a "six," so much like an "eight," that the result was not consomme but smoked ox-tongue.

All these were matters with which one soon became familiar in Japan, but to the



FUJI YAMA AS SEEN ON TRAIN FROM YOKOHAMA TO KYOTO

was a hotel in the far East. There was nothing exotic about it, nothing to remind me of the Japanese restaurant in which I had once dined in New York. It was as if everything had been done to make the traveller forget at meals that he was separated from home by the breadth of the Pacific. Yet right here entered the flaw in the illusion, for beside the name of each dish was a number ranging from "one" for pickles to

newcomer they smacked of the novelty of recent adjustments.

At the Grand, too, I had my first experience with the rapacity of jin-riki-sha men, an experience that was to be repeated all along the route, and was to prove that these bare-legged little chaps and the taxi drivers at home are brothers under the skin. Then there were the inevitable orchestra performances that are part and

parcel of Europeanized hotels, it would seem, just as are the terraces. To those of us Americans who were making this our first stop in Japan, there was an unforeseen touch of "home" in the reception of the "'round the world tourists" who arrived on board the steamship Cleveland, and were given a dinner at the hotel that was specially decorated in red, white and blue, with a patriotic design on the menu card.

As we set out for Tokio, there was a

coffee, stewed fruit or puddings. To the average native it has been sufficient for countless generations if he could have rice, barley or millet, a taste of fish and eggs occasionally and beans or cut-up vegetables fried or pickled. It is not surprising to be informed by European residents of the country that this dull food is supplanted by pickles, as well as much tea, and that indigestion and similar troubles are prevalent.

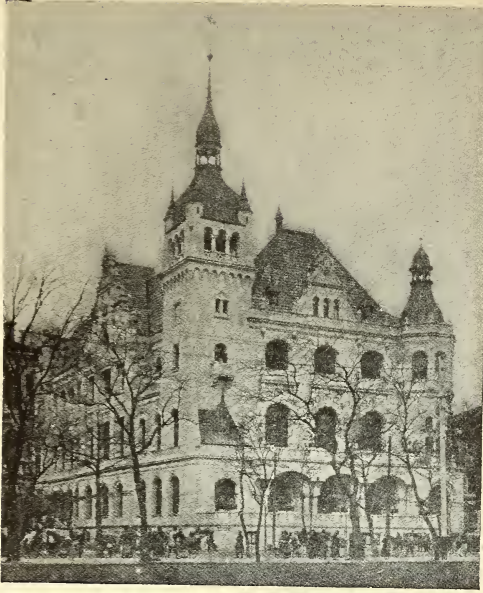
Speaking of flagrant examples of Jap-



LUNCHEON OF TOURISTS FROM S. S. CLEVELAND, AT A HOTEL IN OSAKA, JAPAN

hidden significance perhaps in the motto on the souvenirs given by the Yokohama hotel. That motto was, "Good Faith—Good Cheer—Good Luck." It was encouraging, and perhaps it would be well to remark here that if one finds that Japanese are prone to serve strong butter, indigestible bread and meats that are only too often fried he should recollect that these are new foods. The Japanese in offering them are trying to satisfy the unusual appetite of the stranger. The native Japanese menu does not comprise milk, meat, butter, bread, jam, salad,

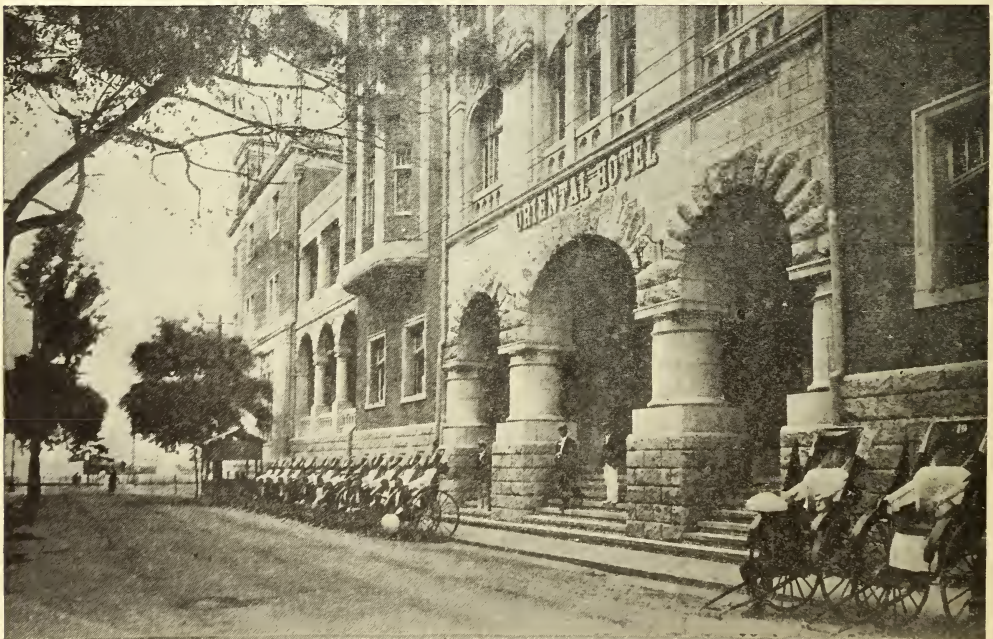
anese cooking, I may mention here an experience I had later in my stay when I tried the food on a dining car of the Imperial Government Railways en route to Kobe. The prices were low enough—twenty-five sen (twelve and one-half cents) for beef-steak, fifteen sen (seven and one-half cents) for omelet and other dishes in proportion—and the quality and cooking were of an even lower grade. But then the natives do not as a rule patronize the dining cars, for they seem satisfied with the bowls of rice and pots of hot tea that are sold from every



GERMAN CLUB "CONCORDIA," SHANGHAI, CHINA
station platform and eaten on board the train. To one who has always admired the neatness of the Japanese a railroad journey is disenchanting. The seats in the cars, by the way, run lengthwise so that the passengers sit in two long rows

facing each other, as in our old-fashioned trolley cars, and so it is impossible to avoid seeing what one's neighbors are doing. This does not have to do directly with one's accommodations in the best places, but it is part of the traveller's experience in the little things of life. It is unpleasant, to say the least, to see these naturally courteous and fastidious people so demoralized by the atmosphere of a railway car that they throw fruit rinds on the floor where also they empty the lees of their tea and whatever other remains there may be of their lunches. A journey of three hours will end with the floor of the car so littered that one cannot walk on it with safety. And the strangest part of it all is that these same people would never do anything of this sort in their homes, or in a hotel, or, in fact, anywhere except in a railroad car.

After the first surprise of the Japanese hotel, and after having come to know what is, for the sake of comparison, very good cooking as judged by the standards of the country, the traveller tries to adjust himself. In my own case I began to anticipate with some interest just what I might expect in the next hotel of my



ORIENTAL HOTEL, KOBE, JAPAN



RAFFLES HOTEL, SINGAPORE

itinerary. At the holy land of Nikko, at the port of Kobe, at Kyoto, at imperial Tokio, were to be found modifications of the general scheme of things, in some places the approximation of European or American standards of hotel service being very close indeed. To tell of the experience I had in a certain hotel with a rickshaw coolie who wanted to charge me three times the fare, with a carriage starter who was called in as arbitrator and finally with a clerk who blandly said such charges were made to test the stranger's knowledge, would serve perhaps to keep some other American from going through this necessary first hand training. It is by such costly encounters that one learns among other things that the rickshaw starter doesn't call his charges either rickshaws or jin-riki-shas as a rule, but refers to them as kuruma for the vehicle itself and kuruma-ya for the man who pulls it. This is a small bit of information and not essential but it is expensive—as expense goes in the East.

By the time I left Japan I had become accustomed to the ways of the hotel and its people so that the Hong Kong hostelry with its European facade, its conven-

tional interior furnishings and its yellow servants seemed familiar enough. The difference was, of course, that here the servants were Chinese and that they were a trifle less emotional than the smaller men of Nippon. Here the influence was English rather than English and American as was the case in the hotels of Japan. From now onward for the rest of my journey the hotels were as representative of the British Empire as was the Union Jack. There was, for example, the famous Raffles Hotel at Singapore, where everything from the service at the bar to the red-coated country squire, depicted on the menu card, bespoke the British facility in carrying "home" to the very outposts of the white man's world.

Of course this condition was even more plainly evident, if such a thing were possible, in the Indian hotels. Two excellent examples of this might be found in the Great Eastern at Calcutta and the Taj-Mahal at Bombay, the latter a great stone structure modelled on the architectural lines of the famous Taj Mahal tomb. To be sure, the servants were natives; and each guest was assigned a personal follower instead of being obliged to depend

upon bell boy service as at home. The personal servant feels it his duty to sleep before his transient master's door, and to fuss about and try to do a great many more services than are necessary. It gives a touch of the spirit of the fawning, conquered masses of India, this extreme desire to please, but it is simply an incident in what otherwise is very much the same as what a guest would receive by way of food and lodgings at a good London hotel.

The general impression Oriental hotel life left with me was that of a masquerade, and I might as well call it an expensive imitation of something we have at home. The ideal, evidently, of every hotel keeper is to give his guests just

what they get in the hotels of their native cities. In a few more years the hotel keeper will succeed, and the tourist may circle the globe without ever changing his diet or finding on his bill of fare the slightest hint as to whether he is in Boston or Kyoto, London or Nikko. It will all be of the accepted formal standard. So the hotel keeper who to-day still fails to give a good imitation serves one useful, though at times discomforting purpose, in that he reminds us in our supposed hours of ease that we are travelling. Having copied or bettered the home prices he will finally bring everything else up to the same level of imitation that is really duplication.

A BREATH OF MINT

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

What small leaf-fingers veined with
emerald light
Lay on my heart that touch of elfin
might?

What spirals of sharp perfume do they
fling
To blur my page with swift remembering?

Borne in a country basket marketward,
Their message is a music spirit-heard—

A pebble-hindered lilt and gurgle and run
Of tawny singing water in the sun:

Their coolness brings that ecstasy I knew
Down by the mint-fringed brook that
wandered through

My mellow meadows set with linden trees
Loud with the summer jargon of the bees:

Their magic has its way with me until
I see the storm's dark wing shadow the
hill

As once I saw—and draw sharp breath
again
To feel their arrowy fragrance pierce the
rain.

O sudden urging sweetness in the air
Exhaled—diffused about me every-
where—

Yours is the subtlest word the summer
saith,
And vanished summers sigh upon your
breath.

STAGE-MANAGING MAMMA

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

I WONDER if when people say spiteful things of one until the surrounding atmosphere fairly sizzles, they fondly imagine their luckless victim doesn't guess she's being grilled? I was just as well aware as though she'd shouted it through a megaphone of what Mrs. Schuyler Van Vechten of New York was saying to Mrs. Catesby Bellingham of Boston as Mamma and I passed on our morning promenade along the hotel piazza.

"The adventuress type pure and simple, my dear, though she's of the New York Van Renssalaers. Married a mere nobody, who shortly died leaving her this girl to support on an income of nothing a year. Yes, she's asked to some very good houses occasionally on account of her family connections, though her own people cast her adrift when she eloped with her father's secretary. How they manage to dress as they do is a mystery, but necessary I suppose as the mother's chief end and aim is, evidently, to marry off her daughter and incidentally herself."

I could hear the click of Mrs. Bellingham's false teeth as we faced about.

"Then I must say," she was replying in her frigid Bostonese—her voice carried farther than she realized—"that she has chosen a poor field for her matrimonial activities. So far as I can learn there is not an eligible *parti* at the Beach or in the immediate vicinity."

She spoke with the sadness of wisdom, her own eye-glassed Elinor having been relegated to the sole society of Browning and Emerson since her arrival. There were, indeed, but three unattached men at Waveland just then—a colorless Mr. Brown whom I suspected of being a dry-goods clerk on his vacation; a callow

youth dubbed "Willie" (and he quite looked the part) by an adoring parent; and Mr. Snedecor, an elderly widower who would dance, despite his age, infirmities and avoirdupois and whose tender speeches were likely to be interrupted by an involuntary "Ugh!" of pain at a sudden gouty twinge.

"Well," Mrs. Van Vechten summed up judicially, "there's that good-looking young Challinor; and Mr. Snedecor would certainly be an excellent match for the mother. She's not so remarkably young for all her kittenish ways—forty, I'm sure, if a day—fat and forty I might say if I cared to employ the vulgar alliteration." Both statements were downright fibs. Mamma is barely thirty-seven, though she doesn't look that. And her figure is perfect, all gracious curves and lovely contours—she's simply stunning in a dinner gown. People sometimes charitably call me pretty, but I've sense enough to know that I'm but "as moonlight unto sunlight" compared with Mamma. Old Mrs. Van Vechten is a cat. All women are feline, more or less, and Mrs. Van's decidedly more. She can be pleasant and purry when she likes, but the claws are always in evidence.

As we turned again, I caught in passing some further allusions to "those Lovells" (she always spoke of us as if we were a troupe of trained acrobats or a vaudeville sketch team) "an eminent jurist" and "flinging herself at his head." I knew perfectly well she had reference to Judge Braeme and that she was accusing poor Mamma of trying to run him to earth. Well, what of it? Certainly he was the best, almost the only friend we had, and the dearest old chap in the world. And besides wasn't Mrs. Van herself doing a triple stunt of similar

nature? The most casual observer couldn't help seeing that she was ponderously hurling her three plain, if patrician, daughters at the devoted head of "that good looking young Challinor" who was spending a fortnight at his sister's country place three miles distant and occasionally came over in his car for our evening dances. (My! how the girls at that Adamless Eden brightened when this conquering hero appeared. I don't deny that I brightened too, though I think, less conspicuously than the three Misses Van Vechten. Alys (she spelled her name like that!) assumed what I called her "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" air and "blushed with delight when he gave her a smile;" Patricia, whose role was the pretty and piquant, outstripped Anna Held in sparkling vivacity; and Grace, who wrote verse, eyed him as if she had deadly intentions of inditing a sonnet to the unconscious victim, who didn't suspect and therefore couldn't get out an injunction. I know I'm being feline too, but it's a case of "when cat meets cat," you see.

I could see from Mamma's expression that Mrs. Van's pleasant remarks had reached her ears, but she only laughed, as we paused and leaned over the railing—fortunately she had learned to laugh at any and everything. Poor dear! She'd had a lot of things to laugh away in the past five years of struggle and hardship! I've known her to don with a smile her best evening gown, a shabby black velvet that showed white at the seams and had been steamed over the tea kettle any number of times and go cheerily forth to be the life of some dull dinner party to which she'd been asked by virtue of her family connections, though her own relatives snubbed her outright. She laughed at our poverty and pitiful makeshifts; at our cramped hall bedroom in Mrs. Walsingham's fashionable but dreary boarding house; at our carefully contrived and none too abundant costumes; and she merely smiled when her sister's imported limousine sped past us on the avenue. Only the two of us knew how she'd skimped and saved and slaved to send me to a fashionable boarding school; how she had eked out the scanty income from the

life insurance that was all the dear father left us, by doing copying for Judge Braeme (I've always shrewdly suspected that he destroyed those innumerable pages of fashionable angular script as soon as he'd mailed her her cheque); how her exquisite handiwork transformed cheap fabrics into dainty gowns for us; and that the embroidery over which she apparently dawdled in the mornings on the hotel piazza was sold in advance to a shop that dealt exclusively in "genuine imported hand-embroidered lingerie." Dear Mamma had put up such a game fight and kept up appearances so bravely that no one, I'm sure, except myself suspected the privations she endured—and even I never knew the half. But she only smiled when she met my troubled gaze as Mrs. Van Vechten grilled us, remarking quietly:

"The law of the jungle, my dear. Women fight with claws; men with paws. I confess I'd rather stand a clean, knock-out blow than a series of envenomed scratches, but perhaps if we've 'consciences void of offence' the poison won't work." So she went her way serenely, returning Mrs. Van's frigid salutations as courteously as if she didn't guess that the old cat's claws were tearing her reputation to shreds.

My! but things buzzed when at the first week's end Judge Braeme ran down to see us. He brought gorgeous roses for the Madre and bonbons for me—which I took pains to display for Mrs. Van Vechten's benefit, even venturing to proffer them to the three graces lined up beside her. Mrs. Van Vechten's remarks had set me thinking. After all why shouldn't Mamma marry Judge Braeme? I'd never welcomed the idea of a step-father—but the Judge was different. He was a gentleman of the old school (he must have been past forty, though he didn't look so venerable); he had a strong, leonine countenance that suggested a Daniel Webster portrait without the scowl; great masses of the loveliest hair, romantically touched with gray; and a manner that would have done credit to a Chesterfield. He was so distinguished looking that it was a pleasure to go about with him; people always turned for a

second glance at his imposing figure and it was something to shine by the light of reflected glory, even if one was only an insignificant girl-graduate oneself. He was an old friend of the family and he had shown himself our friend in need and in deed, doing for us everything that Mamma's scruples would permit. He had a handsome home on the avenue, cars and carriages galore which he was always eager to place at our disposal; he was tremendously rich as compared with our genteel poverty and—in short I made up my mind to become the manoeuvring daughter. The stage setting was perfect; the cast of characters, leading man and woman, ingénue, light comedian (wonder if Mr. Snedecor would have recognized himself in the role?) and heavy villainess (Mrs. Van of course) all complete, I had only to handle my stage effects and situations properly and a happy denouement would ensue.

So when, on the night of his arrival, the Judge invited us both for a stroll on the beach, I pleaded letters to write and sent him along with the Madre, trusting that even an "eminent jurist" mightn't prove impervious to the influence of moonlight, propinquity and the seductive song of the surf.

The Fates were surely favorable that night, for scarcely had they disappeared when Mr. Challinor drove up and inquired punctiliously (he's lived a great deal abroad and imbibed foreign notions as to chaperons) if he couldn't induce my mother and me to go out for a moonlight spin. I'm American to the core and I don't care a straw for conventions, so I calmly informed him that though Mamma'd gone for a walk with Judge Braeme, I'd be happy to drive with him—and climbed into the car before Mrs. Van's outraged optics. I could distinctly hear the click of Mrs. Bellingham's imitation ivories as we drove off, but all the cats under the canopy couldn't have kept me mooning on the piazza that night. To tell the truth I'd been feeling a bit desolate and left out since the Judge came—you know that fifth-wheel feeling—and I was glad of a chance to get away from myself and my thoughts. We had a fine spin and got in just after the Judge and the Madre re-

turned. I did hope something definite had resulted from that moonlight saunter, but though I did my best to draw Mamma out after we went to our rooms, she only laughed and looked at me—a little quizzically I fancied. I do hope she won't refuse him! He's such a dear, and it would mean so much to be free from the necessity of counting every penny, wearing made-over gowns and living in highly-respectable boarding houses where they serve condensed sunshine and shadow soup on monogrammed china!

But Mrs. Van was not to be lightly ignored. She had, I found, already asserted her claim to the Judge's acquaintance and even asked him to lunch with them next day—an invitation in which, it is needless to say, Mamma and I were not included. But he gave us the whole of the morning and we surrendered him gracefully at noon to the "Mother of the Gracchi" as Mr. Challinor irreverently called Mrs. Van, and from our distant table saw him paying graceful court to each of the daughters in turn, while their mother beamed benignantly upon him. Patricia (who was really quite pretty) fairly clung to his coat skirts all afternoon and I was wondering how (in my managerial capacity) to detach her, when Howard Challinor again appeared opportunely and captured the lion without a struggle. It seemed the Judge and his brother-in-law were old friends and he had been commissioned to bring that distinguished gentleman to dine at his sister's. He also bore an invitation from Mrs. Ogden (who had called, but had found us out) for Mamma and me to join the party. I could have shouted for joy at the sight of Mrs. Van's crestfallen countenance as Mr. Challinor put me into the seat beside his, and Mamma, looking as lovely as her name flower, the violet, was assisted into the tonneau by the courtly Judge. Wasn't it a great situation, now really? "To triumph," rose almost resistlessly to my lips, but I succeeded in changing it to a polite inquiry as to Mrs. Ogden's health.

The Ogdens were all that was charming and the two sons, seventeen and nineteen respectively, and regular Christy

types, essayed the mildly flirtatious—as if I could amuse myself with two such mere infants! (I know I'm only eighteen, but, as Miss Whitman used to say, the feminine intellect matures early and especially, I fancy, when one's wits are sharpened by the necessity for making ends meet and "managing" to advantage a young and attractive Mamma.

For the return journey I found myself in the tonneau with the Judge, while Mr. Challinor did the deferential to Mamma. (It was certainly very pretty of him and I didn't mind a bit.) The Judge and I always got on famously. He teased and petted me and called me "Piggie"—my dead father's pet name for me; now and again paying me one of his courtly, old-fashioned compliments that made me feel very grown up and important. I asked him a lot about ante-bellum days and things that happened before the Civil War. He seemed amused. I couldn't guess why, until later reminded by Mamma that the war had been over more than forty-five years.

The Judge went away that night; and when, about mid-week, there came a fat, legal-looking letter for Mamma, I felt my plans were progressing properly. And Mr. Challinor drove over very often. To be sure he was very impartial in his attentions; he was cordial with the Van Vechtens; charming to Miss Page and Miss Carey, two lovely girls from Richmond, with the sweetest Southern voices imaginable; and especially attentive to the Madre—which I appreciated in this day of youthful lack of regard for one's elders. Come to think of it, though, Mr. Challinor was thirty-five. He was an awfully jolly sort; had been everywhere and (I fancy) experienced everything; yet wasn't a bit blasé and didn't bore one with guide-book information or preface his anecdotes with "When I was last in Afghanistan—" after the fashion of most globe-trotters. He was good looking too, though far less imposing than the Judge. As a rule people didn't turn to stare after him; he was just the ordinary well-groomed, well-set-up, well-bred young athlete one sees in metropolitan club windows. I'd been thinking hard of late and I'd figured if Mamma married the

Judge we'd form that uncomfortable trio which constitutes a crowd. I was not at all sure that Mr. Challinor had any serious thought of me; but I made up my mind, quite apart from any consideration of love and romance (I outgrew all that sort of thing when I discarded the Duchess' novels for Meredith and James) that if he should ask me, I should marry him. I wasn't the least in love with him; I didn't lie awake at night recalling how his curls fell over his brow (in fact his man cared for it so capably that it generally "stayed put"), or how he had looked at me on a given occasion, probably because his glance was usually frankly friendly rather than sentimental; but all the same I had decided that the legend "Mrs. Howard Chauncy Challinor" should adorn my next season's calling cards. (If I'd become designing and calculating it was all due to Mrs. Van Vechten.)

The summer passed as rapidly and pleasantly as possible. The Judge ran down frequently and Mr. Challinor's fortnight had expanded into six weeks, but he made no mention of leaving. There were never two more impartial admirers, I'm sure. If the Judge sent Mamma carnations, there were always chocolates for me; and if Mr. Challinor brought me flowers from his sister's gardens, he invariably remembered my mother. It began to look as if we'd constitute the typical happy family. The Challinor car stood before the hotel at all hours—except when we were spinning over the surrounding highways. To be sure he always punctiliously invited some one to accompany us. Oftenest it was the Madre; sometimes it was Miss Page or Miss Carey; and once luckless me! He asked the three Misses Van. Of course Patricia pre-empted the seat beside him and I was sandwiched in between those two human icebergs, Grace and Alys, and came home feeling as if I'd been in cold storage all summer. But he never even remotely made love to me—rather to my surprise. I'm not vain, nor very experienced but I did know what the situation demanded. Such a perfect setting,—summer at the shore and the rest of it—I didn't see how he could miss his

cue. However I reflected that this was doubtless his foreign idea of propriety and that he'd speak to the Madre instead of to me, in continental fashion. So when, one evening, he drove up and asked me if I could persuade my mother to come out for a run across to Seagirt, I obligingly detached her from old Mr. Snedecor (who had been annoyingly attentive of late) and smuggled her into the car. I didn't feel excited at all. I knew in my heart that beyond mere friendly liking I didn't care a bit for Howard Challinor; yet — designing wretch that I was—I knew equally well that if he asked Mamma for my hand and she referred the matter to me my answer would be an instant affirmative.

Mamma came in very late. I had already retired and sat sleepingly up in bed to hear the "good news from Ghent." But she apparently had little to say. She was pale, her laugh didn't quite ring true and I could have taken oath there were traces of tears on her face. Somehow I didn't dare to force her reserve, though I did a good deal of private wondering. I wondered yet more when Mr. Challinor did not come the next day, nor the next, nor yet the day thereafter. Then I began to fancy that Mamma had told him she couldn't give me up or something of that sort, and though I realized that he was what Mrs. Bellingham termed "an eligible *parti*," I didn't much mind. Somehow he didn't come up to my ideal—all girls have them you know. I'd always dreamed that my fairy Prince should be stately and imposing and Mr. Challinor was neither. He was barely six years younger than the Judge, but he seemed absurdly boyish, though I'd heard the Judge say "there was no shrewder man in the street"—whatever that might mean. But he wasn't profound or impressive and—well—though I missed his attentions and his motor, I didn't greatly miss him.

The Judge grew more and more attentive to Mamma and his visits more and more frequent. He wrote weekly between whiles (always enclosing a line for me, beginning "Dear Piggie"—think of being dubbed "Piggie" when one was christened Victoria!—but he was so dear I didn't mind.) And he so appreciated my interest

in his *affaire du coeur* that once when he sent my Huyler's he overlooked Mamma's roses. I thought as I sat reflectively nibbling Modjeska creams how lovely it would be for poor dear Mamma to be forever free from petty care and financial worry, to have some one, big and strong and sturdy to depend upon, some one to stand between her and the envious gossip line-up of tabbies, some one to love and cherish and protect her always.... and suddenly, rigid in the midst of my reverie, a big tear trickled down my nose and splashed plump upon the tunic of my new pongee.... It's an awful responsibility to have a young and lovely mother to settle in life and it was beginning to tell upon me. Then suddenly I heard a familiar "chug, chug!" that my prophetic soul told me proceeded from Howard Challinor's touring car. The next moment he had driven straight up to where I was sitting and before I had fairly collected my wits we were spinning over the broad sandy beach with never a soul in sight.

I didn't try to speak for a little and neither did he. Then he changed to low, leaned back in his place and looked at me. I knew he had decided to take his fate into his own hands, but it didn't fluster me a bit. I had his answer ready, though not exactly that I had previously planned. I realized as we looked straight into each other's eyes that I could never marry him, because.... I felt sorry for Howard but it could not be.

And then he spoke.

"Miss Lovell," he said quietly, "I don't know whether or not your mother has told you that I asked her before I went away to be my wife and that she rejected me?"

I fear I looked wild-eyed; I'm quite sure that I gasped; but I recovered myself in a flash and made rational reply.

"I fancied she hadn't," he went on, "because—if you'll pardon my apparent vanity—I'll say that I believe her rejection of me was due, partly at least, to external conditions. To be frank I think it was largely in consideration of your possible objection to her second marriage and your, as yet, unsettled future. I was so stunned by her unqualified refusal that

I couldn't quite think at first. But I've recovered my sanity sufficiently to figure it all out now and I want to ask you to tell me frankly if you think these things influenced her or if it is simply that she doesn't care. I'll take your judgment. If you think I've the ghost of a chance, I'll fight for it to a finish; if she doesn't care, I can only resign her to Braeme. He's worth a dozen of me—he's even almost worthy of her, and I oughtn't to interfere in any case—but I am a selfish brute and I want her desperately."

"I think," I pronounced judicially, "indeed I may say I'm sure that you've a fighting change." He caught my fingers in a grip that hurt; then of such stuff are lovers made—wheeled the car and broke the speed record back to the hotel.

There were tears on Mamma's face again when she came upstairs that night, but they were happy tears this time and as she stole up beside me as I brushed my hair before the mirror, I had to concede that the April face therein reflected was younger and whole worlds prettier than mine. Mamma was lovely always; she was positively radiant now.

"Vic, dear," she breathed rapturously, though a trifle sheepishly withal, "I feared you cared for him at first—and so—but—I—he—we're engaged—" This last was scarcely news to me, but I did the expected.

"Bless you, my child," I said with solemn fervor. "I had other plans for you, but if you're happy I'm satisfied. Though how," I went on, my wonder and indignation growing with the words, "how on earth any woman could pass by Judge Braeme for Howard Challinor I cannot see. Why, Madre, the Judge is a prince among men; think how proud one might be of him, of his learning, his position, his standing in his profession! And think how simple and unaffected he is withal, how gentle and chivalrous always; how tenderly he would have loved and cherished you! Oh, Mother dear, how could you, could you give him up? It will break his heart and he's a man whom you, or any woman might be proud to win; his is a great soul, the finest, noblest, truest—" to my own utter surprise my voice broke suddenly. The next

moment I was ignominiously sobbing against the maternal breast.

After a little, Mamma disengaged herself, and with a little smile lurking about the corners of her mouth produced and handed to me a note scrawled in the Judge's indecipherable script. It was addressed to her and bore the date of the day on which we had seen him last.

"Dear Violet," it ran, "I haven't spoken to her—I doubt if I shall ever have the courage to speak. To her I'm a fossil remain, a relic of the tertiary period. She thinks of me as the patriarch I am and her affection is purely filial. It's folly for me to dream of her—'youth and crabbed age,' you know. Challinor is eminently better suited to her, but, Violet, I seem to have loved her always, even from her pinafore days. However, there's no use making a spectacle of myself at my age. The Mauretania sails on the 14th and my passage is engaged. I've left instructions with Herkomer about your business affairs and he'll attend to everything. If I can serve you in any way, command me. Say goodbye to her for me, Violet, and tell her she mustn't quite forget me. But don't let her ever guess what an idiot I've been—it would only pain and distress her to no purpose. I hope (or I'm trying to hope) that she'll decide to make Challinor happy. Perhaps when it's all settled I can find courage to come back and give away the bride. Remember me to Challinor and believe me always.

Yours faithfully,

Edgerton Braeme."

For an instant the joy and wonder of it quite took away my breath! I lived one supreme moment of complete rapture... Then a sudden, awful thought pierced my consciousness.

"Oh Madre," I cried hysterically, promptly abandoning the role of manager, "this is the twelfth and he sails on the fourteenth! What shall we do? Can't you think of something—quick?"

And Mamma, ever efficient, did. I don't know what she wired the Judge, but he joined us at breakfast next morning. And, though he sailed on the fourteenth as scheduled, he didn't go alone."

A NEW ENGLANDER'S VISIT TO THE TOLSTOI ESTATE

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

PETER MACQUEEN, F. R. G. S., the famous "pastor-explorer," who not long ago was the guest for some days of Count Tolstoi, has some very interesting things to say of his visit at Yasnaya Polyana, and his impressions of the home life of the Tolstoi family. Mr. MacQueen is now in the Middle West on a lecture tour. In an interview with him at Chicago, this week, he said:

"Count Tolstoi was the greatest man in the world. It was no disappointment to meet him. All your ideal of him, your highest expectation of him was fully verified when you saw him. Like the Pyramids, he was as grand when you were near him as when you were at a distance. Tolstoi and Maxim Gorky—those are Russia's two men; the one favoring passive means, the other active; the one opposed to war and bloodshed, the other anxious for it if necessary.

"Absolutely the greatest day of my life was the day I spent talking with Tolstoi at Yasnaya Polyana. He viewed all

things from a standpoint as wide as the blue skies of a Russian summer. He was intensely interested in every thing American, and considered our Public Schools the greatest single work that has ever come from the brain of man.

"To me, he was the only Christian in the real sense of the word that we had in the world. He alone of all great men dared to scorn gold and curse slavery; he alone dared to confront Europe in arms and cry that war is organized murder; he alone in the world demanded the absolute standard of the Sermon on the Mount. But always he was Russian. On several occasions he said to me: 'If I had travelled as much as you have, I should to-day have had a broader philosophy.' I think he greatly regretted not having spent some time with other nations.

"When I saw him in the fields among his peasants, I could not but think, how much this single man has done to make the world, especially his own Russian world better and sweeter.



GATEWAY ON TOLSTOI ESTATE



COUNT SERGIUS TOLSTOI, PETER MACQUEEN
AND PEASANTS



PEASANTS ON TOLSTOI ESTATE

“Think of him at eighty-two in the snows of a Russian winter crying like Lear, not for a lost daughter Cordelia, but calling for a lost and broken ideal, for a sordid, bitter, selfish Europe and America that dare be civilized whilst the Money Power strikes the crust from the lips of a starving child, plucks the roses from a woman’s cheeks, and defies the Nation in the very halls of Congress. Therefore to-day do freemen everywhere take off their hats and bow their heads over the bier of the Grey Philosopher of Russia.

“My memory reverts vividly to that delightful and wonderful visit at Polyana. To observe their daily life, to hear their speech, and above all to listen to the wise words of the philosopher himself,—ah! that was something never to be forgotten. The Countess Tolstoi is a very engaging woman of somewhat over sixty. She seemed not altogether in harmony with her husband’s views, but was very kindly and respectful towards him, and the

world knows now that it was she who served him with such devoted faithfulness during the five long years of his work on that first mighty novel, ‘War and Peace;’ she who daily gathered and arranged the almost indecipherable sheets of original writing which he always threw all over the floor of his study in utter confusion,—gathered them and then copied them all carefully in her clear long hand (they had no typewriters then, and even when there were such machines, Tolstoi believed them an unnecessary expenditure and objected for some time to his daughter buying one to help him).

“I know it is said that friction came at times between the Count and his family, but I am sure it was because they were not able to mount up to his exalted plane of thought, and not because of any lack of affection or consideration. However devoted they might be, they have had to consider their future careers. The countess was very determined when speaking of her decision to leave her sons and



PEASANTS' COMPARTMENT ON RUSSIAN TRAIN IN WHICH TOLSTOI TRAVELLED

daughters well provided for. I do not think she was so ambitious for them, however, as directly devoted to their welfare. She seemed to me a lovely lady, with a beautiful character. She was very human, chatty, kind.

"She married Tolstoi when she was only eighteen and he was thirty-four, and she has had thirteen children, seven of whom are still living. The daughter Alexandra is the youngest child, and seemed somehow to be the nearest to her father's heart. The eldest daughter, Doushka, is the one who appeared to understand best her father's theories, although it was Alexandra who copied his manuscripts and assisted him very much in his literary work. The Countess Doushka said to me:

"'Father is undoubtedly right, and his life is noble; but it will take the world at least one hundred years to rise to such ideal doctrines as those my father has both taught and lived. Why, even we, his own family, cannot quite practise

them yet.'

"I thought much about this statement, as I watched them all at table, where at one end a footman served delicate dishes in the finest of china and silver on a snowy cloth; while at the opposite end the count himself in his coarse peasant's garb ate the plainest of food from a pewter plate and drank from a pewter mug. And I reflected how this wonderful man, so unwavering in his determination to wear the clothes of the humblest peasant, to eat the food of poverty, and to do the daily work of a mere laborer, could never really share their lives, never know what poverty is, because, though he voluntarily signed away all right to his vast estates, it was impossible that he could ever feel the dread of actual want.

"The son Sergius, who evidently was meant in the recent dispatches as being the one who has had the management of the estates, is a typical Russian of the higher class. He served with great bravery in the Japanese War and received



THE FAMILY OF COUNT TOLSTOI

the Cross of St. George from the Czar in recognition of this. And in this matter as in all others, as far as I could observe, Tolstoi never in any way sought to control the conduct of his family, however much he might disagree with their comprehension of it. This son may be a man of business, but I feel sure he would never oppress any of the tenants on his father's lands.

"The Count's namesake, Count Leo Tolstoi, Fils, is married to a daughter of one of the professors at Ppsala University in Sweden. Countess Tolstoi told me she was very proud of her daughters-in-law and loved them as much as her own daughters.

"The countess also told me plainly that she would not have any of her daughters marry a man so much older as the count was older than herself.

"Now I am perfectly strong," she said, "and wish to travel all over the world, whereas my husband is not able to go far from home. He wants to go to

America and I should love to accompany him there, but it is impossible owing to the count's infirmities."

"She told me concerning her husband's views with the charming candor that characterizes Russian ladies. 'Tolstoi firmly believes that if the United States should some day return to a simple democracy and Russia become a republic, these two great nations will disarm the world and bring in a universal republic of peace.' Tolstoi himself kept saying to me: 'I am always interested in Americans, they are so practical. They have done the greatest things of any nation in the world. And your wonderful system of universal education alone has made your nation great.

"Yet you Americans must teach your children righteousness. You have great pity and tenderness, and the greatest people for practicality you are. But you neglect real religion—the awful transcendent difference between right and wrong. Your mothers do not teach their children



HOME OF COUNT TOLSTOI

to be just to other children. Hence your men are unjust to one another. If you can right the national conscience and

stifle the love of money and display, you Americans have all the future, and will control the world.' ”

MOTHER-LOVE

By HENRIETTA LEE COULLING

Always my love broods over thee;
 But, if joy be thy part,
 I ask not that thou givest me
 The entrance to thy heart.

Yet, at the threshold, dear, I wait,—
 How swiftly young dreams flee!—
 Lest haply I might be too late,
 When thou hast need of me.

THE BLUE STOCKING IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

By ZITELLA COCKE

THE fascination of the eighteenth century lures the men and women of to-day, as it did the men and women of the century which ten years ago passed into history. What is the secret of this fascination? What is the charm which so bewitches us? What is the irresistible magnetism which draws us even against our will?

Doubtless, in a large degree, it lies in the proximity of this century of powders and patches,—of bewigged gentlemen in ruffles and laces, and fine ladies in satin and sedan-chairs. The eighteenth century is so temptingly accessible that we cannot resist the desire to contemplate it, and with very little painstaking we can step into its scenes and its events. Our dramas, tragedy and comedy, are continually presenting it to our eyes, and withal in such beauty of form and accuracy of detail, that the student is as much charmed as the pleasure-seeker.

And yet this century of fashion and folly,—of society manners and the stately minuet,—was also a period of intellectual growth, blossom and fruition, hardly surpassed by any previous century. Certainly it cannot be questioned that of all periods in the history of literature it was that in which both learning and literature assumed a didactic character. Horace reproved and satirized the vices and follies of Roman society, but the authors and censors of public opinion in the eighteenth century, not only rebuked and censured the evils of the time, but presented a remedy and a cure. Pride and vanity were thrust at sorely, but the deeply wounded victim could find a panacea at hand. The gentle chidings of Addison, the excoriating satires of Swift

and bludgeon blows of Dr. Johnson not only meant something, but accomplished something. It was not a beating of the air. The Damascene blade of the wit and the courtier wounded, but, like the skillful surgeon, it wounded that it might heal.

With the growth and development of new ideas, the birth of the "Salon," both in France and in England, was a natural outcome. Quite as naturally followed the apotheosis of the Art of Conversation. The Salon could not exist without conversation and straightway conversation became the Goddess of Society, enthroned and sceptred, whose undisputed sway was welcomed with enthusiasm. In some sense, the art of conversing well may be related to the art of writing well, and either one presupposes information and intelligence. One cannot talk or write upon a subject without a knowledge of that subject, and when women began to vie with each other in the art of conversation, the path to the art of writing was immediate and practical. It was in the summer days of 1779 that Dr. Johnson remarked to Mrs. Thrale: "I am astonished at the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. I can well remember when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all accomplished, but now they vie with the men in everything." We cannot repress astonishment at this speech on the part of the old lexicographer, when we recall the splendid attainments and strong intellectuality of Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, and other women whose notable careers antedated the eighteenth century. The women in Italy, who lectured to the

students of renowned universities, were more than rivals of the scholarly men of that period, but these illustrious ones were like oases in a Sahara of ignorance, and the rough and unconventional Dr. Johnson was greatly given to seeing things as they are, notwithstanding the high wall of prejudice over which he looked.

The conspicuous success of women in novel-writing seems to mark this period. It was their chosen literary domain, and for more than a generation, from the publication of *Evelina*, which turned the eyes of Europe upon its youthful author, Fanny Burney, to the issue of *Waverley*, women held undisputed sway over this field of literature. In the *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay* (Fanny Burney), we have her statement that the "age was distinguished by producing extraordinary women." The world was awakening to the truth that a woman did not endanger her fair fame by becoming an author or a votary of letters. Hitherto the love of pleasure and of cards especially, had driven out every other thought from the minds of women in society. Life to them and to the fashionable gentlemen as well, seemed to be one long play-day. As Lord Lyttelton exclaimed in irrepressible disgust: "What devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of Play! The times, the fortunes, the honor and the consciences of our nobility and gentry, both male and female, are all falling a prey to it, and what is still worse the force of the law has been tried against it, and proves ineffectual." What a verdict from one of the ablest men of the age! Yet we of the present day may be pardoned if we ask a question which appears inevitable:—was the passion for play in that time more enthralling and more disastrous than the passion for "bridge" in this enlightened age? The epicurean tempers of the eighteenth century lived for pleasure only, and esteemed every day lost which was not filled with it to the brim. The French motto, "*Vivre au jour la journée*," was accepted everywhere in society as the true motive and purpose of life. This was, so to speak, the society tone. Are the bridge-players of

the twentieth century less zealous or indefatigable?

When things are at their worst, we may look for amendment, as the time-honored proverb encourages us to hope, and the reaction from this evil course was a logical sequence. Unlike other reforms, however, it began at the top. The world of fashion and the world of letters drew closer to each other, and naturally the women who were leaders in society performed no unimportant part. Mrs. Montagu, whom Dr. Johnson named, "the Queen of the Blues," united the qualifications of a woman of fashion and of a writer, and thus helped to lift the social standing of women of letters, thereby acquiring for herself, not only a pre-eminence in her own day, but a right to the respect of posterity. Other notable and fashionable drawing-rooms in London, presided over by Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Monckton and Mrs. Walsingham, gathered together many literary celebrities, and London was following the example of Paris in encouraging and promoting the refinements rather than the amusements of society, and while the literary assembles in Hill Street and Bolton Row could hardly rival those to be found in St. Dominique and St. Honoré, an advancement, at once sure and enduring, had been made in the purification and uplifting of the fashionable world in England's metropolis.

But the question naturally arises, What and why and whence the soubriquet, *Blue Stocking*? Has it an especial significance? Who originated it? Who conferred it? And the answer to all these questions is, as in many instances which assume complexity, very simple. A trifle light as air may bestow a name or title, over whose paternity succeeding generations vex themselves with studious inquiry. The simplest thing of the past, often becomes a problem for antiquarians. The eighteenth century abounded in allusions to the "Blues," and in England the term was almost extinct in the earliest years of the nineteenth century, except, as De Quincy says, among the "superannuated clingers to obsolete remembrances." But let us begin at the

beginning and learn the answer to the much contested question. About the time of the famous Mrs. Montagu and her first attempts to rescue the women of her class from cards and idle pleasure-seeking, a gentleman, Benjamin Stillingfleet, very well known among the polite circles of London. He frequented all fashionable assemblies and as Mrs. Montagu's gatherings were of the choicest, he never failed to be present, his stockings invariably being of the intensest blue. Inasmuch as the fashionable dress for gentlemen of that period made stockings a very conspicuous article of attire, Admiral Boscawen, a brave officer and an admired society man, jocularly called all the ladies who were in the habit of receiving Stillingfleet with gracious enthusiasm, "Blue Stockings." As the Admiral was a great favorite, the ladies accepted the name in the best of humours, and soon all gatherings or coteries which had literary work for their aim, where ladies received and presided, were called The Blue Stockings,—a story quite simple and natural.

That the beautiful residence of the Marquise de Rambouillet, known as the Hotel de Rambouillet,—that shrine to the Muses, the manners, the letters and the graces,—should contain a particular room, a sort of holy of holies, a sanctuary of the Temple of Athena, where its fair mistress received the continual homage which for thirty years a host of friends bestowed upon her, should be called the "salon bleu" for reason of its color scheme, is a mere coincidence, and bears no relation to the title which Stillingfleet's stockings conferred, or Admiral Boscawen's humour originated. The garrulous Boswell, whose instincts rarely led him astray when he was upon such quests, declares the Stillingfleet theory to be the recognized and correct one. As far as Madame Rambouillet's salon is concerned, there is no reason for the title. Blue was a pleasant innovation, after a long period of tan-color and red of various hues which had been in vogue for the decoration of rooms, and blue silken curtains, toning with blue and gold upholstery, was a delightful change after the garish ornamentation which had held

sway. As for Byron's lines, perhaps he was more in quest of rhyme than reason when he wrote:

"O, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue
As some one somewhere sings about the
sky,
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you,—
They say your stockings 're so:—Heaven
knows why."

The indications are that Byron was by no means ignorant of the title's origin.

According to Madame D'Arblay, who certainly cannot be regarded as mean authority, the Bas Bleu society, as she calls it, owed its origin and its name rather to Mrs. Vesey's assemblies, than to Mrs. Montagu's parties, and the name followed as a natural result of an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting from Mrs. Vesey, because he was not properly attired for an evening assembly. "Pho," exclaimed Mrs. Vesey with her well known simplicity, as she looked at him inquisitively;—"don't mind your dress! Come in your blue stockings!" This anecdote, however, by no means impeaches the story of Admiral Boscawen's humour, and the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to the assemblies at both these houses of rendezvous, Mrs. Vesey in Bath and Mrs. Montagu in London, and when English women were divided into two classes, the majority, cards, the minority, books, it was universally designated as the Blue-stocking period.

Yet far more significant than title or its "raison d'être" is the high motive which instigated and impelled these women, both in France and England. In these days perhaps, their intentions and labors might be classed under the head of missionary work, and as such deserve our respect and applause. The woful waste of time and money, and utter degradation of character in card playing and vicious amusements, have already been mentioned together with the scathing censure of the great thinkers of that age, and it is not difficult to realize that women who sincerely loved their country and the welfare of their own sex, could but feel, and deeply feel, the necessity for reform.

The ignorant and inconsiderate have been much too prone to speak, and even write of the Blue Stocking with contempt and ridicule. As in the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, England achieved a glory and renown, in the light of which she still shines, so all of Europe gained from the work of the Blue Stockings an impetus toward the betterment of fashionable society, and of mankind generally, which is felt to this day. They were not women whose incentives sprang from selfishness or vanity. That there were women among them who listened with pleasure to the praises of their own loveliness, can hardly be questioned. Every soldier in the rank and file of a great army is not essentially a hero, or a patriot. There were women among the cultured of London society and among the *Precieuses* of Paris, who doubtless enjoyed the possession of power, but the motive of these coteries in England and across the channel was good and not evil, as results have significantly proven.

Let us look at the lives of the Rambouillet coterie, and we cannot fail to see their beauty and purity. The characters of the Marquise and her daughters were as far above suspicion as the wife of Caesar, and they were mentioned in Paris as "models whom all the world cited, all the world admired, and every one tried to imitate." St. Simon was not conspicuously remarkable for sparing faults and weaknesses wherever they might be found, and he gives his testimony of the Salon in these words:—"It was a sort of academy of *beaux esprits*, of gallantry, of virtue, and of science, for these things accorded marvelously. It was a rendezvous of all that was most distinguished in condition and in merit, a tribunal with which it was necessary to count, and whose decision upon the conduct and reputation of people of the court and the world, had great weight." Madame de Motteville adds her testimony that it was the resort of all the fine wits, and of Madame de Rambouillet's excellence in every direction there is more than abundant evidence. Her salon reached the height of its influence under Richelieu, and closed with the Fronde. It was here that Corneille read his dramas, and Bal-

zac greatly prized the opinion of the dignified and gracious Marquise. What is known of this distinguished woman is unvaryingly estimable; her character was flawless, untouched by a breath of hostility or defamation. Victor Cousin in commenting upon the *Salon bleu* says:—"We have sought in vain for that which ordinarily is not wanting in any brilliant destiny, namely, some calumny or scandal, an equivocal word or the lightest epigram. We have found only a concert of warm eulogies running through several generations. As soon as the question of the Marquise de Rambouillet arises, all the men of letters agree in a marvellous fashion. She disarmed even Tallemant himself."

When we reflect that this Tallemant was the caricaturist of the seventeenth century, whose facile pen was not unfrequently dipped in the bitterest gall of satire, who rarely failed to avail himself of any opportunity to make a good point when he saw anything he deemed worthy of his ridicule or irony, we can appreciate the value of his praise. Another authority, not to be despised, is Segrais, who in his *Memoirs* makes the unequivocal statement that it was the Marquise de Rambouillet, who by and through her reunions, corrected the bad habits which so generally prevailed in her time. If we inquire into the significance of the name which was given to the habitual attendants upon these assemblies, we shall find that the word means literally, "*personnes de prix*," persons of distinguished merit of either sex—*precieux* and *precieuse*. The "*genre précieux*" was the pre-eminently distinguished class among whom exquisiteness and purity of life were as sedulously cultivated as intellectual excellence. In short, to be a *precieuse* was in itself a warrant and evidence of good conduct. This fact was emphasized and not contradicted or questioned by Moliere himself, when he named his burlesque or skit,—"Les *Precieuses Ridicules*" and therein directed his sarcasm at those who by inflation and excess of "culte" rendered themselves ridiculous. It was at the *poseurs* not at the real thing that he aimed the shaft of his ridicule. The *true blues*, so to speak, ever commanded the

respect and admiration of men of letters and men of the world. How Moliere's work has been misread and misinterpreted is plainly evident in the opinion formed of *Les Precieuses*, by superficial and unthinking judges. Moliere meant to satirize pretence, not reality, to accentuate the significance of the apothegm, —*Esse quam videri esse*, and never to depreciate the inestimable benefit conferred upon his country by his own countrywomen.

As Le Brun had urged the women of France to inspire rather than to write, it was true that the chief aim and ultimate work of the Salon was to become an inspiration to French society. That it proved to be this inspiration cannot be gainsaid, and the degeneracy of the age of Louis XIV, as far as mind and manners obtained, when the Salon had fallen into decay or absolute nothingness, is but a proof of the wholesome influence exerted by these patriotic women who sought to regenerate society. But what was accomplished by the women of England? Did the Blue Stocking achieve as much as the *Precieuse*? Here enter questions of temperament, habit and character. English men are eminently club men. English authors are not eminently gregarious. The Englishman seems to partake of the isolation of his island home and is not only willing to work alone but rather fond of doing his work by himself. The freedom of the club offered comforts and privileges which the reunions in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Montagu denied, and aspirants for fame sought the Court rather than the Salon. The Englishman is as true and lasting a friend as the Frenchman, but the Gallic genius is nothing if not social, and apotheosizes conversation as the Englishman never does. Hence the subtle and elusive charm,—the magic of the spoken word which belongs to French society as to no other, and irresistibly attracts its members to each other, like a sort of cohesive power,—a nameless influence which holds the most serious men of letters as well as the gay and fashionable world. England has notably fine talkers, as her literary history shows, but France possesses the

esprit which combines taste, versatility and the instinct of pleasing,—elements which have rendered her salons the most fascinating in the whole world. It was said by the discerning Ninon de L'Enclos:—"It is not sufficient to be wise, it is necessary also to please," and while the Englishman may be wise, he is not invariably eager to please. Nevertheless, although in not quite the same way as their Gallic sisters wrought, the Blue Stockings of England gloriously fulfilled their aim and intention. It is possible that the work of the Blue Stocking was more enduring and more universal than the triumphs of the *Precieuse*. It came to stay and since that time there has been no real decadence. The British empire today bears the marks of that renaissance, or intellectual awakening, which began with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey, and included scores of women famous in name and character.

In spite of the inherent reserve and independence, not to say exclusiveness of the English men of letters, they finally welcomed and aided those efforts on the part of women which had for their purpose the rehabilitation of fashionable society. The autocrat, whose dictum was an authority in the literary world, Dr. Samuel Johnson, did not withhold his approval of the work of that society, in which his special friends and favorites, Hannah More and Mrs. Thrale, bore so conspicuous a part. With the example of the French salons before them, the women of England knew how to labor persistently and conservatively, and thus in a short time successfully disputed the encroachments of popular vices and follies. It was no disgrace to be a Blue Stocking, when the truly great and gifted of both sexes were not only endorsing, but sustaining and promoting the noble efforts of patriotic women to purge society of its evils. The poem by Hannah More, entitled "*The Bas Bleu*," was written in the summer of 1783, and in it she graphically depicts, under classical names, the personalities and characters of the women who composed this Society. She described it as a "select society which meets at Mrs. Vesey's every other Tuesday, of which I

am invited to be an unworthy member, with the addition of such other company as it is difficult to find elsewhere." In these very modest words we can find no trace of an excessive self-valuation, and no one can complain that vanity is the matter with this Hannah. The poem was first circulated in manuscript only, and with her own hand she transcribed a copy for the King who was eager to have one. A copy was also sent to Mr. Pepys, and to Dr. Johnson, who boldly declared that in his opinion,—“There was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it.” In 1786 this poem was published together with another of her poems entitled “Florio.” About this time she was elected member of the French Academy, an honor which any author in London or Europe might have coveted. Her acquaintance with Newton and Wilberforce,—whom Mrs. Montagu named the “Red-Cross Knight” for reason of his crusade against the slave trade in Africa,—contributed largely to a more serious way of thinking, and hence she devoted her pen to the production of valuable works on religious subjects. A detailed account of all her works is impossible in this paper, but this generation does not need to be reminded of the high character of the woman whose sententious saying,—“*The greatest evils in the world are sin and bile,*” is so aptly and frequently quoted in the philanthropic labors of the present day.

The “*Gens de Lettres*,” or “Blue Stockings” as they were now denominated by common consent, soon became a powerful and compact body in London. The meetings which began with Mrs. Vesey in Bath were transferred to the spacious and handsome house of Mrs. Montagu in London, which mansion constituted the central point of union for all persons who were already well known, or who sought to become known through their talents and productions. Mrs. Montagu, a woman of exceptional beauty, accomplishments and graciousness, was, as Sir Nicholas Wrexall declared, the Madame du Deffant of the English capital, and for fifteen years her assemblies continued in undiminished brilliancy, from 1770 to 1785. By her much admired production,

“*Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare*,” which she published in 1779, in consequence of Voltaire’s attacks upon England’s great dramatist, Mrs. Montagu had taken a deservedly high place among the writers of the day. She found panegyrists in France as well as in England, and London’s wisest and best were proud to do honor to this Queen of the Blues. Yet it is well to remember that the name Blue Stocking might be said to look before and after, and was applied to many who were not formally included in these assemblies which convened *de rigueur* at certain periods. Women of ability who wrote upon any subject, or were celebrated for intellectual attainments, were characterized by the common herd as Blue. Literary taste and acquirement invited the title. The justly famous Mrs. Barbauld was disposed to fight a little shy of organizations for literary purposes, not desiring to imitate the “*Les Precieuses*” across the channel, and the student of English literature will go far before he finds a choicer gem than her beautiful lines upon Life, the concluding stanza of which is so often quoted:—

“Life! we have been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather.

’Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps ’twill cost us a sigh, a tear!
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some
brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning!”

As Dr. Johnson said of Hannah More’s “*Bas Bleu*,” any poet might be glad to have written it.

Mrs. Thrale, who became Mrs. Piozzi, was a regular attendant upon these assemblies and was usually accompanied by Dr. Johnson.

The difference of reception at Mrs. Vesey’s and Mrs. Montagu’s afforded, we are told, an amusing contrast, each preserving an air of originality without attempt at imitation or rivalry on either side. Mrs. Vesey had a great horror of what was styled a “circle,” from the

stiffness and awe it produced, and pushed chairs and small sofas here and there about the apartment, really delighting to place the seats back to back, so that persons could converse or not, as they pleased, while Mrs. Montagu stood at the head of a "circle," or rather a semi-circle, and received in state, which ceremony well accorded with the magnificence of her superb house.

The Countess of Hertford, so gracefully enshrined in the "Seasons" of Thomson, and also in his exquisite hymn on Solitude, herself a composer of verse, beautiful and gracious, was a conspicuous figure in Mrs. Montagu's circle and was pleased to be esteemed a Blue Stocking. Elizabeth Carter was prominent in the *Bas Bleu* parties and highly respected by men of letters, not only for her poems and translations of the classics, but for her extraordinary attainments. Of her it was said by a learned scholar "She was literally better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus and the course of the Ilyssus, than she was with those of the Thames or the Loire, and could give a better account of the wanderings of Ulysses and Eneas than of the voyages and discoveries of Cook or Bourgainville." Dr. Johnson in speaking of a celebrated scholar said authoritatively:—"He understands Greek better than anybody I have ever known except Elizabeth Carter." In Latin she was also proficient, and her knowledge of learned languages was an agreeable incentive to study among the Blues. The Elegiac sonnets of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, whose maiden name was Turner, deserve to be included among the good sonnets of which so many have been produced by England's poets. Having become disgusted with the work of translation which she did admirably well, she turned to original production and wrote poetry which truly deserved the name, and essays of no mean order. The bright stars which composed this galaxy are numerous and volumes would be necessary to give each one its meed of praise, and besides the legitimate literary workers whose books and poems are still read, were many women whose association with these workers, entitled them to a share of

literary reminiscences, as the earth around the rose seems to partake of the fragrance of the flower. Of these Mrs. Delany is well known, not herself an author but in place, position and labor identified with them,—a Blue Stocking who inspired others to write as Le Brun's advice suggested.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was an intense worker, but ill adapted to the regularities of a literary organization. The names of Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), Miss Seward, Lady Murray, Anna Maria Porter, Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, all come within the *Bas Bleu* period, many of them reaching down to the time when a woman who wrote books was an author, independent of organization, and the title of Blue Stocking a thing of the dead past.

Yet, strange to say, the thing of the dead past in England was a thing of the living present across the Atlantic. Not only the woman who wrote and published but the woman who sought to cultivate literature in any form was, in the new country, designated a Blue Stocking, and that too with a stigma of aspersion or ridicule which did not prevail in England. This may be attributed to the fact that the special work of reform was not needed in a land of freedom where the corruption and extravagances of life at Court, were not to be feared, and the ineradicable conviction that the woman who entered the literary field was likely to neglect the homely duties of the housewife. The flowers of poetry and romance were not expected to thrive in the sterile soil of Puritanism, and the cavaliers of Virginia were content to read the productions of the mother-country. How many decades have passed since the name of Blue Stocking was mentioned in the United States with a sneer or smile of contempt? Surely not so many that it is beyond the recollection of persons who are living to-day. But the first Blue Stocking of America was born on English soil and transplanted in the Colony of Massachusetts—the daughter of one governor and the wife of another,—Mrs. Anne Bradstreet. Among the learned men of Cambridge and Boston she found instructors who assisted her education.

Her first collection of poems was printed in Boston, under a most elaborate title, with the like of which few books have been favored, namely:—"Several Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz:—the Assyrian, Persian and Grecian; and the beginning of the Roman Commonwealth to the end of their last King; with divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems: by a Gentlewoman of New England." In 1650 this volume was reprinted in London with the additional title of "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung in America." This was followed in 1675 by a second American edition from the press of John Foster, in Boston.

Whether encouraged or intimidated by this formidable title, there were other women in the new land who entered the field of literature. Anne Bradstreet was followed by Mercy Warren, who took an active part in the war of the Revolution and dedicated one of her volumes to General Washington. Philadelphia and New York contributed to the number of women writers, and Vermont presented Hannah F. Gould whose verses in the reading books were a delight to children.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale of New Hampshire is well known and the poems of Maria Brooks of Charlestown, Massachusetts, rank among the best works of New England. Lydia Sigourney of Connecticut speaks to us now in her poem on The Mother of Washington and the exquisite ballad, "The Indian Girl's Burial." Among those who won a wide popularity, Amelia Welby of Maryland, and afterward of Kentucky, may be mentioned, her poems, like Tom Moore's, being quoted and sung in every household. Strong and full of poetic fire were the poems of Catherine Warfield and Eleanor Lee of Mississippi, and the London publisher might have found a score of Muses to add to his Tenth, had he been so inclined.

At last in America the title of Blue Stocking has become obsolete, and no one now employs it, save the antiquarian who desires to be facetious. Women are authors and poets, known and read of all men. Nevertheless, the women of the past who bore the glory or approbrium of the soubriquet, achieved a great work. They took the first step which costs, and opened the path for those who were to come after them. They uplifted the nation in the old world and in the new, and that nation shall never fail of its highest ideals whose women are faithfully pointing the way.



BOSTON'S OUTDOOR WINTER SPORTS

By MRS. KATE STEVENS BINGHAM

SINCE the first heavy snow storm of the season, which most opportunely furnished New England with a superb ermine overcoat for the winter, Boston has been having the time of its life with outdoor amusements. These are now being engaged in as never before and, inasmuch as they lead towards the "simple life," are giving a great deal of encouragement to those sociologists who fear that with the steady increase of luxury among our people, the nation is bound to deteriorate.

This increased interest in life in the open is evidenced by the fact that this year the newspapers are publishing daily a list of fifty-five places, as against thirty-two of last year, where skating and kindred sports can be enjoyed. On this bulletin are country clubs, of which there are at least forty in this neighborhood, public playgrounds, scattered about greater Boston, and in Brookline and Cambridge as well, public parks, and natural recreation grounds, as the rivers and ponds in and about town. Conspicuous among the first mentioned places where winter sports are now in full swing are the famous Brookline and Brae Burn Country Clubs, both within convenient distances of the city.

As an especial guest of these organizations I had the opportunity of seeing them at close range, and found, as I had supposed from the ultra-wealthy communities in which both are situated, the first in Brookline and the second in Auburndale, that they offer everything in the way of outdoor life, and indoor, also, which can contribute toward the comfort and entertainment of their members. Their club-houses, — regular modern hotels, fitted out with every luxury, are capable of accommodating hosts of

guests; their grounds comprise several hundred acres apiece, well adapted for all kinds of amusements, and their membership runs well up into the hundreds, with many more on their waiting lists. It is, however, not my purpose to eulogize these delightful clubs but, from their bearing on my subject, winter sports of the Hub, merely suggest an idea of their size and importance.

The Country Club, as that of Brookline is popularly called, and the Brae Burn have each ponds for separate purposes, kept in the best of order. Thus, there are ponds for the exclusive use of skaters, with shelters beside them where one can rest, get warm, and chat with one's friends, while at the same time enjoying the view through their glass fronts. Then there are the hockey rinks for full-fledged young men and for boys, the rinks for the former surrounded by high fences where the players can shove the puck in every direction without fear of its loss. These rinks are in constant demand throughout the season for matches between, not alone the local hockey teams of Boston, but those from other parts of the country as well, notably the great colleges. Last come the rinks for the old Scotch game of curling or, as it is also called—Bonspiel or the roaring game; the last name being given to it from the reverberating sound the stone makes as it glides over the ice.

This most interesting sport, not unlike shuffles or quoits, is played with heavy stones. These, however, instead of being thrown by hand, as in the other games, are shoved, by means of hardwood handles, over the ice. These rinks are just as smooth as a piece of glass, for any unevenness would destroy the skill and pleasure of the game. It is a most

entertaining sight to watch the curlers when at play. While the leader is starting his stone across the rink, the three others on his side, each armed with a broom, stand ready to sweep the ice clear of any impediment which might interfere with the oncoming stone. The curlers are, as a rule, men in the prime of life, or even beyond. They wear any kind of clothing which they may happen to have, from out-of-date garments, reaching down to their knees, to cut-away jackets or sweaters. There are no women in the Brae Burn Club, but the Brookline Curl-

this, people of every age are furnished with congenial amusements at these clubs. In consequence of this the members of a family, from the parents down to the youngest child, can enjoy themselves in one way or another at these places. Both clubs are quite proud of the fact that they encourage family life to such a degree.

Among the most attractive affairs of these clubs are the ice carnivals, held several times a month in the evening. When there is an attendance of fifteen hundred people, when the great hosleries



ICE-BOATING ON THE CHARLES

ing Club numbers many among its one hundred members.

At both clubs there are young men always on hand whose business it is to give instructions in skating and the other ice sports, to shove the sled-chairs over the ice, to assist the old and feeble about, and to look out for the little ones. Indeed, from the attention paid to children at Brae Burn it is considered a kind of child's paradise. As can be seen from all

and ponds are illuminated with myriads of Chinese lanterns, and the general gaiety is heightened by the music of fine bands, they certainly are brilliant occasions. As can be fancied, all the sports then go on with increased animation. The curlers, with their stones and brooms, curl and sweep more vigorously than ever; the members of the hockey teams knock the pucks about the rinks in an even livelier manner than in the daytime; while, as to



CURLING AT FRANKLIN PARK

the skaters, they outdo themselves with all kinds of graceful, intricate evolutions.

Tobogganing is also much in vogue at all these places. When the Brae Burn club was started, some seven years since, a regular toboggan chute was set up. Owing, however, to the ice melting in one side of it, accidents were frequent so it was judged best to discontinue the use of this chute and ride down the hills instead. The hill now used has a stretch of nearly half a mile. Tobogganing is a sport much indulged in at the Belmont Springs Country Club.

Snowshoeing is another attraction at these places. I made my first venture on them, this winter, at Brae Burn and found, as I had been informed, that it was not a difficult matter for a novice to walk on them. I would have succeeded even better than I did, had I not in this first essay put the shoes on upside down, with the points of the shoes turned towards the ground instead of towards the heavens. In this sport one needs to

take long steps and to keep one's feet quite wide apart. Then, before one is aware of it, one is getting over the snow in a most encouraging fashion, going where one could not go on foot,—namely over very deep snow. This is an exhilarating and delightful amusement. So the members of the Appalachian Club, and others, seem to think as, for a good many years now, they have made a regular practise of taking week-end trips on snowshoes in all parts of the state. They also make up parties and spend several weeks in the winter resorts of New England. This is, it seems to me, a much healthier manner of taking an outing than it is to visit the somewhat enervating places of the south or the West Indies.

These private, and exclusive country clubs, just described, necessarily only provide entertainment for a limited number of people. In visiting the public amusement places of greater Boston, I have found, however, that both the city

and state have provided for their wards, the people, as much, if not more, in the way of outdoor entertainment as the private clubs have done, with this advantage over the latter, that many more people can take part in the various sports provided. To begin with there are the numerous play grounds in and about the city whose grounds, when planned, were especially designed for skating. As the water in them seldom attains a greater depth than one foot, they are absolutely safe, whereas in the rivers and ponds in the metropolitan district accidents, owing to their greater depth, are not infrequent, in spite of the precautions taken by the park commissioners under whose jurisdiction they come.

Among the playgrounds where skating is a popular sport are Charles bank in the west end of town, the oldest of all, principally patronized by Hebrews; Columbus Avenue in the south end, where both white and colored children and adults congregate; Wood Island in East

Boston, also, a very much frequented place. In addition to these there are the lake in the Public Garden and Frog Pond in the Common, both, because of their central location, in the midst of residences and shops, daily thronged with young people.

Among the public resorts which contribute perhaps more than any of the others to the health and amusement of Boston's public are Franklin Field and Franklin Park, both in the southern limits of the city. They are largely patronised at all times of the year, but almost more so in the cold weather than the rest of the time. As one approaches the field, well named Boston's University Playground, because the graduates of the lesser playgrounds come here to compete in the large games, one sees people hastening thither from every direction, for this place gathers in patrons from great distances away; among others we find Harvard students.

Thirty of the fifty-six acres used for



THE TOBOGGAN SLIDES, FRANKLIN PARK



SKATING IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, BOSTON

summer games are flooded and, by planing and cleaning, kept in splendid order for ice games. The large, commodious locker building at one side of the field affords a pleasant, cosy place for getting warm and for baths after hours spent on the ice. On Saturdays, wind and weather favoring, sometimes as many as five thousand persons gather at Franklin Field to avail themselves of the numerous amusements provided for them. When the attendance is thus large there is considerable difficulty in threading one's way in and out of the throng and some danger because of the boys with their hockey sticks, who appear to imagine that the entire field is intended for their exclusive enjoyment. Under the superintendence of the head of the city parks, Mr. Pettigrew, a new curling rink has been opened at the field. This rink will, he hopes, create a fresh interest in this old sport, especially among those young men who played on the bowling green last summer. Up to this time Scarboro Pond in Franklin Park has

been used by the Boston curlers, but as soon as the new curling rink is under way the pond will be left for the exclusive use of skaters.

Franklin Park, just across Blue Hill Avenue from the field, with its area of five hundred and sixty acres, offers opportunities for all of the winter sports already mentioned. The favorite one here is tobogganing, which is carried on from the top of School-master's Hill, down it and across the golf links. It is worthy of note that the hill derived its name from the fact that Ralph Waldo Emerson taught school here from 1825 to 1828. The toboggan slides are set up early in the cold season; when there is an abundance of snow they are in great demand. It is a most exhilarating sight to see the hosts of young men and women, their faces rosy from the frosty air, their forms enveloped in heavy fur garments, laughing and chatting in great glee, and piling on to the toboggans until there is no room left, and then to watch the long sleds as they races down the glassy in-



SKATING ON THE CHARLES RIVER AT WALTHAM

cline. If one ventures to ride for the first time one loses one's breath and has a feeling that one's end is nigh, for it takes several rides to become accustomed to the breakneck pace at which the toboggan goes. To prevent accidents, for this sport like many others is rather risky, men, belonging to the park, are stationed at the top and bottom of the chutes who give the order when to start from the top and when to take the toboggans away from the bottom so as to make room for those following after. The park authorities set up the chutes, there are two of them, and house the toboggans during the season in the golf house close at hand, but neither the toboggans nor the golf or tennis equipments are permitted in the golf house the entire year, their respective owners must take them away as soon as the time for using them is past.

Skating on the Charles, Mystic and Neponset Rivers is very popular now as in the past. The Charles is the favorite of them, from its location, in the centre of a thickly populated district, and from the broad stretch afforded by its present

fresh water basin.

Then there are the many lakes and ponds about town, most of which are filled with gay throngs of people when the ice is satisfactory.

On a clear, cold winter day it is well worth while to visit some of these places and see for oneself how the sporting community of our big city amuses itself. Jamaica, Hammond's ponds and the Charles River basin are good places either to indulge in or to witness ice sports. On one occasion, not long since, I had the good fortune to watch the fine skating of Miss Edith Rotch, one of Boston's athletic young ladies, and a member of the well known Vincent Club. She intends to publish a book upon fancy skating, of which art she is past mistress. So as to enjoy to the utmost her favorite winter amusement, Miss Rotch has frequently been in the habit of going out to skate twice a day, for in this fluctuating climate where steady cold, with its concomitant ice, is so uncertain, one must make the most of all opportunities for skating.

Now, however, thanks to the Boston

Arena, situated in the new amusement part of town, lovers of all kinds of ice sports can indulge in them independent of wind and weather. Here in this great ice palace with its spacious rinks, provided with artificial ice, skating, hockey and curling can be enjoyed at all times. This winter the society people of Boston are going in for these wholesome sports as never before. Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, Mrs. Oakes Ames, and other social leaders, have formed "The Skating Club," with the Boston Arena for its headquarters. Other important ice events are scheduled to take place there also. Among others the hockey teams of Harvard are to play match games with the Canadian University sevens. This indoor place will supplement the outdoor ones I have described for, of course, no building, however convenient, can begin to vie with the pleasure of doing things in the open. I will say here that these great ice palaces are much in vogue in the large cities of Europe. At Prince's in London the *elite* of England have

taken up ice stunts very much of late years.

There are some excellent hockey rinks in Soldier's Field, the great playground of Harvard University. Here when the ice is hard and smooth spirited games between teams from various parts of the country take place. In this same vicinity, also, is the Charles River Speedway where throughout the winter racing contests occur, in which some of the finest race horses in New England compete. A good time to see them is after a snow storm and when the driveway is trodden down hard. It is very exciting to be a looker on at these races, but much more so to be one of the contestants.

Before closing I must speak of the ice sailing on the Charles River Basin, about the only place where this dangerous sport is permitted. The ice boats, with their sails, present a most interesting, exciting spectacle as impelled onward by a strong wind, they come along at a tremendous rate of speed, scattering everything before them.



CURLING AT THE BRAE BURN CLUB

THE SISTER

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

CHAPTER IV.

At last Caleb entered tapping nervously with his stick and with his head turned as far over his shoulder to study the sky, that he tripped on the threshold.

"Welcome," said Patience gravely. "Will thee not sit down?"

Friend Ephraim shook his head. "We came to inquire into a matter that has been laid before us by the woman's meeting. 'Tis said that thy sister, Deborah Stebbins, has laid for seven days as one dead in thy house. It seems to us unseemingly, neither good for the flesh nor spirit, to keep the dead in the house of the living. I have brought these with me to examine into the case of Deborah Stebbins."

"Deborah is not dead," said Martha suddenly; she had plucked up courage in this godly company.

Friend Ephraim nodded. "So doth Sarah Williams say, but her husband doth not countenance her strange motions. 'Tis a grievous thing to lose a fond sister and we will sorrow for her who was so young and wise, and in days gone by did testify with such fulness of the spirit, but it helpeth neither grief nor fresheneth the spirit to keep the inanimate clay of one whose soul hath returned to the God who gave it and whose body should likewise return to dust. We would see the maiden Deborah now for the last time and say the parting prayers over her lifeless body."

"Deborah is not dead," reiterated Martha, this time more fearfully.

The man looked at her rebukingly, "The doctor has said that signs of life should show on the seventh day."

Here Caleb spoke. He had been peering anxiously from the window during the discourse of Ephraim Strong; now

his voice, shrill with fear, broke in on the other's solemn accents.

"See! See the sky! 'Tis darkening. Alas! woe, woe, to a wicked world! the Lord will come to judge the quick and the dead! Unworthy, unworthy are we to meet him! Praise the Lord." He was opening and shutting his hands upon the top of his stick.

Friend Bennett and his wife were standing close together with troubled faces, looking at Ephraim who towered among them, unmoved and calm.

Then straightway Caleb began to quote quaveringly from Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*.

"No heart so bold, but now grows cold,
And almost dead with fear;
No eye so dry, but now can cry,
And pour out many a tear."

"Shall we depart to our homes?" questioned Preserved Bennett.

"Nay, wherefore?" asked Ephraim. "Are we not in the pathway of duty, and employed in what better way can the Lord find us when he cometh? Though the end comes to all of us this day, we will inquire into this matter. Lead us to thy sister's room, Patience Stebbins."

Patience stepped across the kitchen where the shadows were deepening and threw open the door into the best-room. Martha watched with a twinkle in her eyes, forgetful for a moment of her fear. It was growing darker; Friend Ephraim and his wife being first, must bend and peer toward the bed, beneath the gay curtains. They were open as they had been since Deborah had lain there. The man and his wife were reaching forward to see better, behind them came the other Friends, the doctor last;—all with curious faces, all bending after the fashion

ot the first of the procession. But suddenly Caleb Brown gave a strange half-inarticulate cry, and Friend Strong and his wife turned their straining eyes from the bed, to see by the window, with her Bible in her hand, Deborah, smiling into their surprised, frightened faces. They stood there staring at her without speaking. The lurid light seemed to thicken and darken as they looked, yet somehow did not obscure the majesty of Deborah's face.

"'Tis the last day, the dead have risen," wailed Caleb Brown.

Then Deborah rose and holding her Bible against her heart with one hand, with the other pointed toward the door.

"Go to the next room and I will follow, I have somewhat to say to thee."

Before they left the room, Ephraim said stiffly, "We rejoice at thy restored health, Deborah Stebbins."

They went back into the living room, Patience with half-seeing eyes and trembling fingers, lighted the candles. Caleb Brown stood at the window staring out into the strangeness. Most of the others came to the windows; all save Friend Ephraim who seated himself calmly in the arm-chair.

"Did she rise from the dead, doctor?" whispered Caleb.

"Perchance," said the doctor slyly.

"'Tis the last day when the graves are opened. How the green of the trees does glow, and the heavens are as if the sun refused its light! We are all going to die, doctor. Praise the Lord! The heavens will roll back as a scroll. I never thought to live to see the judgment day."

"Thee is not afraid, Friend Caleb?" asked the doctor quizzically.

"No, no, not afraid,—" murmured Caleb, "but 'tis so sudden to be caught in the twinkling of an eye. Here come thy servants, Friend Strong and thy sister, Friend Bennett, so shall we all go up or down together."

The new comers had frightened, startled faces; but Ephraim Strong had just commenced in his deep, reassuring voice. "We are the Lord's in this world and the next," when the door of the fore-room opened and Deborah stepped into the midst. Ephraim Strong never fully

understood why he rose at her approach, but rise he did, and Deborah with a stately inclination of her head, took the large arm-chair, as if it had been the throne of a queen. The Bible in her hand she laid on the little light-stand, and commenced speaking in her strangely moving voice.

"Fear not, little children!" the three middle-aged men gave a start, but her tranquil voice went on, "though the heavens be as brass, and the earth like iron, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; fear not. The judgment day is yet far distant, there is yet the time for all to do the works of the Lord. Even so, in the midst of this change comes forth yet a new servant, the one that ye see before you, come to work the Lord's will upon this suffering earth."

Mystery itself seemed to stir in the dim room. On the table burned two small candles that cast enough of light on Deborah's face to make it shine forth indeed like a saint's and the faint light seemed to flicker about her hair like a halo. There was no sound in the room, save the hoarse breathing of certain of the listeners and their hearts tapping in their ears.

But the voice went on. "Ye think ye see before you one, Deborah Stebbins, but I am not she."

Martha leaning against the wall, in a state of collapse, recovered herself so far as to breathe into Patience's ear:

"Forsooth, forsooth, what aileth Deborah now, who can she be?"

"The soul that once was Deborah Stebbins hath returned to its Maker and a new soul doth inhabit her body, a new spirit, a new heart and mind. I have been sent unto you to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, to heal the sick, to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, to bless, to cheer, to comfort, to preach a new heaven and a new earth. Upon this earth have been many revelations from God, another yet comes through her that was once Deborah Stebbins, but that hath henceforth a new name being carnally minded no longer. Henceforth I am no more Deborah, but the Sister, the Sister of all those who are weary and heavy-laden, of the sick and

poor, of the erring and cast down, of those who long for the life of the spirit rather than the formal life of the flesh."

She paused now, and there was silence, till the dauntless Ephraim Strong spoke. "Deborah Stebbins—."

"Sister, Sister, Friend Ephraim," she beamed on him with an angel's smile that, even in the dimness, charmed him.

"Sister—thee is taking much on thyself."

A far light seemed to shine in her face, she commenced again:

"Friend Ephraim see that thou scornest not the inner light. As I have been taught of the Lord, so will I teach others. I am the spirit which God hath sent, the Sister, to bless this weary world, to teach the love of God that surpasseth the love of man. Though darkness hold the face of the earth, have no fear. I, the Sister, have said that no plague shall come nigh thy dwelling. Depart in peace, go to your homes, and bless the Lord."

She shut the Bible and leaned back in her arm-chair with closed eyes. The people in the room began to whisper to one another. Caleb Brown was filled with superstitious awe; the doctor, interested in her beauty, Friend Ephraim both annoyed and amused at the pretentious speech. The women looked doubtful, Friend Bennett's wife peered anxiously from around her card-board bonnet at her husband. Ephraim had just cleared his throat to speak, when Deborah opened her eyes and said:

"I pray thee that as ye depart, thee will bid me farewell." She held out her long, slender hand toward Friend Ephraim who was the first; and he would have indeed appeared a churl had he refused it. He took her hand with a jerk and bow, then his wife, then his servant; after him come the others in solemn procession, yet seeming a little in doubt of this new prophetess, and much in fear of stepping from the house out into the increasing gloom.

"To think it should be near mid-day," muttered Caleb Brown, tapping his stick on the stone step without. "I think I will repair to thy home Friend Ephraim; I am a lone man and if indeed we are called to judgment I might be overlooked, being

but one." So he trotted after Ephraim Strong.

The doctor was the last of the Friends to leave. He came slowly forward to the beautiful prophetess and held her hand long in saying farewell.

"Does thee feel quite well and strong? Art sure thee will have no return of the weakness?"

"Can we ever answer with surety of the body?" asked Deborah with her serene smile. "But my spirit ruleth my body. Wherefore should I be weak? Wherefore, since my soul hath the wings of the morning and can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth?"

Patience in the ring of candle-light, stood gaping at the two.

"Ah, but Patience has made my body stronger, already. It is on this sister in the flesh that I greatly depend."

The doctor turned and looked intently on Patience who suddenly gasped and swallowed; then he returned to his former subject.

"The spirit is often willing, but the flesh is weak."

"Quite so," answered Deborah, "yet some have never weariness of the flesh; there is Patience now, her flesh seems never weak."

Again the doctor turned a puzzled face toward Patience, who withdrew suddenly from the ring of light into the outer gloom.

"Sister, do not over-weary thyself with speaking and preaching. Remember, a woman's frame has not the strength of a man's."

"Except in bearing pain and sorrow," said Deborah gravely as he withdrew, glancing back from the door-way before he stepped into the darkness unilluminated by the light of her eyes.

Then Deborah too rose, and taking the Bible again in one hand, and a candle in the other, she stepped again into the best bedroom, leaving her two sisters staring at one another through the gloom.

Patience sank into a chair, trembling weakly; Martha began to cry with a faint whimper.

"What ails thee, Marthy," quavered Patience.

"I am afraid of—everything—" sobbed

Martha. "Oh, here comes Sarah Williams. Praise the Lord!"

Martha ran to open the door and threw herself hysterically into the arms of the new comer. "Oh, Sarah, Sarah, the Lord hath sent thee, I am glad thee is come!"

Sarah held Martha at arms length and studied her plump face, now quite pale with fear and streaked with tears. "What is it Martha?" she asked.

"'Tis all so fearsome, I am beside myself with fright. Oh, Sarah, 'tis so strange," moaned Martha incoherently. "Deborah is not dead, 'tis as thee said, she has come to life—and—yet—not she—Oh, Sarah she has not come to life—another she says, inhabits her body, one with whom I am not acquaint and never knew before. And the judgment day is coming without, I fear—and oh, Sarah—I am not the Lord's and what will Deborah do at the rising of the dead? If another has her body what will Deborah do and what will this, this—this Sister, she says she is now. And yet, she did charm the doctor with her eyes even as Deborah Stebbins. Oh, Sarah, 'tis passing strange. I am a—a-feared, of the d—darkness without and the ss—stranger within."

And Martha finished in a burst of sobs on Sarah's shoulder.

"Patience tell me, what is it?" asked Sarah over Martha's plump shoulder which she was stroking soothingly.

"She is no more Deborah Stebbins," began Patience.

"Who is she? Is she married?" Sarah asked it so suddenly that Martha jumped in her embrace.

"No, she did not say so, but she is to be called the Sister and she will be a great preacheress I think. She had ever a gift that way,—Deborah did, I mean. Indeed, Sarah, she is strange.

"When did she tell thee this?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, the overseers were here, they came to ask if we should not put her in the grave, when she seemed to rise from the dead and made a wondrous speech to them. Thee should have heard it, she had great words marvelously put together.

"She knows many verses from the Bible—Deborah does—they all listened, —I would thee had been here, Sarah."

"I could not come any sooner."

Then suddenly the door of the best-room was opened and Deborah stepped into the living-room with her candle in her hand; she placed it on the table and turned toward Sarah.

"I knew thee would come to me, Sarah. My spirit hath been calling thine." She held out her arms toward Sarah, and Sarah, free now from the embrace of Martha who had withdrawn to a corner, came slowly toward the new spirit as if impelled by some strong inner force. Deborah still held out her arms and Sarah crept into them. Then she withdrew fearfully.

"But they say thee is no more Deborah Stebbins."

"'Tis true, a new spirit hath entered this weary body, and a new mission hath been given to me. But the new spirit loveth thee, Sarah. Sit down and I will tell thee about it."

Deborah seated herself again in the great flowered arm-chair and Sarah took a hard, low stool at her knee.

"Listen Sarah," said Deborah softly, "and I will tell thee what hath been revealed to me."

With Sarah Williams at her knee Deborah talked on and on, with the clear tinkle of her magical voice, while Sarah Williams sat staring up into the great black orbs with her soft, blue ones.

"Marthy," whispered Patience in a corner of the kitchen, "what is it Debby is saying?"

Poor, frightened Martha spread out her hand in protest.

"Ask me not, Patience, it may be the tongue of angels, but surely 'tis not the tongue of men."

Then she nudged Patience sharply and they were still, listening as through the half-darkness came the remote voice; they had heard it once before from Sarah's lips.

"I see thee honored and exalted," said the voice, "but I see a long hard way before thee does come to thine own. Thee will wander hither and thither until thee finds a pleasant resting place. But men

are in thy path,—one is short,—one is tall and dark—”

“Sarah!” Deborah’s voice rang through the room; it was echoed by a man’s tones; “Sarah.”

Sarah Williams’ eyes opened, smiling irresolutely, then sobering as her glance went around the kitchen and she saw in the doorway the figure of her husband.

“Oh, John,” she said vaguely, rising to her feet in a stumbling way.

“Will thee not be seated John Williams?” asked Deborah; she arose suddenly and stepped proudly across the floor toward him with a certain majesty in her movements, a new power in her face and voice. But his glance went past her and held his wife.

“The child is crying for thee Sarah, is it meet that the last day should find thee away from thine own household?”

“If the last day find us occupied ’twill make small difference in whose household we are,” answered Deborah steadily, “nor what we are doing, so we are the Lord’s. But fear not, John Williams, the last day is yet afar off, there is yet time for thee to repent of thy doings.” If there was a hint of a smile on her lips it was not seen in the darkness.

A great shadow lay on the man’s face; but his wife seeing it came quickly to him, “I am coming John,” she said hastily, and with a backward glance at Deborah, she went out of the door and down the path by her husband’s side.

CHAPTER VI.—FROM PILLAR TO POST

From the day of her revelation, Deborah Stebbins under the name of “The Sister,” took a place of significance in the conservative Quaker community. She adopted a new costume all of black, with ample skirts and white collar and cuffs, while her black hair she let flow unbound and curling on her shoulders. A striking sight was she in the midst of the commonplaceness, with an aloofness of expression which mystified and impressed many. Some claimed that she could heal as well as preach; Caleb Brown, old hypochondriac that he was, claimed the sister had restored him from a deadly sickness. Deborah spoke in many of the

Friend’s meetings, her unusual appearance, her mellifluous voice, her wonderful command of Biblical language carrying her on a wave of enthusiasm into the hearts of her hearers. Then she began to preach in the adjoining towns and the fame of her spread far and wide.

But all did not bow before her nor acknowledge her as a leader sent from heaven. John Williams viewed with growing dislike the increasing attachment which began to manifest itself between Deborah and his wife. Sarah would creep away in the intervals of household work to stealthily enter the Stebbins’ farmhouse and sit at Deborah’s feet, sometimes listening with enrapt gaze, sometimes with closed eyes and trance-like voice, telling strange things of the future. Once again her husband found her here, and when she had followed him meekly home he had denounced the Sister.

“That woman!” he cried, striding back and forth in his wide, low raftered kitchen. “What of her? Of what is she? Surely Sarah thee knows enough of her past to pity the poor fools who hang on her words. Her dress is foolish, her words are blasphemous and what can she be who is ever leading thee away from thy home and family? Little Ruth has long been ailing because so often is her mother absent and not able to care for her.”

“John, John, it is not so,”—Sarah went to bend over the child’s cradle,—“I would never neglect Ruth for a thousand Sisters; but if she be ailing it is because thee is not willing to take her to the Sister to receive her divine help—.”

“Divine help!” roared John Williams so loudly that the baby stirred in her sleep. “There is naught divine in that woman; she is of the world, worldly. They say she has wed the poor, ugly Patience to the doctor since he is well endowed with this world’s goods. Much good it will do her, he is as close as the tree-bark; but she has promised him a goodly marriage portion from the offerings of her foolish followers. The Stebbins could scarce keep body and soul together until Deborah took up this new profession. ’Tis all for making what she

can in worldly matters."

"John, it is not so," cried Sarah again.

Her husband laughed grimly. "'Tis my duty to speak thus Sarah. Though I hate her 'tis not for her that I speak now, but for thy good and that of the child. She is a wicked woman, she would take thee from me if she could."

And this time Sarah could not with truth protest; but there was in her face that look of gentle obstinacy that her husband had long since learned to associate with inflexibility of will. Though Sarah might be taught to bend, he had learned that her purpose never broke. Nevertheless his plan was before him and all things seemed to favor him. It was not difficult to persuade the timid, doubting elders that there was certainly something wrong in Deborah's unusual appearance, her undue prominence and her hidden past. But when at the monthly meeting it was reported that Deborah Stebbins should "condemn" her various questionable actions, Deborah paid not the slightest heed to the demand but kept on her cheerful, triumphant way. Then at the next meeting, she was at last denied and placed outside the pale of Friends.

Now John Williams decided to take the journey, long urged upon him by his Quaker friends, to a distant part of the State to inquire into certain matters connected with the sect. He felt that Sarah, devout Quaker as she was, would not long consort with one adjudged unsuitable by the Friends, and he had also found that Deborah had brought strained relations into his family life, that there was an insufferable but impalpable something now between Sarah and himself. He felt absence might bring them nearer.

How little did he realize Deborah's power! It was but a day after his departure when Sarah, with her child, took up her abode under the Stebbins' roof, partly in hope of mending little Ruth's health, partly because Sarah could not keep away from Deborah's magnetic presence.

On that day Sarah found Deborah holding forth to her little band of followers. Her denial had only made her more eloquent and determined.

"I will be the founder of a new and freer belief!" she cried. "My power shall spread far and wide, and many shall come to me to hear words of freedom and truth, and ye who are here shall be my chief helpers in this great work." She looked at Mary Bennett, Preserved Bennett's sister, Martha, Caleb Brown and lastly, Sarah and her child.

"I will tell thee, now, that I received some days since a letter from one Ezra Ditmarsh who liveth three days' journey from here. He has long since been risen from the Friends to the New Lights, and even now has come into a greater freedom by reason of certain of my words when he was in this region not long since. He has builded on his own land, and at his own expense, a meeting-house in which no service has been held for some time because of his rising above the New Lights. He has invited me to come hither as the preacheress in this new spot. He is a man of as goodly wealth as any in this troubled land, with a large house wherein he will gladly give me an abiding place. I would have waited till the war is over, but even now the news of the surrender of many of the king's troops is on the way hither—" Sarah Williams had declared this in her dream the day before,—"'twill now be fitting that we soon start hither."

Therefore when one crisp, fall morning, three weeks later Deborah Stebbins shook off the dust of her feet against the Friends' settlement, in her train were Sarah Williams and her child, Caleb Brown and Mary Bennett. Martha, with Patience and the doctor, lately married, stood at the door of the doctor's home, together with a goodly crowd of the Sister's disciples, some of whom were hoping to follow her soon. A large wagon was packed with Deborah's belongings and in it were Sarah Williams and her child. The driver was a servant of the doctor, who was to return in a short time with the wagon and his two passengers. The little black box of Deborah's was carried by Sarah in the large pocket beneath her skirt.

The settlement toward which they were bound was a five days' journey; but the trip was successfully accomplished

under Deborah's able management, and at last they reached Ezra Ditmarsh's home. It was a large comfortable dwelling with ample room for the Sister and her followers, and here they took up their abode.

In this new community Deborah met with bewildering success. Life was destitute of surprises in these rural settlements especially in winter, and it was a continual delight to hear the Sister's unusual words, to see her unique costume and her dazzling beauty. Offerings of all sorts poured in upon her, and Deborah received them and encouraged them unshrinkingly. Sarah Williams, who had a strange practical streak in her otherwise eerie nature, looked after the accounts. All through the winter Deborah had kept Sarah by her side, the doctor's man had returned without her. The roads were bad, the weather was too cold for Ruth,—always some excuse fashioned by Deborah, served the wavering Sarah who had heard no word from her husband since that morning when she had ridden away from the home settlement at Deborah's side. Caleb Brown, returning now and again to look after his property and to attend to some of the shrewd Deborah's worldly affairs, had said no word of her husband to Sarah. She herself had feared to question him, thinking he would surely inform her of anything of importance and forgetting that Caleb's report was always made first to Deborah, who expurgated or added as seemed best.

Sarah, satisfied as she was with Deborah and the child, began to feel for John only a faint pity, to wonder why she had ever married, and to decide that she was not a woman made for wedded life.

Meantime Ezra Ditmarsh, a wealthy widower and chief supporter of her cause, fascinated by Deborah's beauty had begun to make hesitating love to her; then encouraged by her detached graciousness he had become more explicit and daring until Deborah sweetly, but with extreme loftiness, had given him to understand that she was above and beyond earthly ties. From that time there had grown in his manner to Deborah a sul-

lenness observable only to her at first; but growing into new self-assertion and resentfulness.

Deborah watched this closely as she watched all moods and manners of her converts, planning far ahead of any present difficulties. She saw the suspicious gleam in Ezra's eyes as he glanced at her for he seldom met her look squarely of late; yet she went on her calm way, apparently unconscious alike of Sarah's unhidden anxiety and Ezra's half-hidden enmity.

It was toward spring one evening, when Deborah and Sarah went together to the meeting; Mary Bennett was tired with the work of the day and willing to stay with little Ruth who was unusually restless.

That evening as Deborah glanced over her audience, before her opening prayer, she was sure she saw John William's face in the congregation. Her penetrating gaze seemed to note the settled malignity in his once kindly face, an unhappy pallor on his once freshly colored cheeks. She felt his watchful brown eyes, so like little Ruth's, on her all the while she prayed; but when she opened her eyes, he had gone. She wondered for a moment if she had dreamed her vision; then coming back to Sarah's anxious face in front, she spoke without abating one jot of her enthusiasm. She told of a land where there should be high spiritual benefits and plenty of material things;—a land flowing with milk and honey, where the wicked would not pursue and the weary should be at rest;—a promised land to which she would bring her followers. She noted with pleasure the little sympathetic breathings and movements of her listeners.

Deborah left the meeting house before the others, walking between the reverent rows of standing worshippers. But when without she waited for Sarah; then with her, she walked the short distance across the fields to Ezra Ditmarsh's house. At the other side of the house from Deborah's rooms was a thicket of lilac bushes, growing tall and abundant; in the summer, heavy and fragrant, now in the earliest spring thick with budding twigs.

As Deborah and Sarah came on one side of this hedge, they heard voices at the other side. Deborah pressed Sarah's arm hard, and the light foot-falls of the two women paused in the darkness.

"It may be hard for thee to do, Friend Ditmarsh, but I ask is it right that thy hard earned money and that which her followers need so sorely for themselves should be sent to her own family and not kept for the cause? Her sisters have long received money from her; it must be blood money in these times. Ask her to show thee what she has, or to give an account of herself if she be honest."

"But if she be not?" asked Ezra Ditmarsh.

"Then the officers of the law will do what seemeth best."

"Then thee does not wish to take thy wife home?"

"Yes."

"But thee can take her in any case."

Sarah Williams started at the voice that answered. To think it was her husband's! "I can take her,—but to what purpose until that woman has lost her hold upon her and does not lead her wherever she desires? Has thee not felt the baleful influence of this woman upon thee?"

"She does indeed seem to draw people to her, but to scorn them."

Whereupon Deborah smiled in the darkness; then drew Sarah softly on, to the house.

As they entered the door of the Ditmarsh house, Deborah saw that Sarah was in tears. "Foolish child," she said tenderly. "There is naught to trouble thee, they cannot harm me. I will stay and meet them, and does thee not think I can overcome them?"

"I think thee would better flee. Did I not say so in my dream?" whispered Sarah.

"Nay I will stay," answered Deborah calmly. As Sarah went to her room, Deborah stepped to the fire and laid her hand upon the shoulder of Ezra Ditmarsh's daughter.

The girl looked up, she had a heavy sullen face that lighted a little at Deborah's approach.

"Of what is thee thinking?" asked De-

borah.

But the girl moved her eyes uneasily from Deborah and muttered half inarticulately, something about Ruth.

Then the door of Deborah's room was flung open and Sarah stood on the threshold. Her face was white, her eyes had darkened to look almost like Deborah's; she held to the door-frame with both hands, opening and shutting her lips in the effort to speak. At last she gasped:

"Ruth—where is she?"

In a second Deborah's long black cloak was across the room and past Sarah who was flung against the open door. Then the Sister was searching all over the room, half crawling under the bed, peering into the closet, calling Mary Bennett to close the door and tell her where Ruth was gone.

"I—I do not know—" said the frightened Mary Bennett, standing against the now closed door, and looking down at Sarah who had sunk in a huddled heap on the floor. "I—I must have been asleep and when I woke Ruth was not in her cradle. I have looked there," as Deborah for the third time opened the clothes-press door.

Then Deborah again pushed past Sarah, this time into the keeping-room. She went up to the lame girl and spoke quickly with compelling hand on her shoulder and a persuasive voice:

"Tell me, tell me, where is little Ruth? Tell me and I will love thee!" She knelt suddenly beside the girl and her arm fell about the thick waist, she drew the heavy face against her shoulder.

The girl looked up at her. "Do not let them know I told," she whispered. "A man came, when Mary Bennett was snoring, he went through the room and Ruth was asleep and would not speak to me though I called."

"He went out at the door?" Deborah nodded toward the outer door.

"Yes; then after meeting he came again with father for a moment, and then went out again."

Deborah kissed the girl on the forehead and let her drop so suddenly from her hold that the tears gathered in the dull eyes, drying again as Deborah smiled on her as she passed swiftly to the door.

of the inner room. She closed the door and bent over Sarah clutching her by the shoulder.

"Sarah, I can do naught while thee is so. Thee must help," she seemed to shake Sarah to a standing posture.

The mother looked up at her dully, then suddenly crossing the room to the chest of drawers, began to pull out articles in feverish haste.

"What is thee doing, Sarah?"

Sarah looked at her wildly. "I am going back to John Williams. Though I hate him, yet will I serve him forever that I may be with my child. Who will smooth her curls and dress her and put her in bed, if not her mother? My husband has her, I go to him." Her lips quivered and her wild eyes softened. Deborah put her firm, cool hands on Sarah's nervous, hot ones.

"Listen, Sarah Williams; if thee will act as I say, quickly, and use thy wits, thee and Mary, I will find thy child and restore her to thee and I will bring thee safely from this place. I would not leave for myself, but now I must for thee. We will go this night, we and the child. I cannot lose thee, Sarah. I love thee."

"What shall I do?" Sarah asked more quietly.

"In a moment thy husband and Ezra and the officers of the law will be here. Bolt the door and let them think I am still here. Ezra's daughter will tell them so. Do you, Mary Bennett, get together what we must have for a journey. You, Sarah, put up all things entrusted to thy care, with what little money we now have on hand. Then if the outer room is full, come through the window and meet me at the second fork of the road beyond the meeting house where the path leads to the woods. And bring hither my white horse and the one Mary Bennett rode hither; and the pacer of Ezra's will do us excellent service."

Mary Bennett spoke eagerly. "I have often saddled them and to-night Jonas has ridden to the next town for Ezra. The stable will be alone."

"And Ruth?" there was the light of sanity in Sarah's eyes now.

"If thee does as I say, thee will find

Ruth when thee reaches me," said Deborah certainly. "I go to her now, farewell."

She turned and went into the next room, Mary Bennett's and Sarah's. It was dark here, so that not even Mary or Sarah saw her slip through the window, but a little above the ground. Then she sped swiftly away through the darkness covering her white collar and cuffs and hiding her white beaver as she ran. Of one thing she was certain,—John Williams had not gone far with Ruth, she must be somewhere near in hiding. With a firm belief in providential leading, and with a natural shrewdness, Deborah went straight to a farmhouse where lived a certain man who had withdrawn himself from her following.

There was a candle burning in the front room of this house. With her gliding, noiseless motion, Deborah went to the window, where, staring in from the shadow, she could see into the room. Yes, there on the settle farthest from the door and window, lay a bundle in a gray blanket. Deborah caught a glimpse of gleaming hair at the end of the roll nearest the firelight. She put her hand to her side, then withdrew it again with a little scornful smile. In the centre of the room in her chair, sat a woman nodding as if asleep. She was a paralytic, confined to her chair, and with eyes to see and ears to hear and a voice to call.

Nevertheless, Deborah crept to the door of the house. She put her hand on the latch and lifted it with her measured stealthy movements. She stood within the door, with the faint gleam of fire not reaching the small circle of candle light. Deborah stepped across the floor with her light tread. She came to the settle and stooped over it: a great shadow fell on the opposite wall by the fire's light. She touched Ruth's little chin softly with her finger: the child stirred, opened her pink mouth and yawned. Deborah bent over her with her finger on her lip, pointing to the figure asleep on the chair. The child's wandering eyes went back and forth from the woman to Deborah; then she nodded and put her own small forefinger on her parted and smiling lips.

(To be continued)



Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

THE OLD SPIRES ON THE GREEN AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, A DUAL CIVIC PERSONALITY

By CHARLES E. JULIN

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce.

I believe in New Haven.

I believe in her people.

I believe in her natural beauties and attractions.

I believe in her factory workers and the future of her factories.

I believe in attracting and welcoming the stranger within her gates.

I believe in her new library, her new court house, her new hotel, her new railroad station, and her new postoffice.

I believe in Yale University.

I believe in commending, not in condemning, even if I can help only by my voice.

I will give that help or hold my peace.

I believe in a bright future for New Haven: I know her illustrious past.

That is the Faith, Hope and Goodwill of a New Haven firm whose spirit carried into practice has given abundant success. That little creed typifies the guiding principle of the men of New Haven who are most active and unselfish in their work to make a prosperous and a delightful community even more so.

And that the creed is one not only of words but has basic substance was demonstrated by the unsolicited and wholly unexpected im-



Photograph by A. B. Corbin, New Haven
THE TOWERS OF NEW HAVEN WITH TRINITY CHURCH
IN THE FOREGROUND

promptu remarks of Baron Shibusawa on October 22, 1909, when, as head of the Japanese Royal Honorary Commission, he said to Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, after a brief tour of New Haven's manufacturing section:

"Sir, this has been a day of surprises. Returning students to Japan have lauded so much Yale University for its great educational work that we came to think of New Haven only in terms of education



Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

THE CITY HALL, NEW HAVEN

and theory. But, Sir, we have just been taken *en route* to Yale, from our railroad train, through a manufacturing community so great and with such evidence of great prosperity that we were amazed. We have seen not one but scores of great workshops; we have heard the rumbling of mighty machinery; we have been given samples of the handicraft of your factories, so varied and so useful that we are constrained to admit that, while we are delighted to find Yale everything that we expected, the limitations of our knowledge did not extend to your community its full due. You have in New Haven one of the world's great educational centers but you are also an industrial city. We made a mistake; we should have spent several days visiting New Haven to learn in its shops and factories of the arts your people know so well. But some of our men will return to gather what they can, from every indication, learn in New Haven."

The remarks of Baron Shibusawa indicated that the Chamber of Commerce had succeeded in impressing upon the visitors from the Japanese Empire by a tour, all too brief, but all that could be crowded into an automobile trip, the fact that New Haven has a dual personality and both personalities are a matter of pride to its 135,000 inhabitants.

While it is of New Haven in 1911 that this article concerns itself some of its characteristics will be misunderstood unless reference be made to the conditions of its founding and its intermediate history.

Those who came with the Rev. John Davenport, who had been rector of St. Stephen of London, and with Theophilus Eaton, his parishioner, a well-to-do London merchant, in 1638, were a Godfearing company. They had come to the Massachusetts colony the year previous and accepted its hospitality for their women and children while the men surveyed the

coast to find a likely place for a new colony. In their voyage along the coast of what is now Connecticut they were attracted by the deep and hill-encircled bay into which flow the Quinnipiac, the Mill and the West Rivers. Two bold trap rock cliffs, one at the northeast and one at the northwest of the bay, each about 400 feet high, appealed to them as tokens of protection, fitting barriers that promised safety. Thus it comes to be that between the cliffs and the mouth of the bay, totalling an area of about 20 square miles, lies New Haven. The city topographically may be roughly described as a horse shoe on the map.

The adventurous homeseekers sailed up New Haven bay's four miles and noted that it was a "goodly spot." Having left there a little company the remainder returned to Massachusetts bay to bring their wives and children.

It was on April 15, (O. S.) 1638, that the permanent settlement was made. The

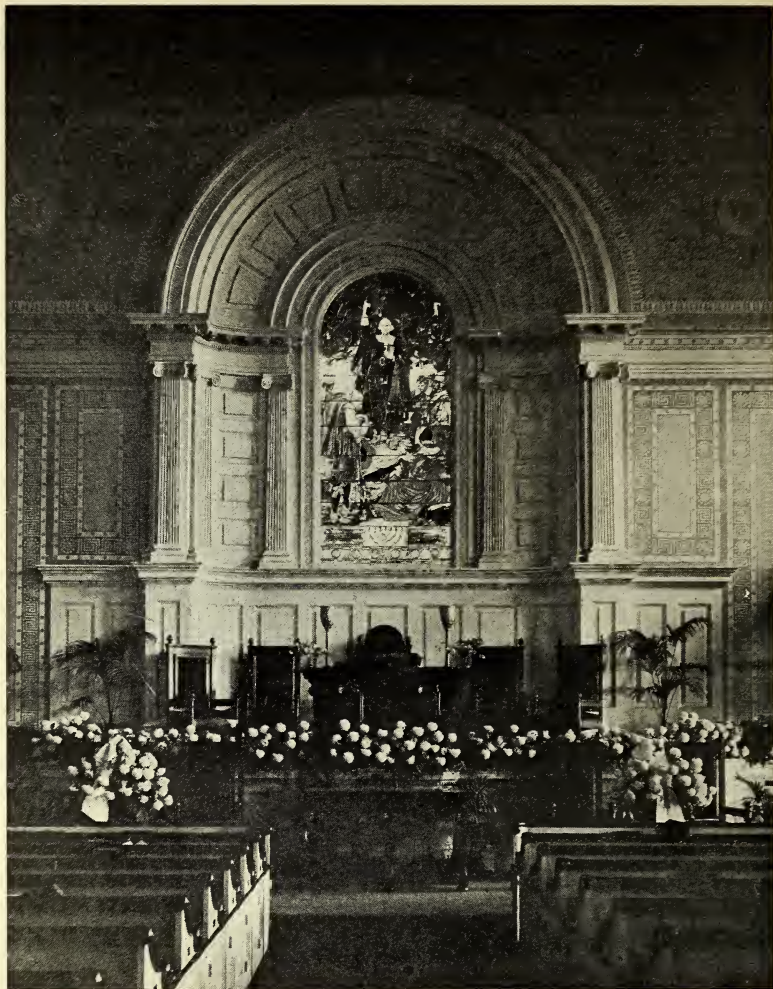
spot where the company landed is near what is now called the junction of College and George Streets. A tablet on the wall of the three story brick house on the northeast corner commemorates the landing. A beautiful stained glass window in the west wall of Center Church portrays in color the poetry of the drama that was enacted when, with bowed heads, Theophilus Eaton and the entire party kneeled in prayer while good John Davenport thanked Heaven for guiding them to this beautiful spot.

Davenport's flock came here to establish a home, where safety, where learning and happiness, were to be the chief *desiderata*. They did not come to exploit the country nor to make money out of the natives with the controlling intention of "returning back home with a pile." The descendants of this company were industrious and thrifty and they prospered in worldly goods, and the key of their lives was, perhaps unconsciously,



Photograph by A. B. Corbin, New Haven

BIRDS EYE VIEW OF NEW HAVEN HARBOR



Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

THE WEST WINDOW, CENTER CHURCH

that of their fathers'.

Owing to its harbor New Haven in time developed a maritime trade that reached southward until its West India fleet was one of the important marine interests of the colonies and later of the United States. A great trade was carried on in molasses, sugar and rum; and in return were sent the manufactured products of New England, and missionaries probably.

The community was not old when the school of learning that became Yale College and is now Yale University was moved from Saybrook. Any of its 16,000 living graduates scattered over the United States and almost all over the world can

tell you the simple but interesting story of how the Rev. James Pierrepont of New Haven and the Rev. Abraham Pier-son of Killingworth and a few other clergymen of the colony met at Branford on September 17, 1701, to found this "collegiate school." They founded it by bringing such books as they could spare from their own little libraries and dedicated them to the cause of learning. The school struggled along at Saybrook until 1716 when it was removed to New Haven. Two years later Governor Elihu Yale, a London merchant who had amassed a fortune in the East Indian trade, gave the proceeds of a consignment of East Indian goods to the school. The

gift netted £562. Elihu Yale added a number of books and a portrait of the king. When one remembers the great gifts of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller or even a Peabody one must feel that great fame has been seldom secured so disproportionately but lastingly, for in gratitude to Governor Elihu Yale the trustees named the institution in his honor.

Yale University with seventy or more buildings in its equipment ranges along the westerly side of the central Green northward to the crest of Prospect Hill where the flank is held by the astronomical observatory. It crosses Chapel Street to take in the Medical school in York Street and the clinics and the dispensary near the General Hospital in Cedar Street. East and west of the main column stand the law school and the gymnasium and on the fringes lie the secret societies' buildings of the numerous student fraternities, some of them costly, all of them picturesque, and each tantal-

izing with an air of mystery.

When Yale was located in New Haven its site was on the outskirts of the city. Its own material improvements induced and fostered other material improvements of land and buildings near it, and further and further beyond it. With the growth of the institution and with the increasing number of students and professors there was a resultant growth in real estate improvements. The city's merchants feel the influx of the student brigade of 3,500 by better filled tills every September. Yale is a benefit to New Haven in a very material and commercial aspect.

And in another way Yale has done its duty and does it now to the community. The policy of the University under Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, its President, has been and is that the University shall be an interested and helpful auxiliary in the community life and shall act as a citizen who seeks to do full duty. In any material improvement that is asked or that

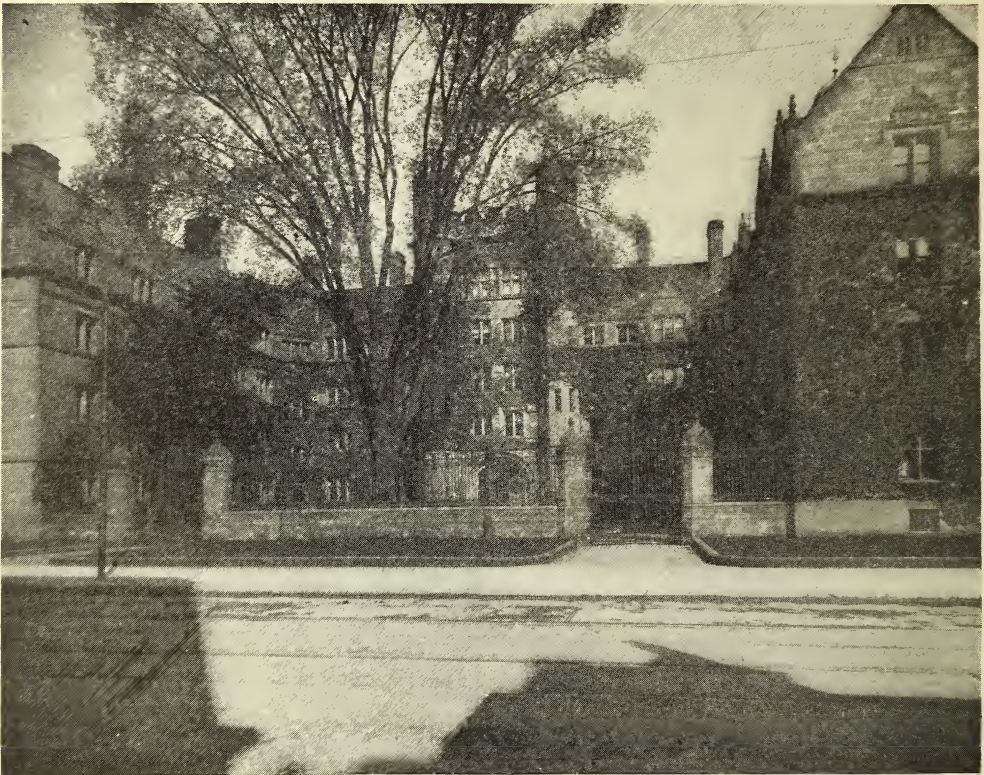


THE IVES MEMORIAL LIBRARY

its officers see it necessary Yale University promptly acts. Its museums and art galleries are open to the public at stated hours; and many of its lecture courses, with the most eminent men in the country as speakers, are open to the public. The University is thus a tonic force in the intellectual life of the city.

And so while New Haven is a college city it is a great and growing center of many industries—its personality is dual. It works, it thinks; it is practical, it loves its ideals; its men strive to amass money,

and as great a variety of products as any city in New England. The great majority of its industries are those of standard goods, not fads. And they require skilled workmen. It is estimated that the factories of New Haven employ about 25,000 persons. They make boilers and buttons, coffins and candy, saws and silks, pianos, organs, and computing machinery, wall fabrics and prayer books, automobile bodies, carriages, rowboats and yachts, saluting cannon, rifles, shotguns, locks, trunks, safes and strong boxes, powder



Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

VANDERBILT HALL, YALE UNIVERSITY

they live by the way; but they keep a firm grasp on the finer and better things of the mind. This was well summarized by a manufacturer from the middle west, who, while on a visit to New Haven a few weeks ago remarked to a friend, "I like the tone of the city; its people look intelligent, and prosperous, and I have seen no poverty."

Industrially New Haven has undoubt-

and cartridges, printing machinery, chucks, dies, concrete stone, bird cages and corsets, all the accessories of the automobile, electric elevators for battleships and steamers, buckles and suspender webbing, clocks, watches, rubber shoes and other rubber goods, every item of household hardware, machine tools, paper boxes, and blotting paper, plumbers materials and sanitary appliances,

hosiery and underwear, brick and art glass, city directories and other books, jewelry and novelties, cigars, patent medicines, leather goods, harness, blankets, brass goods, wigs and artificial limbs. These are only some of the many varied products made in the hundreds of workshops of our city, and the signs of which are met in as mirth provoking contrasts as ever a joke book invited. Truly Connecticut versatility is well exemplified in New Haven's arts.

Earlier reference was made to the

employees make the thousand and one articles in the hardware line that furnish the American home and office building with locks, hooks, door knobs, etc., and that are exported to South America and many other foreign countries; they had stopped at the nine building group of factories of the L. Candee and Company, where it is an ordinary day's work to turn out 25,000 pairs of rubber boots and shoes; they had seen the great plant of the Peck Brothers and Company, makers of plumbers' supplies; the mill of the

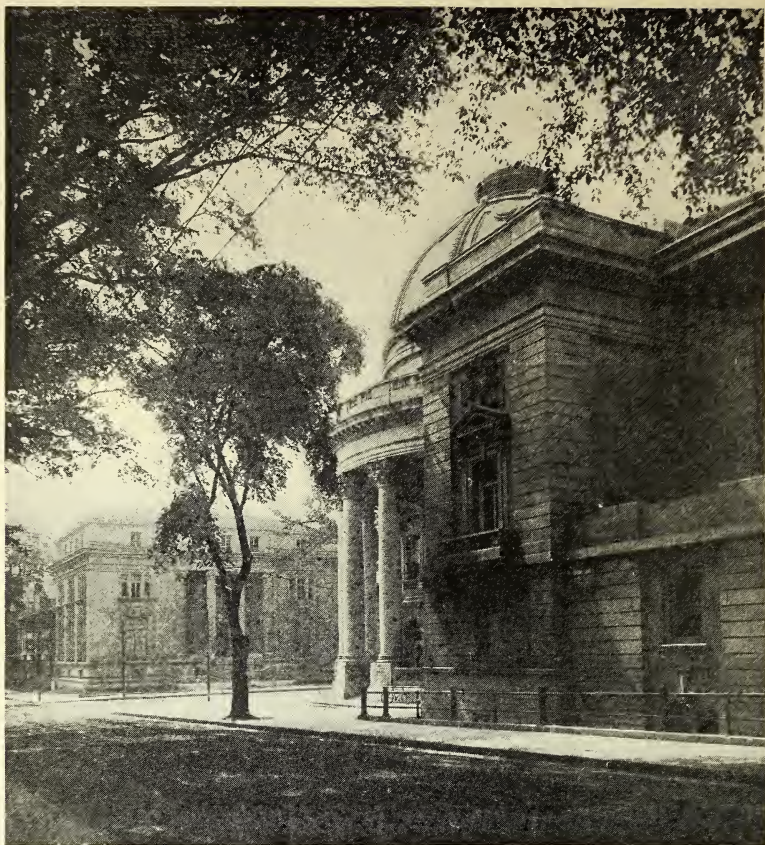


Photograph by Filley Studio, New Haven

HILLHOUSE AVENUE

Japanese Royal Honorary Commercial Commissioner's comment. The visitors had been started from the shadow of the big yellow building that houses the office headquarters of the chief railroad system of New England, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company and had been taken eastward. They had passed the coal and lumber docks; had passed between the big brick factories of the Sargent and Company where 3,300

Columbia Hosiery Company whose knitted products are as well known in Texas as in New York and Boston; they had heard the whirr of the William Schollhorn Company's machinery, whose pliers find sale even against German competitors, and in Germany at that; they stopped at the long many-windowed mill of Strouse, Adler and Company, where 2,000 employees make corsets for the American women; they marvelled to find



The Filley Studio, New Haven
DINING HALL AND BYERS HALL, YALE UNIVERSITY

in New Haven the factories where carriages whose names are the hall mark of excellence the world over are made, and where the state coaches of South American republics' presidents have been built, and where thousands of bodies for automobile bodies are annually built; they were delighted at the office door of the New Haven Clock Company to be presented a specially inscribed little desk watch-clock. These are a few of the factories that impressed Shibusawa's fellow commissioners.

It was explained to the visitors that one who passes through New Haven on a railroad train does not see one-fourth of its manufacturing interests because six divisions of railroad divide the city into segments, and from each railroad division only a fraction of the city's business is thus in sight.

The Japanese admired the tall and

stately elms that line New Haven's show avenues, Whitney, Hillhouse Avenues and Prospect Street. And by the way, a determined effort is now on to create enthusiasm for the replanting of the streets with elms to take the place of the hundreds that have been killed by beetles, by gas and electricity, as well as old age. For some years the citizens did not seem to realize that the city would become denuded of its glory and fail to merit the appellation of "City of Elms," but with every winter storm breaking down big limbs, the necessity of radical measures has been realized.

As the visitors' automobiles swung over Prospect Hill they noted to the east of East Rock (upon which is one of the city's finest parks at an elevation of several hundred feet) the big plant of the National Folding Box and Paper Company, near Cedar Hill station.

Below the western slope of Prospect Hill they entered the reservation of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, where amid the glare of forges, the sharp snap of cartridge filling machines, and the crack of the rifle testing ranges they found it easy to believe that 5,500 employees at high wages are an index of the prosperity of this world famous armory. The main plant of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company covers more than 58 acres of ground, of which about 28 acres in floor space is devoted to machinery and tools. Besides this the company owns proving and powder storing grounds on the outskirts of the city embracing 396 acres.

A story of gripping interest to a business man might well be written about the early trials and tribulations of this great manufacturing concern. It would tell the world of discouragements that would have overpowered a weaker man than Oliver F. Winchester, Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut in 1866, who had to entreat his friends to risk their money in the making of his rifle and to pay even panic prices for a share of stock that cannot be bought at \$1,000 a share today.

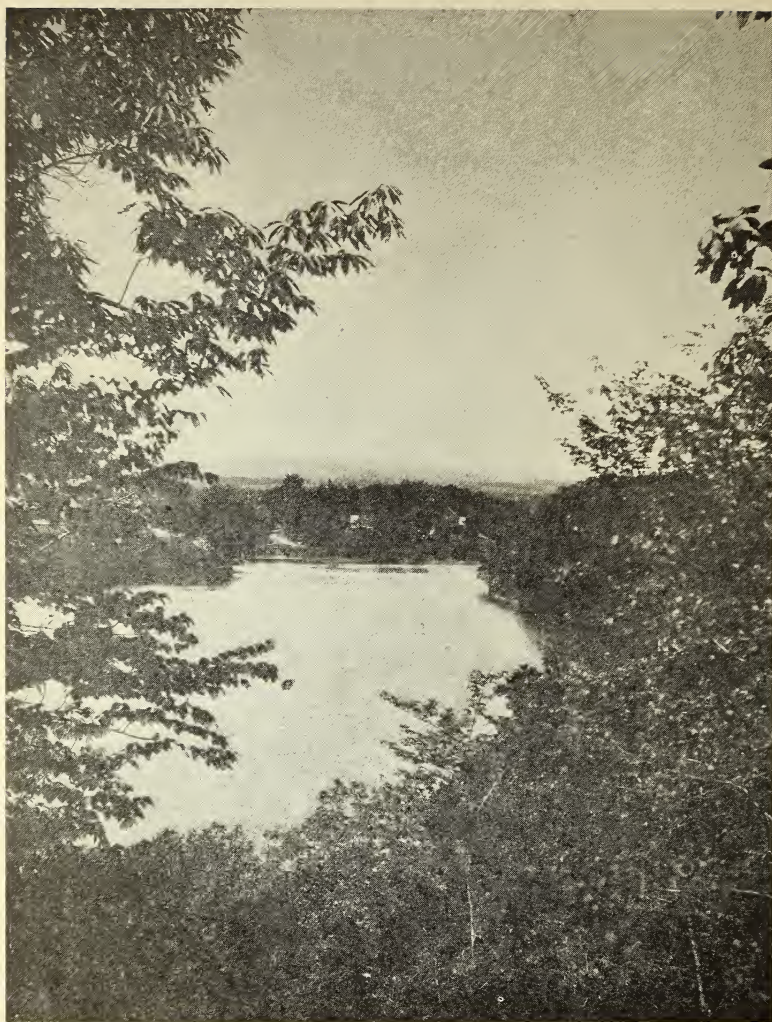
Mr. Winchester organized a company in 1866 to manufacture a rifle which was the old Henry rifle greatly improved in many respects. As a compliment to Mr. Winchester the company named its product the Winchester rifle. He had founded the general business eight years earlier. The name is as much woven into the history of the west, northwest, southwest as the great red W is the feature on the company's stationery and advertising matter. This company is known the globe over not only for its rifles but for its cartridges, both smokeless and black powder.

One of New Haven's best known industries is the New Haven Clock Company. Its product sends the school boy "on his weary way" in far away Russia and marks the laboring hours of the diamond digger in the Kimberly Mines of South Africa. Not long ago a wide-awake New Haven man of affairs, was in Europe for an extended tour. He spent considerable time in Austria, and while

inspecting the wares in a Vienna shop selected as a souvenir a dainty little mantle clock, that seemed to be so distinctly Viennese that it would be a good memento of the Austrian visit. Returning to his home he was welcomed by friends to whom he displayed with evident satisfaction his foreign purchases. He dilated with eloquence upon the dainty handicraft of this and that community in France, Germany and Austria and handed around the little clock as an example thereof. To the amazement of this discriminating purchaser one sharper of eye than he found upon the works the trade mark of the New Haven Clock Company.

The writer is indebted to Mr. Walter Camp, president of the New Haven Clock Company, for the following interesting comment on Connecticut clockmakers.

"There was romance as well as business in the early days of the clock-making in Connecticut. Mr. Hiram Camp used to tell stories of how he drove many miles from Bristol down to New Haven when the New Haven factory was first transferred here. But perhaps one should begin at the beginning with the old fashioned wooden movement. This antedated Mr. Hiram Camp's time and went back through the life of Chauncey Jerome and back even to Terry, who had begun to make old fashioned wooden clocks in East Windsor, Connecticut, in the late 70's. Even after he came, down to the time of Plymouth, he still continued cutting the clock wheels and the teeth on them with a saw and knife, and when he had made a certain number he took them and peddled them through the country. It was a fine job to make a clock in those days and the maker was obliged to do all the work himself, a saw and a jack-knife being his principal tools. These movements such as Terry made were peddled thus, bringing \$25 apiece. When he was about thirty-five or thirty-six he had made considerable money in this way and started up a clock company to turn out movements by machinery. This company soon began to make what was called the "pillar scroll top clock," which was a square shelf clock made of wood, and in a few years Terry



Photograph by Corbin, New Haven

LAKE WHITNEY FROM EAST ROCK PARK

had made a profit of over \$100,000. Now came the opportunity for Chauncey Jerome, who came to the front with a still larger and handsomer clock called the "Bronze looking-glass clock." As it is stated in the history of clock-making, Jerome was now about to revolutionize the clock business, for his clock could be made cheaper than Terry's clock and would bring more. Jerome was working in Bristol under the Jerome Manufacturing Company, and Terry was working in Plymouth. After some years of profitable trade, Terry having imitated Jerome's clock, some men named

Ives opened a factory in Bristol and began manufacturing an eight-day clock. On this they made a great success but the panic of 1837 came along and cleaned up the Connecticut clock makers. Chauncey Jerome moved to Richmond, Virginia, and there invented his one-day brass clock. He returned to Bristol, where with his brother, Noble Jerome, he formed a company that in the early '40's was making something like \$35,000 or \$40,000 a year. In 1842 they began to export some of these metal clocks. Soon after this came, however, financial trouble and Chauncey Jerome got into the

hands of a sharper who exploited the clock maker of something like \$50,000 and years of law suits. For a time after 1844 Jerome ran two factories, one in New Haven making cases and his old one in Bristol, but in 1845 a fire destroyed the Bristol factories and he transferred his whole plant to New Haven. That was the begining, through its eventual failure, in the taking over by Hiram Camp and the New Haven Clock Company."

The telephone is so common and so much used the world over that the present generation little realizes that on January 28, 1878, a matter of thirty-two years ago the first telephone exchange of the world was opened in New Haven. The first telephone directory contained fifty odd names in the form of a card list published February 1, 1878. Only twelve wires led to four or five that number of instruments. But in this list were retail stores, wholesale houses, banks, hotels, doctors, lawyers, clergymen and the residences of the enterprising stock-

holders in this new venture known then as the New Haven District Telegraph Company. The testing out in New Haven was so successful that the original company was succeeded in 1880 by the Connecticut Telephone Company, which installed operating exchanges in Bridgeport, Hartford, Meriden, New Britain and Derby with a total of 1,500 subscribers. The business was well managed and in 1882 the Southern New England Telephone Company was incorporated. It has furnished service continuously since that date into every village and hamlet of Connecticut. In New Haven the growth of this business has been well illustrated. In 1890 there were 1,109 instruments in use; in 1900 there were 2,945, and at present there are 12,469. During the past five years the average rate of increase has been about 1,100 stations a year.

In another respect New Haven was the pioneer in electrical improvements for when the electric light was introduced the



THE NEW HAVEN COUNTY COURT HOUSE

original grounded telephone circuits were impaired. The interference was overcome after much experimentation by substituting for it the metallic circuit, with resulting revolution in the central office equipment and apparatus. The New Haven exchange was the first in the country that was equipped with the improved apparatus and to-day the Southern New England Telephone companies offices proudly claim that the New Haven exchange is equipped with the most modern and complete apparatus known to the art.

New Haven has been singularly and happily free from serious labor disturbances and strikes. There are three reasons which may be offered to account for this; first that its shops and factories in the main make goods and wares for which there is a steady demand and consequently employment is not interrupted by fluctuating markets; secondly, the class of employees is intelligent above the average and many of them are thrifty home loving mechanics who buy their own homes and rear their families, making of the place of employment a home for life. Consequently they acquire that degree of independence and also that conservatism that has been the mainstay of New England's industrial life. In the third place it is true of New Haven's great concerns that they are not owned or controlled by "absentees." By this I do not mean that all the stockholders are

residents, but that a large proportion are, and a large proportion of the controlling and directing owners are members of the families that founded the concerns. The same assertion holds true of many others smaller but none the less important of the city's industries. A careful estimate shows that there are about 600 manufacturing establishments large and small, using the term broadly in the city, with at least 25,000 employees.



Photograph by A. B. Corbin

ENGLISH DRIVE, EAST ROCK PARK

Some of the leading manufacturing concerns are: The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the L. C. Candee Company, Sargent and Company, New Haven Clock Company, the Peck Brothers and Company, the Marlin Fire Arms Company, the Connecticut Computing Machine Company, Strouse, Adler and Company, I. Newman and Sons, the Hickok Company, the Seamless Rubber Company, the Bauman Rubber Company, the New Haven Carriage

Company, Henry Hooker and Company, the M. Armstrong and Company, Dann Brothers and Company, the English and Mersick Company, C. Cowles and Company, M. Seward and Son, the Eastern Machinery Company, the Mayo Radiator Company, the William Schollhorn Company, the Economy Manufacturing Company, the Andrew B. Hendryx Company, Snow and Petrelli Company, the Columbia Hosiery Company, Joseph Parker and Son Company, the Greist Manufacturing

Company, the Geometric Tool Company, James Graham and Company, Hoggson and Pettis Manufacturing Company, the McLagon Foundry Company, George G. Prentice and Company, W. and E. T. Fitch Company, O. B. North and Company, West Haven Manufacturing Company, New Haven Steam Saw Mill Company, the Price Lee and Company, Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor, Pfleghar Specialty Hardware Company, Lionel Manufacturing Company, National Folding Box and Paper Company, William T. Barnum, S. H. Barnum, Belden Machine Company, P. J. Cronan Paper Box Company, Globe Silk Works, Kilborn and Bishop, H. B. Ives Company, New Haven Boiler Company, New Haven Button Company, Narrow Fabric Company, New Haven Pulp and Board Company, G. F. Warner Manufacturing Company, Sanderson Fertilizer and Chemical Company, New Haven Paper Company, American Steel and Wire Company, Fuller Manufacturing Co., National Pipe Bending Company, National Casket Company, National Steel Foundry Company, Acme Wire Company, Munson and Company, Shoninger Organ Company, Bradley, Smith and Company, F. B. Shuster and Company, Mallory, Wheeler and Company, W. H. Gracie Company, H. G. Thompson and Son Company, R. H. Brown and Company, Philip Fresenius' Sons, Yale Brewing Company, the Weibel Brewing Company, Eastern Machine Screw Company, the Steiner-tone Company, the Mathushek Piano Company.

The public service corporations of New Haven are progressive and well managed. A constant study is made to extend the sphere of their operations and the quality of their service. The New Haven Water Company stores the city's supply of water in five lakes to the northeast and northwest, in the hills. About 900 acres of water with a surrounding watershed of 6,600 acres all under protection from contamination have a total storage capacity of 3,000,000,000 gallons.

The New Haven Gas Light Company furnishes gas for fuel as well as lighting at comparatively low cost, not only through the city but well out into the

suburbs.

The United Illuminating Company has recently inaugurated a campaign to extend the use of electricity for power as well as for lighting and the manufacturers who have made the change are very well satisfied. New Haven is not badly off in the matter of smoke because many of the factories burn hard coal, and with the increasing use of electric power smoke bids fair to be of negligible quantity. The city is well lighted by electricity throughout the business portions and on the thoroughfares. Gas light still predominates, however, on the side streets.

At no time in the city's history have more public improvements been actually under way, or so far projected that their execution is only a matter of months, as at the present time. Through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce aided by the Council of One Hundred and the Business Men's Association, supported by nearly 20,000 signatures gathered by the Chamber of Commerce, Congress at its last session authorized an appropriation of \$1,250,000 for a new Federal Building. It is hoped that the government will see fit to put this building on the east side of the central Green, where the old Tontine Hotel now stands.

On city square to the north and flanking the Green on its upper side there is now in process of construction the new marble County Court House which will cost probably more than a million dollars, and just to the west of the court house is ready for dedication the Ives Memorial Library which will house the city's free public library. The building which was designed by Mr. Cass Gilbert is the gift of the late Mrs. Mary B. Ives. It will cost about \$350,000, a fine example of colonial architecture in brick and marble. The Security Insurance Company, a growing corporation that has developed by leaps and bounds in the past year, has just moved into a fine home across the street from the Court House.

Of the twelve national and state banks four are now erecting new homes, three of them in marble; all but two of the others have recently erected modern buildings and have thoroughly remodeled

their old homes, so that the city's banking institutions have an appearance of prosperity and solidity that comports with the exact fact. Of the three savings banks two have recently erected buildings that would do justice to a city of ten times New Haven's population and the third is now doing the same thing.

Four banks in New Haven have a capital stock of \$500,000. The twelve state and national banks have a capitalization of \$4,264,800, with surplus and profits amounting to \$3,483,932; and loans and discounts of \$13,956,155. The aggregate deposits at the last available report were \$15,748,455, with cash and reserve of \$5,426,834. The three savings banks had a deposit of \$29,749,405, which is about 11 per cent of all the deposits in savings banks in Connecticut. Three of the New Haven banks are "honor banks" i. e., banks whose surplus and profits more than equal their capital stock, viz., New Haven County National Bank, Second National Bank and National Traders

Bank.

The total bank clearings for 1910 in New Haven's banks were \$143,079,623.67, an increase of very nearly \$3,000,000 over the preceding year.

In line with this spirit of improvement the New Haven Hotel Corporation has begun the erection of the Taft Hotel at the corner of Chapel and College streets—a proposition that will call for an expenditure of \$1,600,000. To make room for the Taft, an old and noted hostelry, the New Haven House, for several generations under the able management of the Moseleys, was razed.

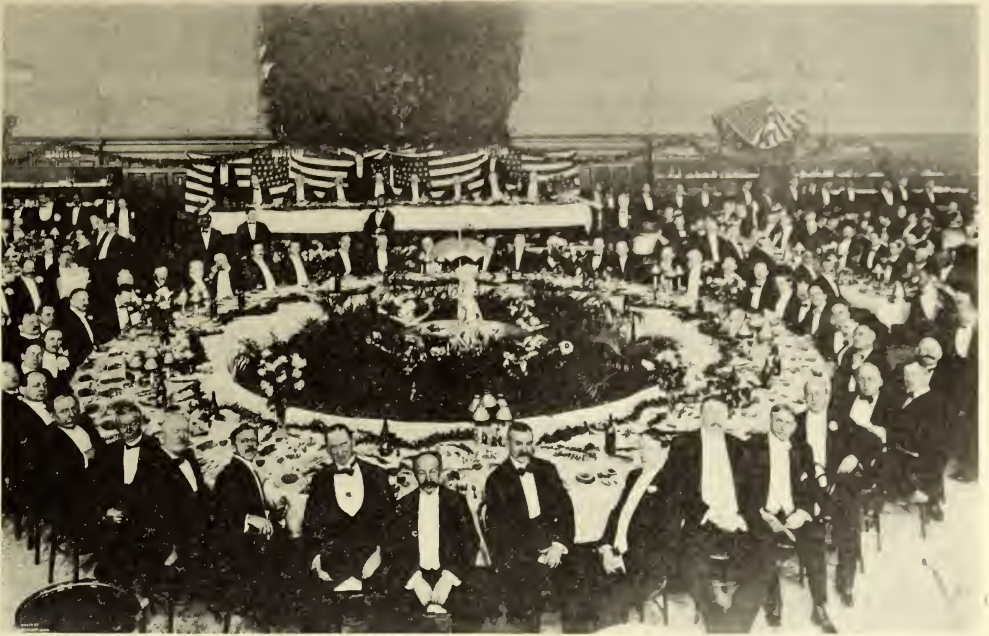
In Meadow Street, on or near the site of the present Hotel Garde, its owners recently announced that they plan within the next year or two to erect a modern fireproof hotel at a cost of \$750,000. These additions to the city's hotel list will meet a need that has been much felt in New Haven.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company directors are



Photograph by Filley Studio

EDGEWOOD AVENUE



Photograph by A. B. Corbin

BANQUET GIVEN TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT BY NEW HAVEN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

planning also to erect a new railroad station in the city, realizing at last that the demand, echoed feebly until recently when given pointed concentration by the Chamber of Commerce, must be met. It is stated by good authority that about \$2,000,000 will be expended on the railroad station, terminal changes and approaches. This is to be followed by the electrification of the system between New Haven and Stamford, thus installing the dynamo on the division as far as New York City. Bracketed with the great improvement finished about two years ago in the widening, deepening and walling of the railroad zone through the heart of the city, these railroad improvements will be second to none in New England. And coincident therewith will come the building of a new freight station and new docks for the company's steamboats.

New Haven's harbor facilities are ample for its present needs and with improvements that the government has authorized will be able to accommodate a much larger water borne traffic as that develops. The harbor channel is 400 feet wide and 20 feet deep with about 6 feet greater depth at the docks. In addition

to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company coal docks, the New England Navigation Company's dock, that of the Starin Company and those coal companies whose supplies come by barge, the city owns a public dock that will prove ample to accommodate an increase for some years.

The beauty of the waterscape as one looks across the harbor from any direction is alluring. Rimmed by hills, with promontory, groves and pretty homes to the east and west, the four mile basin in the summer time shows scores of pleasure craft plowing the mile and a half width of blue. The New Haven Yacht Club and the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club regattas are summer features.

Situated as New Haven is 73 miles northeast of New York city and 159 miles (via Providence) southwest of Boston it is easy of access by six divisions of railroad and by two steamboat lines—The New England Navigation and the Starin Steamboat Company. And the city is connected by electric railways with pretty much the whole of Connecticut. It may be said to be the trading emporium for almost one-third of the population of

Connecticut. Within a radius of 100 miles live nearly 10,000,000 people. In the summer time it is the center of trade for a large population of those who "go down to the sea" to spend the heated term in hotel or cottage, east and west of New Haven in the scores of settlements that fringe the beaches or rocky ledges along the Sound. Back of New Haven in the Woodbridge hills, in Cheshire, Orange, Mt. Carmel, North Haven and East Haven are many delightful bungalows. Thus, by trolley an infinite variety of scenery is reached at small fares. And of popular amusement resorts there is no dearth. The great public play ground at Savin Rock (The "Little Coney Island of Connecticut") on one side of the harbor and Lighthouse Point on the other side of the bay attract thousands daily. What this means to the manufacturer who is anxious to keep his employees near home can be appreciated by those to whom such matters are a study.

New Haven's commercial interests are the concern of the Chamber of Commerce which is the city's largest, most active and probably most influential unofficial and unpartisan organization. At the present writing it numbers somewhat more than 1,200 business and professional men of whom nearly 90 per cent are in good standing on the treasurer's books with several months of the fiscal year yet to run. This feature is important from the point of view of the officials and is not frequently duplicated. It is a sign that the members believe in the organization and stand behind it, for the pocket nerve is usually the first point at which a man's lack of interest becomes manifest.

The Chamber of Commerce dates back to 1794, and is therefore one of the oldest organizations of business men in the United States. From that date until 1839 it was fairly active in the municipal and business matters of the city. But from 1839 until 1852 the organization was moribund, indeed it all but died, for in the twenty years following, 1852, all that appears to have kept it alive was the fact that it had a history. On May 14, 1872, Henry G. Lewis, then mayor of the city, Edwin S. Wheeler, Professor Johnson T.

Platt, and a few other men, met to consider a re-organization of the Chamber of Commerce. They succeeded in restoring life so well that in a short time the Chamber of Commerce resumed its work. Mr. Wheeler is the only one of these officers now alive. He is in active business as head of the Economy Construction Company, makers of artificial stone.

The Chamber of Commerce in the next thirty-seven years kept at the work which its officers conceived it should do, with varying degree of enthusiasm. In time of stress and trouble it was decidedly active but otherwise was never obtrusively present in the community. But whatever its presidents called upon the organization to do was well done; the voice of the Chamber of Commerce always received the attention of the community.

During the decade preceding 1909 there was spasmodic discussion as to how the Chamber of Commerce could best conserve the interests of the city and how increase its prosperity. The fact that New Haven was "doing pretty well" in business, that there was no great need of worry, and as conservatism was so strongly a principle that it threatened to develop into almost a vice none of the plans considered were brought to a head in haste. On March 28, 1909, after considerable preliminary discussion the Chamber of Commerce voted to elect Colonel Isaac M. Ullman, President; Hon. Eli Whitney, First Vice-President; George H. Scranton, Second Vice-President; Charles E. Julin, Secretary; Charles W. Scranton, Treasurer; and as Directors, John Currier Gallagher, who had been for eighteen years its Secretary, George F. Burgess, James Hillhouse, Charles S. DeForest, and W. Perry Curtiss. Every one of these gentlemen were in sympathy with the go-forward plan. It was considered that with a secretary who could give considerable time to the office work and act as secretarial pivot of all the committees Colonel Ullman's dynamic force would speed up the whole machinery and achieve results. The plan bids fair to prove farseeing in ultimate results.

Colonel Ullman is the head of the Strouse, Adler and Company, one of the

city's largest manufactories—corsets and paper boxes. From his youth to middle life he has been an active worker at high pressure, and for a number of years a very real leader in movements for civic improvement and for business development. Generous to every good cause, public spirited and knowing neither political division nor any other line of demarcation he took hold of the Chamber of Commerce presidency as a call to public service. With Colonel Ullman it was an opportunity to benefit his native community. How well he has succeeded is evidenced in terms not only of an increased membership from 528 to more than 1,200; by enthusiasm on the part of the various committees in every work that is assigned to them; but by the popular recognition on the part of the community that the Chamber of Commerce works for New Haven to make it a bigger, better and more beautiful city.

Other organizations in New Haven that have its material, social and moral interests at heart are the Business Men's Association, composed very largely of retailers and those manufacturers whose interests lie particularly close to the retail interests. The Business Men's Association is at present considering, under the leadership of its president, John B. Kennedy, the advisability of amalgamating with the Chamber of Commerce, believing that the proposed amalgamation will be helpful to both organizations. The Business Men's Association has done a great and useful work to the benefit of the retail interests but the Chamber of Commerce, by the natural development of its activities, is doing much the same line of work. The duplication of effort is to some degree the reverse of conservation of energy.

The Civic Federation and its right arm, the Federated Council of One Hundred, led by Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, dean of Yale Law School, is another company of men and women interested mainly in playgrounds, improved sanitary conditions, better housing conditions and questions that are moral and ethical rather than commercial.

Mention should be made also of the New Haven Economic Club, the City

Missionary Association, the Elm City Free Kindergarten Association, the Friends of Boys, the Hebrew Benevolent Society, the Mothers' Aid Society, the Organized Charity Association, the United Workers, and of course the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Association, both of which radiate their influence from fine association buildings that would be a credit to a much larger city.

New Haven as a municipality considers itself a well governed city. Its mayor, Honorable Frank J. Rice, and its board of aldermen, twenty-one in number, are working together with the Chamber of Commerce and the Civic Federation, unselfishly to a common end, without jealousy or political schemes. Not within the memory of the present generation has there been on the part of all these factors such thoroughly friendly co-operation as at present. In consequence there is coming to realization a feeling that New Haven has found its pace that its first and immediate program must be to complete the improvements that are under way, and that have been planned, thus to finish the foundation for an expansion that must needs follow in any community that is united. It must be admitted that in the years of our past New Haven was sometimes at odds with itself. There was rivalry of an unfriendly nature, there was extraordinary political division, based not on principle wholly but on jealousy, and there was abroad in the streets and in the clubs a spirit of fault finding that far too often crept into the public press. But happily consistent effort on the part of a considerable number of business men who believed in New Haven and who could see beyond their own personal grievances seems to have turned the tide.

The city's financial credit is excellent. Its grand list of \$126,804,456.00. Its bonded debt at the date of this writing is \$3,783,000, about three per cent. The tax rate is 17½ mills. The municipal government has a police and fire department that are the equal of any city in New Haven's class. Of its public school system mention is made elsewhere. There is pending before the Board of Aldermen upon recommendation of the Chamber of

Commerce a proposed bond issue for permanent pavements, \$500,000; for further development of the park system, \$250,000; for improvements for the central Green, \$50,000; for public playgrounds, \$100,000; for extension of Orange Street (to open another thoroughfare to the new railroad station), \$350,000; for a new central station for the fire department and for an automatic fire alarm system, \$100,000. In addition to this the city is obligated to expend \$75,000 to erect an isolation hospital for contagious diseases on the grounds of the State Hospital.

The fate of the proposed bond issue rests in the wisdom of the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut now in session, at Hartford.

Much of the credit for awakening the public interest and enlisting active work for the improvements of New Haven's features along æsthetic lines is due to Mr. George Dudley Seymour, who has worked for years for the beautification of the city. He strives by pen and voice to instil into others a willingness to work for better buildings, cleaner and wider streets and more shade trees. He is the inveterate foe of unsightly billboards. Mr. Seymour organized a number of public spirited men to guarantee a sufficient fund for a survey and study of the city by Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead and Mr. Cass Gilbert.

New Haven's public school system is good and a constant effort along a careful policy is being made to better it. Besides the 48 graded schools and two high schools, the state normal training school, a number of private schools give the city's children an education that takes them from the kindergarten to college entrance examination. Chief among the private schools is the famous Hopkins Grammar School, founded about the middle of the seventeenth century. And that old school has sent out a host of men eminent in American life, fitted for college, many of whom link Hopkins, Yale and New Haven in their fondest memory. Of business and preparatory schools the city has six, the Childs Butler Business College, the Yale Business College, the Booth Preparatory School, the New Haven

Normal School of Gymnastics, the University School, and the Connecticut Business University.

New Haven has a system of 11 public parks in various parts of the city. They total 998 acres. The largest and most attractive is East Rock Park on the summit of the cliff above Mill River, covering an area of 38,160 acres. The ascent to its summit is by roads of easy grade. Its top is crowned by a commanding soldiers' monument. The view from the park is one of great beauty and variety, lakes and rivers, hills and valleys, green meadows, and Long Island Sound.

To the west and south the view embraces the chain of Whitney lakes, beyond which is West Rock Park, a twin cliff to East Rock, on which is the famous "Judges Cave," where the English Regicides, Goffe and Whalley, hid from the pursuers sent out by Charles II.

Edgewood Park is the city's floral pride with its great beds of variegated flowers, its artificial lake and children's playgrounds, Fort Hale Park crowning a trap rock cliff a mile and a half from the Sound is a delightful marine outlook. At that point and just above it stood the fortifications of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, then called Fort Hall and Fort Wooster.

The city's religious interests are cared for by more than ninety churches, many of them doing their work in architecturally beautiful homes.

Architecturally the most interesting are old Center Church, the North Church, and Trinity Church on the central Green. To students of colonial lines the belfries and spires of the Center and North churches are an unfailing delight.

The crypt of Center Church contains 140 tombstones, all of earlier date than 1797, the oldest being that of John Hodshon (October 14, 1690).

Among the social interests of New Haven may be mentioned the Union League, the Quinpiac Club, the Knights of St. Patrick Club, the Elks Club, the Graduates Club, the Harmonic Club, Sacred Heart Catholic Club, the University Club, the Knights Templar Club, the Masonic Club; and also the New Haven Golf Club, the Country Club, the Lawn



THE CONCRETE VIADUCT BY WHICH THE RAILROADS ENTER NEW HAVEN

Club, the Yacht Club, the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club.

The press of New Haven is represented by three enterprising evening and two morning newspapers, the former being the *Evening Register*, *The Times Leader* and the *Union*; and the latter being *The Journal-Courier* and the *Palladium*. The *Saturday Chronicle*, a weekly magazine, is also published in New Haven. Besides these there are papers in foreign languages.

The military of New Haven are a feature of its life. The Governor's Foot Guard is, as its name indicates, an honorary military organization that accompanies the Governor on State occasions. It is composed of business and professional men of the city, averaging in age at middle life. A brave show this doughty organization makes on parade wearing the brilliant red uniform of the British Army of the date of the Ameri-

can Revolution. This was the company that marched to Cambridge in 1773 to join General Washington. The news of the battle at Lexington reached New Haven on April 21, and Captain Benedict Arnold, its commander, then a New Haven apothecary, at once called out this command and proposed starting for Lexington. About forty of his men volunteered but as they had no ammunition they demanded that the town authorities furnish it. This was refused for the Selectmen were Tories. Captain Arnold the next day marched his company to the house where the Selectmen were in session and demanded ammunition, saying that if the keys of the powder house were not immediately handed out the company would break open that magazine and equip themselves. The keys were promptly given up. Every year on the anniversary of this event "Foot Guard Day" is observed with a mock ceremony, known

as "the demand of the powder house keys."

Of the active militia there is stationed in New Haven the only Cavalry troop in Connecticut. It has a fine armory in Orange Street. The Connecticut Naval Reserves (1st division) is quartered in the Second Regiment Armory, and on the gun boat *Machias* in the summer season. Five companies of infantry of the Second Regiment and the First Separate Company, colored, also a hospital corps and a signal corps, are likewise quartered in that armory. A petition is now pending before the General Assembly to appropriate a sum sufficient to build a new and adequate armory in New Haven.

To the lover of Colonial lore interest is compelling when he stands on the central Green as he recalls that it is one of the nine original squares in which New Haven was laid out. There stood the Town Watch Tower and near it the first meeting house, the exact spot of the latter being marked by the tall flag pole. There, too, stood the first school house, also the court house, the whipping post, the stocks and the pillory. In 1827 the Connecticut Capitol was built near College Street on the Green, New Haven, and Hartford being the twin capitolis until 1877. That state house was demolished in 1889. From the Green it is but a short trolley ride to the place where New Haven citizen soldiery repulsed the British in 1779, at the junction of Congress, Davenport and Washington avenues, the spot soon to be marked by the Defenders Monument. And from the flag pole it is but a stroll to Broadway where the British and the citizens had another skirmish; and facing the Green, between the First Methodist Church and the Law School stands a little frame

house now owned by the Elihu Club of Yale that was the headquarters of the British officers for a time. A few moments' walk will bring the visitor to the New Haven Colony Historical Society building facing Hillhouse Avenue. Its rooms are crowded with priceless relics of Colonial Days.

The visitor who is interested in history or in men of colonial and civic war days finds in Grove Street cemetery a particular impressiveness. This cemetery was the first in the world to be laid out in family lots. Back of its brown stone walls lie probably more men known to fame in New England than in any other cemetery. Among them may be mentioned Roger Sherman, one of the Connecticut signers of the Declaration of Independence; the family of Elbridge Gerry, a former vice-president of the United States, and signer of the Declaration from Massachusetts, Major General David Humphrey (of General Washington's staff), who first introduced Spanish merino sheep into this country; Nathan Beers, who was captain and paymaster in the Continental Army and was present at the execution of Major Andre, the British spy; also Eli Whitney the inventor of the cotton-gin, Noah Webster, the lexicographer, Reverend Lyman Beecher; Jedediah Morse, the first publisher of a geography; Charles Goodyear, vulcanizer of rubber; United States Admirals, and Major-Generals of renown and many honored presidents and professors of Yale University.

Truly New Haven has traditions to recall, but it has too, a very busy to-day that enlists the best there is in her citizens with a prospect of a greater, better and more prosperous future as a community.



THE LAND OF THE NEW ENGLAND

By GEORGE FRENCH

IT is evident that New England has concluded to slough off its artificial consciousness, that its future is mortgaged to its past and that hope for renewed prosperity and extensive industrial growth must be abandoned. It has reached the stage of proposing definite progress, but it is not yet sure as to the direction that progress may, or should, take. It may be said that commercial bodies and civic organizations all over New England are awakening to a kind and degree of life that has heretofore been foreign to them, and foreign, it may also be said, to such bodies anywhere in the country. The board of trade or chamber of commerce or publicity club stands now for definite plans and vigorous work. Many of them know also whither that work and those plans tend. Some of them have achieved results, but for the most part their business-like labors have not been continued long enough as yet to warrant an expectation of completed recorded results.

It is fair and safe to assume that the business men of New England are generally convinced that there is indeed a future for this section, along the perspective furnished by the literature of "boost" that has been so plentifully furnished by certain sections of the West and portions of the South and the Northwest. We are sure that, while we may not be able to boast of producing potatoes that will wreck a house if allowed to roll against one, or melons the juice from which will drown the unfortunate person who is so foolhardy as to break one open, as is said to be the fact in some of the publicity-favored states of the Northwest, we may yet hope to vie with authenticated reports of actual product and actual progress made by any of the trum-

peted regions of the country. We are thus assured, I say, but the statement must be qualified. Those who have recently appraised the opportunities of New England in the light of the wonderfully changed conditions of to-day, are assured that it presents as alluring opportunities as any section of the country, and they are able to bring abundant proof to sustain the assertion.

Taking it for granted, therefore, that we have acquired new faith in this section of the country, and that we are convinced that we may as well settle down to the business of making our fortunes right here at home, what shall we do, definitely? How shall we go about it? There have not as yet here arisen those brilliant promotion schemes that have made the names of Colorado, Oregon, California, and other states, ring in our ears. Our newspapers are not as yet filled with advertisements inviting us to saunter out toward Pittsfield, or down to Portland, and there casually pick up a variety of fortunes. The only lure of that sort we have been subjected to throws its roseate glow upon the home of the modest and restful hen, who may be, we are told, so stirred to productive activity as to quite outclass Monte Cristo's source of wealth.

The story of New England's new resources, made new by the new knowledge of the land and how to work it, of the power in our rivers and how to utilize it, of the opportunities for trade extension into regions that have been considered as closed to us, of the science of advertising and salesmanship, of the less well understood science of efficiency in manufacturing, of the art of adapting products to conditions that cannot be changed, such as climate; and of many of those other

elements of the life of to-day that may not readily be stated and classified; this story of New England's opportunities is one of the great business sagas of the times. It is not to be printed: It cannot be recited. It unrolls before the eyes of those who go about with the power to perceive it. All that can be done, in print, is to give the cue-suggestions.

The greatest potential asset of New England is the land of New England. It is always said that the glory and strength and wealth of New England lay in its manufactures. It is true, in a very real sense. The manufactures of New England dominate all other sources of wealth—now. But we are now trying to look a little way into the future; we are considering the potential opportunities of this section. The land is the greatest potential asset of New England. We have thought that our land was of secondary importance. We have regarded it as the cause of the poverty of a large portion of the so-called farmers, and as chiefly notable for unproductiveness. We have conceded that there are fertile areas, exceptional valleys here and there, capable of producing more than poverty crops. We have believed these favored tracts to be small and infrequent. We have got to abandon that belief. We have got to accept the fact.

The fact is that almost all of the land in New England is capable of producing paying crops, and that a very large proportion of it will yield a percentage of profit larger than the percentage paid by any but the most favored manufacturing enterprises. Land that we have for many years classed as absolute waste may now be made to produce from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty per cent of actual net profit—easily. That sounds big. It reads like those western stories about fruit raising. It is not only true but is actually much below the truth.

Probably there are a million acres in New England that might be made to yield from 10 to 25 per cent actual profit upon the capital and labor needed, if utilized for the pasturing of sheep; and the land would improve at something like a rate of ten per cent a year in addition. A statement like this will arouse a chorus

of protest and denial, to the effect that sheep cannot be successfully raised in New England because of the dogs. High authorities say that. We have heard it for so many years that we do not know how to harbor a different thought. Yet the dog nuisance is a problem so small as to be utterly lost sight of beside many problems we have had to deal with, and have solved. It is not for one moment to be considered beside the problem of such pests as the potato bug, the San Jose scale, the elm-leaf beetle, or the pests that have to be fought off of our fruit trees. There are sheep raisers in New England who have never been troubled by dogs, because they care for their sheep. There are sheep raisers whose flocks have been the prey of the dogs continually, because they do not care for their sheep. That is the whole story. If sheep raisers care for their sheep properly they need not fear the dogs. More stringent and effective dog laws are needed. They would help the careless sheep raisers, and they would lessen the care and reduce the expense of the careful raisers. They would encourage many farmers to begin to utilize their waste pasturage by raising sheep, for sheep will live and thrive on pasturage unfit for cattle.

No one has as yet had the courage to estimate the number of acres of land there are in New England fitted for reforestation, and good for nothing else. There are at least three millions. Something is being done towards arousing interest in this great source of wealth. All of the states are doing something; the railroads and the big paper companies are doing something; and here and there a private owner is planting a few acres to pine or spruce or hardwoods. But all that is being done is as but a pin-point to what might be done. It is a simple matter to set out pine seedlings, and an inexpensive matter. They require but little care. They are almost certain to grow and thrive; and if they grow they roll up dividends wonderfully. A farmer can care for a hundred-acre tract without very much increasing his expenses, and it means a fortune for his children, and, if properly cared for, periodical fortunes

for his descendents down to generations far in the future. If the price of white pine should remain where it now is, reforestation will yield, at the end of forty or fifty years, a profit equal to at least one hundred and fifty per cent annually on the value of the land at the start and all the investment of money and labor. But it is certain that by the time pine started now is ready to market the price will have doubled. What proposition of any kind, manufacturing, commercial, banking, or whatever, can show prospects like this? And it is a sure thing. There is not the slightest element of chance in it. Even gambling holds out no lure equal to it. There is absolutely nothing but the disposition of the land-owners in the way of piling up almost fabulous wealth for New England by this treatment of its useless and valueless land—nothing but the will to work for the future. And it is not a question of sacrificing a lifetime of work for the benefit of the next generation. Reforested lands begin very soon to take on new value. The trees need but a few years growth to double the value of the land, or quadruple its value.

Let us look at the figures in connection with this matter of planting pine trees, and reckon the possible profit from land that is now practically valueless, and is regarded by its owners as more of a burden than a source of profit. It is estimated that there is one million acres of it in Massachusetts, and doubtless three million acres would be a very conservative estimate for all New England. This land may be worth \$4 an acre, for taxation purposes. There is no sale valuation for it, as it is unsalable. If a farmer has ten acres of this worthless land, or is able to plant ten acres to pines, it will cost him about \$10 an acre to put in the young trees, if he hires the work done. If he does it himself it will cost him practically nothing, as he will do the work at times when he is not otherwise busy. But suppose that he hires the work done, or credits himself with the cost, it will cost him \$100 to set ten acres. The care after planting is not worth reckoning. He will have to replace a few trees that will die

before getting a good start, and he will, after a few years, have to do some thinning and clear off some underbrush. In time he will have to do a little pruning. The tract will need some care every year. His taxes, at \$15 per \$1,000, will be, for the whole forty years before he can cut his first crop of marketable timber, \$24. It is of course to be assumed that assessors may raise the rate on growing timber, and that the rate may in some towns be more than \$15; but the difference would not be material. The total cost, including the value of the land but neglecting the item of care, of ten acres of fine pine timber, forty years of age, will be \$164. At present price of pine lumber this would be worth, assuming that it would measure 325,000 feet, \$2,600. Deduct the cost and there is \$2,430 clear profit, a percentage on the total cost of nearly \$1,500, or just under 150 per cent a year. There is nothing in mining, in manufacturing, in trade, or in any other line of business, that can equal reforestation for profit, and it is the most sure and stable business one can imagine. Carry the computation on to a consideration of 100 acres, and we find that there would be a profit at the end of 40 years of \$24,300. Carry it along to include the million available acres in Massachusetts, and we have a total of \$243,000,000 as the possible profit from land that is now almost worthless. Follow the clue and include all the land thus available in New England (or our modest estimate of that land), and we discover the enormous total of not less than \$729,000,000 that we in New England could realize in 40 years from land that we almost wish did not exist and we were not obliged to pay the taxes on! If it is possible to get a steady annual net income of \$6 an acre from land that is practically worthless, instead of an expense of whatever the taxes amount to, it is worth while trying to do it; especially as this earning is for all the years while the trees are growing, and will be greatly increased after the timber begins to be cut, if the proper method of handling it is pursued. For all New England the proposition figures that the waste land that may be reforested might be yielding an income of \$18,225,000 a

year.

Wealth lies in the pasture lands of New England, those lands that have been regarded as too full of rocks to admit of anything being done with them except to use them for pastures for the young stock, or for the milch cows if the land was exceptionally good—for a pasture. Now we know that it is among the rocks that apples and peaches will grow and thrive. We have found out that those trees, and other fruit trees as well, need the lime and other minerals that the rocks give to the soil. So if the old pasture has soil enough to give the tree roots a hold it is the place for the orchards. And when we come to speak of orchards; of apples, peaches, plums, pears, and some of the more delicate fruits that we have thought we could not raise, and of grapes and a long list of small fruits and berries; we are coming into another chapter of Monte Cristo talk. We are something of an apple-growing people. We send many thousands of barrels to Europe each fall, and we absorb many other thousands in our home market. But we do not yet know the a, b, c, of the business of raising apples for profit. Nor do we know the a, b, c, of our land-facilities for making money raising apples. We have apple trees on every hand, but yet we are not able to buy a single box of New England apples that rival those from Oregon or Colorado. There are thousands of acres of land in New England especially designed by its creator for apple culture. It will produce three or four times as many apples, tree for tree, as the best of the western or northwestern apple regions, and the life of the trees here is four or five times as long as the life of the trees there. And, better than all, our apples are better apples, *per se*, than those raised on the fertile lands of the west. I do not dare estimate the wealth we might gain from this one fruit, if we were inclined to grow it properly and market it properly. It would be millions every year. There is much that is promising going on in the way of putting in apple orchards, and more especially in caring for old orchards. Trees more than 100 years old have been pruned, fertilized and sprayed, and have this year

produced big yields of prime fruit. Orchards from 30 to 40 years of age have been transformed from vast worm nurseries to great money makers, with but little labor and small expense. For \$1,500 one of these derelict orchards was restored to such good effect that it has for several years shown a net annual profit of 20 per cent more than the total cost of reviving it. Another returned the first year about four times the cost of treating it, and it was reckoned worthless by the owner. Many like experiences might be reported.

Land that has a reputation for fruit raising, lying within the recognized "apple belt" of Massachusetts, may be bought for from \$15 to \$100 per acre; and there is plenty of it in other sections, just as good for apples, that can be bought for less. But suppose that one were to pay \$50 an acre for a farm suitable for apples, and that he must begin at the bottom and set a new orchard, what is the reasonable prospect for profit? The land can easily be made to pay its way for five years, by utilizing it for crops that will not interfere with the apple trees, and, if good selections have been made, the apple trees will begin to bear on the fifth year, and probably enough to pay for their care during the entire period. If fine fruit is raised, and care exercised in grading and packing, the grower can get \$2 a bushel box to \$4 or \$5 a barrel, depending upon his skill as a salesman. For prime fruit, graded, wrapped, and put up in bushel boxes, he can get \$3. The fifth or sixth year, according to the variety, the trees should average a bushel each, and increase to about the eighth or tenth year when they would be in what is called "full bearing." In New England they would not by then have attained their maximum, but should be averaging at least a barrel of fine fruit. After this it is a matter of judgment as to how many apples a tree is allowed to produce. If the trees are allowed to grow large, and are not checked as to quantity, they may go up to ten barrels to the tree, and even more. If the trees are pruned down and the fruit thinned, the annual yield will be less in quantity but probably better in quality,

and there will be larger crops on the "off years". . . It is quite possible to get five barrels from fully developed trees. This means 135 barrels to the acre, if the trees are planted 27 to the acre, as is usual in good orchards; and if choice varieties are grown and they are properly marketed it is possible to sell them for \$5 a barrel, all that can be grown. This means \$675 an acre, gross, and \$13,500 for a twenty-acre orchard. This estimate may be high for an average, but I am not trying to strike an average. I am trying to show what a man can do in apple raising if he undertsands the business, has the right kind of land, and knows how to market his product. If any of these specifications are not met, the fruit-raiser has to suffer the natural and consequent diminution of his gross income, according as the laws of economics operate in all lines of business.

As a matter of fact, in New England, the most profitable method for raising apples is to preserve the sprouts that come up in the pastures, protect them from the cattle, either transplant them or let them stand where they come up, graft them at the proper time, and care for them properly. These natural trees are more hardy, they are perfectly adapted to the ground and all the contingent circumstances of their life, and therefore vigorous and fast growing, and will usually bear early and for a great many years. This variety of apple tree is likely to produce large crops continuously for 100 years, and even longer, with a minimum of fertilization and care. These trees also have the prime quality of producing fruit under natural conditions, if they are grafted, as they should be, to varieties that are indigenous to the immediate vicinity and native to New England. It is not good business to attempt to grow apples that are not New England born and bred. There may be some degree of success for a time, and even moderate success for a long time, but the native fruit, for money-making, is by far the best investment.

Similar conditions prevail with reference to peach culture, grape culture, the raising of plums, pears, and all the fruits and berries that can be made to grow in

this climate. Particular attention may be given the grape, which is one of the products we have thought we could not profitably raise, because of our early and uncertain frosts. But patient experimentation has shown that grapes may be bred that will ripen ahead of our early frost, and that will thrive on our sandy soils. We have not thought that we might breed new varieties of grapes, despite the fact that the famed Concord was originated in New England. (The original vine is, by the way, yet living and bearing, in the town that gave it its name). But there is an old man in one of the suburbs of Boston who has thought of it to such purpose that he has bred several varieties of fine grapes perfectly suited to our climate, and prolific bearers. He has patiently planted and selected and grafted, and waited, year after year, until he has created several varieties that will probably make the fortunes of many of our children, after the money-making significance of the work of this old man shall have drilled its way through our rather thick skulls and aroused our rather sluggish intelligences. Vineyards on our hillsides, many of them, are perfectly possible, and they would be paying their owners large dividends. They will be there, soon.

In the case of the staple crops produced on New England farms it may be safely asserted that they may be increased from two to ten fold. An expert who spent last summer traveling about New England said that ten-fold is a very moderate estimate, and involves nothing more than the application of ordinary business principles, and the knowledge of the land and its cultivation that has been put at the service of all within the past few years by the United States government. It is easy now to raise four tons of hay where our fathers found it difficult to raise one ton; and it is being done. We are raising large crops of potatoes, for example, in comparison with the crops our fathers raised; but our largest crops are no more than one-fourth the possible yield, if the teachings and demonstrations of the government experts, and other expert students and experimenters, are studied and applied.

We are learning something of the science of the land, but for the most part it is not yet coming into our practice very generally. Our farmers are too conservative, and too suspicious. They do not yet have faith in the scientists, despite constant demonstration and the piling up of proof.

In fact, here may be the fitting place to acknowledge that our hope for greater profits from the land of New England must be based largely upon others than the farmers themselves. The improvement that is now evident is largely the result of business men taking up farming. There are examples of reformed farmers—farmers who have had the piessence and the courage to forget and to learn. But wherever there is recorded a pronounced success in farming, and wherever the new knowledge of the land and the new methods are making profits for the owners of farms, it is a ten-to-one guess that that farmer is either a young man who has graduated from some agricultural college or a business man who is working his land as he would operate a factory. Many of the best farms in New England, and the most profitable as well, are owned by men who are still in business in cities. They live on their farms summers, and they direct their management. It is no longer the thing for a city man to run his summer place at a loss; he makes money on it, and takes pride in doing so. A New York man owns a big farm in Vermont, and has a beautiful summer residence on it. The farmer charges the house everything it has from the farm, including one-third of his time, and gets a check each month for the house supplies. The farm pays better than ten per cent. Its accounts are as well kept as are those of a bank.

This, or something like it, is now the rule with the men who own the big show farms of New England. Nearly all of them earn profits for the owners, and most of them are the finest possible object lessons to those farmers who think they are the only genuine tillers of the soil.

Generally, the question of the potential wealth in the lands of New England is one that has but just been propounded. It has not been answered. No man is competent to assume to estimate the value of this asset. No man can do that. The best anyone can do is to make a shrewd guess, predicated upon known tendencies and observed results. In this way one may set some sort of a figure for the satisfaction of his imagination, taking care that his imagination does not gallop off with his hard sense. The government expert mentioned thought it a conservative guess to set the possible increase in agricultural products in New England, provided only ordinary intelligence and ordinary and well-known methods were generally employed, at ten-fold. He did not consider reforestation or the utilization of waste pasture lands. He thought only of the lands now being cultivated and utilized. Were we to take into consideration all of the well grounded knowledge of the land, all the possible new uses to which it may be put, all the known benefits arising from intensive methods of farming, all the better methods of marketing, and all the other sources of added profits for the farmer, I am sure we would not exaggerate in the least if we were to assume that no less than one hundred-fold may be set as the possible increase in land earnings in New England.



THE RECENT "LETTERS OF JOHN STUART MILL"*

By ETHEL SYFORD

THE youthful training which seemed for a time to dominate the life of John Stuart Mill was of the most rigid nature, both in kind and in degree. He says of his father, James Mill, "A man who, in his own practice, so vigorously acted up to the principle of losing no time, was likely to adhere to the same rule in the instruction of his pupil. I have no remembrance of the time when I began to learn Greek, I have been told that it was when I was three years old." Few have ever been subjected to the vehement and strenuous education prescribed by James Mill for his son, whose career was settled from the moment of his birth. John Stuart Mill began to read when two years old. He began to study Greek when he was three. By the time he was seven he had read the whole of Herodotus and of Xenophon's "Cyropædia" and "Memorials of Socrates;" some of the lives of the philosophers by Laertius, part of Lucian and Isocrates *Ad Demonicum* and *Ad Nicoclem*. At eight he read the first six dialogues of Plato, from the *Euthyphron* to the *Theoctetus* inclusive. He had also, at this age, pursued an extended course of English reading, including Robertson's histories, Hume, Gibbon, Watson's "Philip the Second and Third," Hooke's "History of Rome," Langhorne's translation of Plutarch, besides a score of other similar works.

The same inexorable course was pursued from his eighth to his twelfth year. During this time, besides a long list of classical authors his studies included higher mathematics and the reading of

Latin treatises on scholastic logic. At thirteen his father took him through a complete course of political economy. This was largely done in the course of daily walks which James Mill took with his son. The next day John wrote out the exposition of the day before. The notes thus accumulated are to a large extent the basis for the "Elements of Political Economy," which he subsequently wrote. At fourteen he visited Sir Samuel Bentham in France. It is probable that the scenery and profound impressions which the grandeur of the Pyrenees made upon him, were the first independent emotions of his soul. "The first ray of sunshine fell upon that germ in his character which afterwards sprang up, leading him to rebel against his father's creed and throw over the crabbed doctrines of the early utilitarians. At the age of fifteen a mental revolution was wrought in him by the reading of Dumont's "Traité de Legislation." The philosophy therein set forth became his creed. It is said that this marks the stage at which he first began to think for himself and it was from this time on that writing, rather than reading, became his chief interest. Mill's literary activities date from the foundation of the *Westminster Review* in 1824.

The rigorous mental training to which his early life was subjected has a direct correspondence with the clear logic of the works by which he is best known. The name of John Stuart Mill usually brings to mind his "Political Economy," his "System of Logic," "Considerations of Representative Government," "Util-

* "The Letters of John Stuart Mill," edited by Hugh Elliot, 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.

itarianism," etc. The general layman's opinion of him is that he was a logical machine, a man with a graphically clear mind, a man whose vision culled the poignant parts of Adam Smith, Ricardo, etc., and, by his clean-cut exposition, made the classical school of lasting significance. Like these classicists, there is no trace of human emotion or human elements in his books.

I presume the two volumes of the "Letters of John Stuart Mill," recently published, will do more toward revealing the man than any matter which has, as yet, come to hand concerning him. Of course there is his "Autobiography," but that is necessarily the result of a self-conscious task and therefore not as spontaneous or natural a revelation as the interpretation of these "Letters."

In his autobiography he has a chapter called, "A Crisis in My Mental History." It was in the autumn of 1826. Things seemed to sum themselves into this question, "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant; would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" He answers, "No!" and says, "I seemed to have nothing left to live for." It was the springs of emotion within him coming into action. He says, "If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. My father, to whom it would have been natural to me to have recourse in any practical difficulties, was the last person to whom, in such a case as this, I looked for help. My education, which was wholly his work, had been conducted without any regard to the possibility of its ending in this result; and I saw no use in giving him the pain of thinking that his plans had failed, when the failure was probably irremediable, and at all events, beyond the power of his remedies." He went on with his usual occupations mechanically during the winter of 1826-7, "I had been so drilled in a certain sort of mental exercise, that I could still carry it on when all the spirit had gone out of it." He quotes from

Coleridge, "Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve, and hope without an object cannot live." "The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed." He speaks of his first acquaintance with Weber's Oberon and much of Wordsworth. In short, John Stuart Mill was a humanist, as an individual, to a greater extent than is generally supposed. The two volumes of his "Letters" are the more photographic because they begin during a storm and stress period in his life, a life that was moulded by formulae but which sought the realer knowledge of appreciation of Beauty. Mill's keen insight, and subtle understanding of character are remarkable facts of his character. The training he received would seem in no wise an encouragement of these faculties. His remarks upon Wordsworth are those which could well grace a literary critic. "In the case of Wordsworth, I was particularly struck by several things. One was, the extensive range of his thoughts and the largeness and expansiveness of his feelings. . . The next thing that struck me was the extreme comprehensiveness and philosophic spirit which was in him. By these expressions I mean the direct antithesis of what the Germans call one-sidedness. Wordsworth seems always to know the pros and the cons of every question; and when you think he strikes the balance wrong it is only because you think he estimates erroneously some matter of fact. Then when you get Wordsworth on the subjects which are peculiarly his, such as the theory of his own art, no one can converse with him without feeling that he has advanced that great subject beyond any other man, being probably the first person who ever combined, with such eminent success in the practice of the art, such high powers of generalization and habits of meditation on its principles. Besides all this, he seems to me the best talker I ever heard, and there is a benignity and kindness about his whole demeanor which confirm what his poetry would cause one to expect, along with a perfect simplicity of character which is delightful in anyone, but most of all in a person of first-rate

intellect. . . . I was much pleased with the universality of his relish for all good poetry, however dissimilar to his own, and with the freedom and unaffected simplicity with which every person about him seemed to be in the habit of discussing and attacking any passage or poem in his own works which did not please him. I also saw a great deal of Southey, who is a very different kind of man, very inferior to Wordsworth in the higher powers of intellect, and entirely destitute of his philosophic spirit, but a remarkably pleasing and likeable man. . . . He seems to me to be a man of gentle feelings and bitter opinions. His opinions make him think a great many things abominable which are not so: and against which, accordingly, he thinks it would be right and suitable to the fitness of things, to express great indignation, but if he really feels this indignation, it is only by a voluntary act of the imagination that he conjures it up, by representing the thing to his own mind in colours suited to that passion."

And again in regard to Carlyle: "He does not seem to me so entirely the reflection or shadow of the great German writers as I was inclined to consider him; although undoubtedly his mind has derived from their inspiration whatever breath of life is in it. He seems to me as a man who has had his eyes unsealed, and who now looks around him and sees the aspects of things with his own eyes, but by the light supplied by others; not the pure light of day, but by another light compounded by the same simple rays, but in different proportions. He has by far the widest liberality and tolerance (not in the sense which Coleridge justly disavows, but in the good sense) that I have met with in anyone; and he differs from most men, who see as much as he does into the defects of the age, by a circumstance greatly to his advantage in my estimation, that he looks for a safe landing *before* and not *behind*; he sees that if we could replace things as they once were, we should only retard the final issue, as we should in all human probability go on just as we then did, and arrive again at the very place where we now stand. Carlyle intends staying in town

all winter; his object was to treat with booksellers about a work which he wishes to publish, but he has given up this for the present, finding that no bookseller will publish anything but a political pamphlet in the present state of excitement. In fact, literature is suspended: men neither read nor write." . . .

A letter written to John Sterling on May 24th, 1832, is so excellent an example of letter-writing that it is worthy to be quoted in full—especially as letter-writing seems a lost art at the present day. The analytic thought, the earnestness and interest which John Stuart Mill exercised in his correspondence reveal the sincerity of the man and how very much a friend he was and how unstintingly he gave of himself. He says, in part, in this letter, "Absence! All persons, some few excepted are sufficiently prone to neglect the absent, not because they forget them, but because there is always something to be done for things or persons near at hand, which, it seems at the moment, will less bear to be put off. But I think this is peculiarly a fault of mine. I neglect almost every person whose daily life is not intermixed with my own. However, this may be accept my confession and believe that, notwithstanding all appearances, you are as much and as often in my thoughts as when you were in England. It seems to me that there is a very great significance in letter-writing, and that it differs from daily intercourse as the dramatic differs from the epic or narrative. It is the life of man, and above all the chief part of his life, his inner life, not gradually unfolded without break or sudden transition, those changes which *take place* insensibly being also *manifested* insensibly; but exhibited in a series of detached scenes, taken at considerable intervals from one another, showing the completed change of position or feeling, without the process by which it was effected; affording a glimpse or a partial view of the mighty river of life at some few points, and leaving the imagination to trace to itself such figure or scheme as it can of the course of the stream in that far larger portion of space where it winds its way through thickets or impenetrable forests and is invisible;

this alone being known to us, that whatever may have been its course through the wilderness, it has had *some* course, and that a continuous one, and which might by human opportunity have been watched and discovered, though to us, too, probably, destined to be forever unknown. What wonder therefore if, when seen at these distant intervals, the stream sometimes seems to run east, sometimes west, and its general direction remains as mysterious as that of the Niger. Yet if such glimpses are numerous some general tendency shall predominate even in the few furlongs of waterway which they may chance to disclose, and it shall not remain doubtful towards what sea, in the long run, the waters tend to discharge themselves. I had no idea when I began this letter that I should yield to the habit of moralising and poetising which has grown upon me what would be far more valuable to me would be a knowledge of you, namely, of what has passed and is passing in your own mind, and how far your views of the world and feelings towards it, and all that constitutes your individuality as a human being, are or are not the same, are or are not changed. . . . For I know that there never pass seven months of my existence without change, and that not inconsiderable or unimportant. . . . With regard to our common acquaintances, . . . many, and some from whom it was scarcely to be expected, have become "sadder and wiser men." By sadder, I do not mean gloomier or more desponding, nor even less susceptible of enjoyment, or even gaiety; but I mean that they look upon all things with far deeper and more serious feelings, and are far more alive to those points in human affairs which excite an interest bordering on melancholy. Their earnestness, if not greater, is of a more solemn kind and certainly far more unmingled with dreams of personal distinction or other reward. This is also, in a measure, the case with myself; except that, so far as respects the last point, the change had taken place long before. I have long since renounced my hankering for being happier than I am and only since then have I enjoyed anything which

can be called well-being. How few are they who have discovered the wisdom of the precept, "Take no thought of the morrow;" when considered as all the sayings of Christ should be, not as laws laid down with strict logical precision for regulating the details of our conduct,—since such must be, like all other maxims of prudence, variable—but as the bodying forth in words of the spirit of all morality, right self-culture, the principles of which cannot change, as man's nature changes not, though surrounding circumstances do. I do not mean, by using the word self-culture, to prejudice anything whether such culture can come from man himself or must come directly from God; all I mean is that it is culture of the man's self, of his feelings and will, fitting him to look abroad and see how he is to act, not imposing on him by express definition a prescribed mode of action; which it is clear to me that many of the precepts of the Gospel were never intended to do, being manifestly unsuited to that end: witness that which I have just cited; or the great one of doing to all men as you desire that they should do to you; or of turning the left cheek, etc., which last the Quakers have made themselves ridiculous by attempting to act upon a very little more literally than other people. All these would be vicious as moral statutes, binding the tribunal, but they are excellent as instruction to the judge in the *forum conscientiae*, in what spirit he is to look at the evidence, what posture he must assume in order that he may see clearly the moral bearings of the thing which he is looking at."

The same exacting standards to which he had conformed his intellectual life may be made to account, along with his sincerity of nature, for the painstaking candor and analysis which may be found in almost every letter which is bound within these two recent volumes. Mill said, "To me it appears a very weighty matter to write a letter; there is scarcely anything that we do which requires a more complete possession of our faculties in their greatest freshness and vigor; and all the more so, because, if it is elaborate it is good for little—"

It seems to be to Carlyle that he wrote

the most spontaneously. He not only was acutely appreciative of Carlyle's genius and uncommon qualities of mind, but Carlyle seemed to call out of John Stuart Mill the self that he wanted to be as well as the self that he was. It would be interesting to study merely the letters to Carlyle for the light which they throw on this nature which has, in the main, been solved in terms of technical science. It is impossible in this brief and inadequate sketch to do more than point out passages which may prove interesting and lead the reader to further investigation of the self expression of these letters and the interpretation which they inevitably invite. The letters in Volume II. were mainly written with the assistance of his stepdaughter, Helen Taylor, and in some cases the entire letter was written by her. It is therefore the letters of Volume I. which are the most revelatory.

In a letter to Carlyle written July 17, 1832, he says, "Were it not that imperfect and dim light is yet better than total darkness, there would be little encouragement to attempt enlightening either oneself or the world. But the real encouragement is, that he who does the best he can, always does some good, even when in his direct aim he totally fails." In the same letter he says of Goethe, at the time of his death, "I do not myself, as yet, sufficiently know Goethe, to feel certain that he is the great High Priest and Pontiff you describe him; I know him as yet only as one of the wisest men, and men of greatest genius, whom the world has yet produced; but if he be not all that you say he is, certainly no other man has arisen in our times who can even for a moment be suspected of being so. In him alone, of all the celebrated men of this and the last age, does a more familiar knowledge and the growth of our own faculties discover more and more to be admired and less and less to be rejected or even doubted of. Who shall succeed him; or when shall he find even an *unworthy* successor?"

He also voices his appreciation of Carlyle in the same letter; "I certainly could not now write, and perhaps shall never be able to write, anything from which any

person can derive so much edification as I, and several others, have derived in particular from your paper on Johnson. My vocation, as far as I yet see, lies in a humbler sphere. . . . You I look upon as an artist, and perhaps the only genuine one now living in this country: the highest destiny of all lies in that direction; for it is the artist alone in whose hands Truth becomes impressive and a living principle of action; yet it is something not inconsiderable (in an age in which the understanding is more cultivated and developed than any of the other faculties, and is the only faculty which men do not habitually distrust), if one could address them through the understanding, and ostensibly with little besides mere logical apparatus, yet in a spirit higher than was ever inspired by mere logic, and in such sort that their understandings shall at least have to be reconciled to those truths, which even then will not be felt until they shall have been breathed upon by the breath of the artist. For, as far as I have observed, the majority even of those who are capable of receiving Truth into their minds must have the logical side of it turned first towards them; then it must be quite turned round before them, that they may see it to be the same Truth in its poetic that it is in its metaphysical aspect. Now this is what I seem to myself qualified for; and it is thus that I may be and therefore ought to be, not useless as an auxiliary even to you, though I am sensible that I can never give back to you the value of what I receive from you."

In another letter written March 9th, 1833, also to Carlyle he says: "Alas! when I give my thoughts I give the best I have. You wonder at 'the boundless' capacity man has of loving"; boundless indeed it is in *some* natures, immeasurable and inexhaustible; but *I* also wonder judging from myself, at the limitedness and even narrowness of that capacity in *others*. That seems to me the only really insuperable calamity in life—the only one which is not conquerable by the power of a strong will. It seems the eternal barrier between man and man—the natural and impassable limit both to the happiness and to the spiritual perfection

of (I fear) a large majority of our race. But few, whose power of either giving or receiving good in any form through that channel is so scanty as mine, are so painfully conscious of that scantiness as a *want* and an imperfection; and being thus conscious, I am in a higher, though a less happy state, than the self-satisfied *many* who have my wants without my power of appreciation."

And later in another letter to Carlyle he says, "I had a short note from Gustave d'Eichthal the other day, dated from Rome, merely to introduce an American named Emerson, who had sought an introduction to me as a means of obtaining one to you, this I of course gave him. He is going into Scotland and may possibly seek you out. He appears to be a reader and admirer of your writings, therefore you might possibly do him some good; but from one or two conversations I have had with him I do not think him a very hopeful subject". "I have read the first part of your 'Cagliostro'; not yet the second: I know not why you should call it 'half mad'; it is merely like much of your writing—half ironical, half-earnest; it may be of use to some people. If human beings would but do thoroughly all they do, I believe with you that Good would be much more forwarded than Evil: halfness is the great enemy of spiritual worth; whatever shames any human being out of *that*, is of unspeakable value."

It would be assumed that the Letters of a man like John Stuart Mill would be decidedly worth while. As has been asserted, as such, they could not help being a more intimate revelation of the man and his nature than any other of his writings. These two volumes fulfil such expectation to a degree. Also, they show the mind processes of this great thinker in their most vital form. To questions of science and of sterner thought he applies the clear, keen, unmistakable vision of abstract thought. However, the emotional, the unseen side is also given much and serious consideration. To questions unsolvable by testimony of the senses or of science he is unprejudiced in granting

the claims of the invisible world to a large extent and true to his earlier training in his insistence upon research that is thorough and as scientific or exact as it can be.

A letter which he wrote to the Right Honorable Joseph Napier on Miracles (January, 1863), is most interesting: "I have at your suggestion re-read the second chapter of the second part of the Analogy and the result is somewhat different from what you seemed to expect. I am afraid I must admit that Butler's authority is against me, and that he rather overlooked, or did not admit, the distinction which I endeavored to draw between two kinds of improbability or alleged fact. For though, as you say, he does not deny that there is a certain small antecedent presumption against a miracle, he looks upon this as being exactly the same sort of presumption which there is against any common event (of the conditions of which we have no special antecedent knowledge) before it has happened. Now in my view it is a totally different sort of presumption—one which constitutes, as far as it goes, a ground of disbelief, which the other and universal presumption does not in the smallest degree. In proof of this, let there be a million of tickets in some repository, numbered and placed indiscriminately. Of these I take out one; the antecedent presumption against its being No. 72 is a million to one: but when I *have* selected a ticket and it is affirmed to be No. 72, the antecedent presumption does not render this in the smallest degree incredible, because, instead of its being unlikely that an event with a million to one against it would happen it was certain that such an event did happen when I took out the ticket, whether it was No. 72 or not.

Now (without further purpose distinguishing miracles from any other kind of extraordinary event) it seems to me clear that against any extraordinary event there exists not a slight addition to this entirely unimportant kind of probability, but an improbability generically different from it and Butler surely must have thought so".

A THEORY OF SCULPTURE

By COURTENAY POLLOCK

To the following statement of Mr. Pollock I have appended comments of my own, on account of the direct bearing of his words on current discussions.—
Frederick W. Burrows

IT is difficult, when explaining my methods of work or when demonstrating my theories to make myself clearly understood by the public and "lay man" and what is often clear to the painter and sculptor may be obscure to those who have not studied sculpture professionally. The primary and basic principle which must distinguish sculpture from the art of painting is best understood when it is known with what materials these arts are practiced—and what the limitations of these materials.

It is a common error to regard the clay or marble for instance as the essential ingredient of the sculptors' "palette" corresponding to the pigments of the painter, and I believe to this mistake is due the lack of life in so much of our modern work. I am not speaking now of American work in particular; we in England sin as much in this respect. It is more true to regard the marble as corresponding to the painter's canvas, for the marble is given to us not to work *with* but to work *upon*.

The actual item with which a piece of sculpture is made is *light*—the sculptor's only medium. As the painter is given pigments of varying shades and colour so has the sculptor *light*. The canvas of the painter is a flat convenience upon which is placed the pigments reflecting the varying shades and colours of the spectrum, the marble merely reflects the varying quantities of light which fall upon it, and only in making use of light in varying values may sculpture be produced.

A common error in many a sculptor and a pitfall to many lovers of art is the admission and admiration of "lines of beauty." Too much is talked of "line" in sculpture. Though I believe it to be of small significance and quite unimportant yet it may be used on flat surfaces certainly never in sculpture.

Should a work be dependent upon the beauty of its lines it must be thin and unsatisfying, for lines produce no tones, no mass of light, no unity. Line is disruptive and irritates the eye, is disquieting and crude.

When working I regard the clay as a mass of solid light. I pinch a piece off and I hold a lump of light.

This lump—this patch of light I can put here or there as a painter may his pigment.

I have so often repeated this that I fear it may become monotonous and yet I can conceive of no better way of forcing the idea—of making the principle understood.

This mass of light I use, when designing a figure or group, to convey some pleasing impression I have received from nature, raising the tone here and subduing it there, never allowing it to become disunited, arranging and blending the light in masses of differing shapes and shades.

Light, it must be remembered, makes for happiness and though there is no pleasure in suffering there is joy along the fringe of it. In retrospect one may enjoy the suffering, the knowledge of having suffered is pleasing as is the melancholy of sad music.

Here again I have seen work spoilt that in other respects has been beautiful. There exists the *fear* of using light—of introducing a lump let us say—where it cannot represent some nameable thing. That is very British. It must have a name. How often have I heard it remarked, "What is that thing there? What is that lump?" Because the imagination cannot convert the lump into a toe, a cushion or a pepper box it has no right to be there! The sculptor is stupid. He has forgotten to carve the lump away! He didn't know what to do with it!

This last is partly true perhaps. He didn't know what better to do. It is unnecessary that he should. It is of vastly more importance to put a piece of light in the right place and leave it nameless than to carve toes and pepper boxes. The nameless lump has real value in that it becomes part of the beautiful scheme of light. The pepper box is baby's prattle.

If a sculptured work has anything to tell it must tell it through the sculpture—through the form—the massing of light—through the scheme; not through an assemblage of insignificant detail.

I remember seeing in the London Salon two years ago a wonderfully clever head of an old man by a very clever sculptor. The head displayed wonderful knowledge and revealed an astonishing amount of painstaking labor. The man who made it had made use of every known principle of sculpture except those of light and unity. The head, beautifully and skillfully modelled, was thrown forward, reflecting little or no light while the hair which received more light than the rest was so carefully defined that it might have been made with a needle, hair for hair. Every vein of the neck and every muscle of the face were beautifully executed. There were many admirers round it, it was so astonishingly clever. And the only thing it suggested to me, the only thought it awoke in me was:

"Barber, barber shave a pig,
How many hairs to make a wig?
Four and forty that's enough.
Give the barber a pinch of snuff."

Light being, as I consider it, the only

medium for the sculptor, I never forget that I am working in light and that the power and beauty of a piece of sculpture is limited by the extent to which this medium has been considered and made use of. So soon as the used light is forgotten the work will become unstable, thin and displeasing. Sculpture cannot exist without light. It is the management of light.

Rodin, quoted by Mauclair, says: "Sculpture is the art of the lump and the hole."

I believe sculpture is the art of light. Since I began to experiment with this theory I have carefully studied the best examples of Greek sculpture and the work of the Italian Renaissance and in none of the greatest works of sculpture do I find a contradiction to the theory. Perhaps the best known and most frequently cited work is the Venus of Milo. This certainly is a very good example to illustrate the principle. What is its effect upon the beholder. It is massive, strong, and stoic, it blazes with light, it makes you happy to look on it. Every sensation you receive from it is pleasant and convincing of life.

Examine it. Are you pleased by lines of beauty? There are none so-called. Is your palate pleased by pretty detail? Here are no children's stories writ in pepper boxes, no smallness, no confusing of the scheme. The light is so well considered, so magnificently managed that almost we are persuaded to think it breathes. See where the light falls upon the head and chest; it illuminates the face and neck, it travels over the breasts and down the massive trunk. Has it ever occurred to you why the abdomen is so prominent, the hips so swelling? What is the effect! The light continues uninterrupted. Here where the abdomen begins its inward curve the drapery takes up the light lest shadow should destroy the strength of it. Here the thigh is lifted to raise the tone of light and where the parted limbs would leave a blackness the drapery continues to the ground, closing and filling up and strengthening the lower parts.

Having shaped my masses of light, arranged the broad half tones and general

proportions, which I often do before I think of any figure or group, I evolve the figure or group from this mass, keeping the great masses of light intact and seeking from nature the forms to suit the scheme.

This may seem haphazard to some. But to me the reverse is so. To my mind nothing can be more haphazard and hampering as to limit oneself by a previously selected pose. So soon as the pose becomes definite your main scheme is developed and should you be dissatisfied you must change your scheme. This is generally more easily done by beginning all over again. Personally I find preconceived poses hampering and laborious, frequently quite unnatural and sometimes physically impossible.

Rodin is again quoted by Maclair as saying: "Often I look at a piece of marble and think what figure I can carve in it." And he declares that he sometimes fits his figures into a cube or rectangular block or pyramid or cone or whatever the block suggests. I do not quarrel with this method, for Mr. Rodin has a life's experience behind him, but to me who am still upon the threshold, so to speak, this seems a happy-go-lucky manner of procedure. And I believe it better that the primary shape or mass be intelligently determined than that the sculptor should limit himself by shapes that chance vouchsafes him.

I don't mean to say that I never have a preconceived pose.

I do very frequently, but often I find it necessary to introduce a new and additional figure or some form to pull together my scheme of light and solidify the work.

In portraiture where the "play"—the "give and take" is less generous the principle, though quite as important, is less apparent. Here I make the portrait first, modelling the bone forms and the flesh and hair, arranging the moveable parts to help make my masses of light. Removing a mass of hair here to increase it there, shifting the shoulder to suit my mass as far as I may without destroying

any essential gesture valuable in the portrait. When I have secured the character and gesture of the sitter I seek the essential items that go to distinguish him from other men, discarding all that is unimportant, wiping out entirely detail that destroys or in any degree hampers the characteristics.

Clothes are at once a nuisance and a blessing. They are important only when necessary to distribute and locate light. If I need light the collar or lapel of a coat is often useful. In some cases I give the least suggestion of clothes possible."

So Mr. Pollock. And immediately will arise the objection that this is merely carrying the phraseology of painting into the domain of sculpture—another instance of what Professor Babbitt* would call the lamentable confusion of the arts. But is the author of the New Laocoon altogether right and Mr. Pollock, and others of his type, altogether wrong?

Professor Babbitt's position appears to arise from a profound revulsion against the prurient decadency that has characterized and does characterize so much of the modern symbolist and (as he would term it) pseudo-mystical movement. It appears to me that, carefully analyzed, the limitations longed for in the New Laocoon are restraints of character rather than such as are very justly applicable to the creative impulse as such. We may sympathize, on purely ethical grounds with his indignation and disgust with Paul Verlaine and his ilk. We cannot be quite so sure, however, that, even to them, he will be able to deny all of that which singles a man out as a true artist. And when he scowls at Rodin, sees naught but corruption and bunkum in Debussy and Richard Strauss, and is discreetly silent concerning Maeterlinck, it is time for us to pause and ask ourselves if there is not something which he has omitted to recognize. It is true indeed that pursuit of sensibility and hypertrophy of the sub-conscious manifestations of sensibility, are closely and causally allied to erotic debauchery. It

* "The New Laocoon, An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts," by Irving Babbitt, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

is a shameful truth that the conduct of those who are engaged in this de-intellectualizing pursuit has made a reproach of the phrase "artistic temperament." Processes of self culture and training that make harlots of women and libertines of men are not such as will produce anything that deserves to be called great in art any more than in other lines of human effort. Indeed, so far have these things gone, that, unless checked, the decent middle classes of society will be justified in rising in their indignation and passing sumptuary laws forbidding the practice of the fine arts, as a measure of public safety! We cannot but sympathize with Professor Babbitt's prayer for restraint, form, order and all the resulting decencies.

But, granting all that can be justly granted to the cause-and-effect relationships existing between the culture—methods and artistic ideals of the modern schools to which Professor Babbitt takes exception, and the depravity that is so marked and disgusting an accompaniment of them, we must still maintain that the restraints demanded are ethical restraints and that it is not quite so easy as the professor would have us believe to transform them into laws and norms of artistic production or even into canons of criticism—for the two are far from being synonymous.

It must be perfectly evident to any one who is at all observant that there are many manly men and pure and good women who are to-day profoundly impressed with *something* in the work of Rodin, of Maeterlinck, of Debussy and of Strauss, and that something is not decadency or eroticism.

The truly impressive thing in the work of such men as these is the more immediate vision and the more direct expression. The lack of restraint may be eliminated and there is something left. To ignore that remainder is to turn our backs on everything that, in our own time, has shown the least particle of creative power. Has it occurred to Professor Babbitt that the accompanying unrestraint, and even debauchery of art, may be a symptom of youth as well as of decadence? Is it quite necessary for us

to suppose that this lawlessness of which he complains, this wild anarchy of the arts, must continue to characterize all work that is done in the modern spirit? I for one do not believe it. The hands on the clock have never yet moved backward. Just as are many of his strictures, his pessimistic attitude toward modernism is unjustified by the facts.

There is a very essential fallacy in Lessing's work. Logical as his distinctions seem, every true artist knows, whether he analyzes it or not, that there is something wrong about them.

The same fallacies and the same omissions are to be found in Professor Babbitt's book. It is indeed, as he himself justly acknowledges, based on the elder book, a book which two generations of artists have found to be an insufficient guide, however much the critical fraternity may have praised it. Singularly enough, the same fallacies do not occur in Aristotle's Poetics, which is immeasurably the greater and more useful book.

Professor Babbitt's discontent sometimes descends to the level of the traditional Cantabrigian snippishness, as when he sneers at plays that preach and sermons that are "theatrical." Of course, all good plays do preach, more or less, and all good sermons are more or less dramatic. And if this were not true, very few persons would be going either to church or to the theatre. There is a good deal that is rotten in Denmark, but everything is not rotten. Professor Babbitt's book as a protest against certain tendencies in modern art is valuable and most welcome. All right-thinking people have been getting very, very sick of these things. We are glad to have them vigorously and ably brought to book. The New Laocoon is the most profoundly *religious book* that has appeared for some time. It is a mighty good sermon. But as the cloudy pillar by day and flame by night that shall guide us into the Promised Land, its omissions are too fundamental and its reactionary spirit too marked to successfully play the part.

All this has been suggested by Mr. Pollock's offense against the spirit of the New Laocoon in the words which he has written for the New England Magazine,

describing his theory of his art.

It must be obvious to any one engaged in actual creative work, whether it is so to the critics or not, that while Mr. Pollock is going to be forced to contradict himself at times his scheme nevertheless, does not omit the great essentials, and,

working by it, he will be able to produce consistently beautiful works of art, if he has within himself those other requisites which are more closely intertwined with personality and which are not wholly absent even in a Paul Verlaine.

LOVELACE GROWN OLD

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

I.

My life has been like a bee that roves
Through a scented garden close,
And 'tis I who have kept the honey of love,
The horded sweetness and scent thereof,
For all I forgot the rose.

Oh, exquisite gardens long forgot
That have made my store complete,
Though winter fall upon blossom and bee
Yet the kisses I garnered remain with me
Forever and ever sweet.

II.

The Priest bath had his word and said his
say—
A word i' faith more honest than beguiling—
But now he turns upon his gloomy way—
Good soul, he leaves me smiling.

I may not ponder much on future wrath;
Of all those loves of mine, some six or seven,
Surely ere this have climbed that thorny path
That leads at last to Heaven.

My bold, brown beauties, eh, my delicate
And golden damsels with uncensuring eyes,
Not long once did you make your Lovelace wait
Outside of Paradise.

Much am I minded of a certain night—
A night of moon and drifting clouds that
hid
The convent wall from overmuch of light
Whereby one watched forbid.

Watched, till he heard within the trembling
sound
Of white, girl fingers on the rusting key
That turned her heart as well, till each un-
bound
Let in felicity.

Ah, well, I have small fear—her eyes were
blue;
Blue eyes remember though it cost them
tears.
Who knows but that same hand shall lead me
through
Another Gate of Fears.

In the same fashion, brave, yet most afraid,
Bold for her love yet trembling for her sin—
So, Saints were tricked before. My blue-eyed
maid,
Be there to let me in.

III.

Since I loved you for a day—Ah, a day, the fleetest—
Since I sighed and rode away when our love was sweetest,
So shall you remember me, now that youth is over,
Fairly, of your courtesy, as your fondest lover.

Since I turned and said goodbye when my heart was truest,
Since we parted, you and I, when our joy was newest,
Love might never turn to doubt and from doubt to scorning.
We but lived his sweetness out twixt a night and morning.

So shall you remember me, eager in pursuing,
Faithful as a man must be in his time o' wooing.
Greater loves but stay and pine so, now youth is over,
Smiling shall you think of mine—mine, your fondest lover.

IMMIGRATION

By CONG. NATHAN W. HALE

THE question of immigration is as old as civilization itself. The first people were nomadic in their habits and kept a close watch on the fertile and well-watered and grassy valleys and followed the seasons in their changes. Then they clashed as whole clans, one tribe often exterminating the other. Later when they began to live in cities a member of one tribe would often leave his tribe and settle among strangers. History is full of instances where whole cities have been captured by a peaceful invasion of this kind. In our own country this is common: instance the Irish taking possession of Boston and controlling the destinies of that great city and the Germans in Milwaukee.

America is a nation of immigrants: our ancestors were not troubled by a customs inspector on the coast. His troubles began when he commenced to go inland. This country is not, never has been, and never will be, an exclusive country in the sense that a Chinese wall will be erected along immigration lines. This country has millions of acres of land open for settlement, including the irrigable land of the west, and the swamp land of the east will have to be reclaimed. We invite to our shores the law-abiding, the industrious, the economical and the intelligent. We do not want, and we must not have, the confirmed criminal class of the old world, neither do we want the lazy, shiftless and ignorant. A man who is industrious and intelligent, the chances are he will be law-abiding.

An immigrant, to be desirable, should be free from all loathsome, contagious and infectious diseases. Nor should he be allowed to land if he is a confirmed drunkard for all of the above are likely to become public charges. The law now

expressly provides that no feeble-minded, idiot or insane person shall be allowed to land. The law should not be merely negative, but positive in that it should require the immigrant to be able to read and write the English language or that of his native country. A man who has learned to read and write in his own tongue will not look upon learning another language as a very great hardship and surely he cannot transact business satisfactorily in this country without learning our language. Equipped with a knowledge of the English he could read of our institutions and learn to love and respect them. The laws of the United States respecting all the necessary qualifications of a foreigner to land here and become a citizen should be printed in the language of the nations who send us immigrants and kept by the American consuls. Not only should this be done, but a partial examination of the immigrants should be had under the supervision of the American consuls residing in that country. His family record and the court records could be accessible there. All aliens ordered deported by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor should be transported by the offending steamship companies free of charge.

The question of Japanese exclusion has become acute in the Pacific coast states. The citizens generally object to the Japanese influx on account of the fact that the Caucasian will not affiliate with the Asiatic on terms of equality; the laboring man objects to him because he comes to this country and lowers the price of labor, and this should not be. Neither the Jap nor any other nation should be allowed to flood this country with cheap labor to the detriment of the American laboring man.

THE PROGRESS OF MRS. ALEXANDER

(Continued from page 560)

Miss Wilton: Where did you come from, Marguerite?

Mrs. Vivien: From Rome—I brought a Roman sash for you, dear!

Miss Wilton (snorting): Where's your husband?

Mrs. Vivien: Poor dear Paul is in bed!—He's a wreck, after the voyage.

Mr. Madison: Wrecked? Not on the Cunard Line?

Miss Wilton (shouting): No, no—sea-sick!—

Mrs. Vivien: And where is our dear Mrs. Alexander?

Charles (giving her a look of appeal): She was detained—

Mrs. Vivien (quickly): Oh, yes. I fear that's my fault—I ran in before dinner, and we got talking about old times in Salem!—

Miss Wilton (severely, to Charles): You said it was the Milk Committee!

(*Charles tries to explain to her.*)

Butler (announcing): Mrs. Brooks-Browne,—Miss Brooks-Browne,—Prince Sarski!—

(*Enter Mrs. Brooks-Browne, followed by Evelyn Brooks-Browne and Sarski.*)

(*Mrs. Brooks-Browne is a plump and placid matron with a meaningless smile, very correctly gowned; she is a perfect "Bromide." Her daughter is a very pretty young girl, who looks like a Greuze or a Romney, and behaves like a chorus-girl. She wears evening-dress, height of fashion. Sarski is smiling as ever; his "order" is worn on a red ribbon across his evening-shirt front. He keeps near Evelyn throughout the Club scene.*)

Mrs. Vivien (meeting them gushingly, as if she were the hostess): Oh, you dear people,—I'm so glad to see you!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Why, Mrs. Vivien, have you returned?

Mrs. Vivien: *Me voilà!*

Sarski (kissing her hand): Madame Piff-paff-pouf, who appears and disappears!

(*Mrs. Brooks-Browne shakes hands with the others.*)

Mrs. Vivien (wickedly): *Mon prince!*—Still hunting, in this land of big game?

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Oh, Prince Sarski isn't hunting at this season! He's enjoying Boston, aren't you, Prince?

Sarski: De Boston matrons, yes!—And de maidens, yes!

(*He throws a kiss to Miss Wilton, who glares.*)

Evelyn Brooks-Browne: Prince Sassy!

Mrs. Vivien: And this dear child has come out,—and a great success I hear!

(*Mrs. B-B. beams complacently.*)

Evelyn: Hello, Mrs. Vivy!—Are you running the festive frolic to-night?—Where's the Lady Patroness?

Mrs. Vivien: The what, dearie?

Evelyn: The lady of the house, dearie,—I call her that because she'll be a "Patroness" for anything in Boston!

Charles: No, she won't, unless I advise her to.

(*Evelyn shouts with laughter.*)

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Yes, where is Mrs. Alexander?

Charles and Mrs. Vivien (together): Just a moment—detained—milk!—

Mrs. Vivien (alone): Have you seer her Copleys? This one—

(*She leads Mrs. B-B. to the portraits with many gestures. Charles casts nervous glances at door, clock, etc., and fusses with papers.*)

Evelyn (to Charles): Cheer up, old Solemncholy!—The worst is yet to come!

(*Slaps him playfully on the back. Charles winces, then laughs feebly.*)

I'm disappointed that this house doesn't look queer—I thought your

western woman in this old house would have some funny combinations—but no, all very correct! No fun at all!

Charles: Did you fancy that I would introduce a lady with bad taste to the Cameo Club?

Evelyn (hopefully): Well, maybe she'll do something queer!

Charles (coldly): I think not, Miss Brooks-Browne.

Mrs. Brooks-Browne (looking around, vaguely): I wonder where my Billy is?

Evelyn (to Charles): I told you the worst was yet to come!

(She and Sarski whisper together at L.)

Miss Wilton (shouting at her cousin): I said, it's almost time for us to go home!

Butler (announcing): Mrs. Alexander!—

Evelyn: She comes!—

(Makes a mocking curtsey.)

(Enter Mrs. Alexander, wearing a severe black velvet evening gown, with a cameo necklace. A black Spanish lace scarf falls off her shoulders. Charles beams with relief and pride. Mrs. Alexander is pale and nervous, but her smile is brave. She sweeps forward quickly.)

Mrs. Alexander: Good evening, everybody!—Dear Miss Wilton, don't move!

(Miss Wilton never does move.)

Mr. Madison—Mrs. Brooks-Browne—my dear little girl—

(Shaking hands with them all.)

Evelyn (with insolent ease): Hello, Mrs. Alexander!—

Sarski (prancing up to Mrs. A., grinning): Mona Lisa, I am here!

(She looks daggers at him, as if to say, "I see you, and hate you." She bites her lips and turns quickly from him.)

Mrs. Vivien (whispering slyly to Mrs. A.): I thought you told him not to come!

(Mrs. Alexander looks daggers at her.)

Never mind, dear, I'll see you through, if you'll help me about the Fountain.

(Indicates the paper with her hand.)

(Mrs. Alexander nods.)

Mrs. Alexander: I'm so sorry, friends, to be late, but really I've been so upset about the squirrels!—

Miss Wilton (looking at Charles):

I thought it was the Milk?

(Charles is embarrassed.)

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Very nice in you to feel it so much, Mrs. Alexander,—You are quite a Bostonian at heart!

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, heart and soul!

(Mrs. Brooks-Browne and Miss Wilton nod approval. Charles smiles again.)

(To Charles.)

Professor Winthrop hasn't come yet?

Charles: No, nor Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Alexander: Thank heaven!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: And my boy hasn't come yet!

(Mrs. Alexander turns to her.)

Miss Wilton (quickly, sharply): What are you going to do for the Milk Committee?

Mrs. Alexander (turning to her): Oh, I'm to buy all the bottles,—or all the babies, which is it, Mr. Fuller?

(She laughs nervously, as they all stare at her in astonishment.)

Butler (announcing): Mrs. Hill!—

(All rise except Miss Wilton.)

(Enter Mrs. Hill, looking very distinguished in a gray satin gown that just matches her hair, but the eternal feather boa is on her shoulders.)

Mrs. Alexander (rushing to her): Dear Mrs. Hill, at last!

Mrs. Hill: Am I last? How de do!—

(She looks around with little nods for them all, then kisses Mrs. Vivien.)

Charles (indicating armchair b. table): Will you sit here, Mrs. Hill?

Mrs. Alexander: Yes, do take the chair—the throne!

Mrs. Hill (sitting): We may as well begin our meeting now. Henry Madison is supposed to preside,—Henry, do you hear?

Mr. Madison: Ah-ha—the subject is open to discussion.

(Faint smiles all round. Evelyn giggles. Miss Wilton glares.)

Mrs. Alexander: Oh, we must wait for Professor Winthrop!

Mrs. Hill (snubbing her): Not at all,—we never wait for him!

(Charles stands by Mrs. Hill's chair and places papers before her. Mrs. Alexander sits well down stage, R. Centre, near Mrs. Hill. Miss Wilton, Mr. Madison and Mrs. B-B. are near the fire,

Evelyn and Sarski at extreme L. Mrs. Vivien flutters from one chair to another.)

Mr. Madison (impressive but vague): Now—ah—hem—the matters to be discussed this evening—ah—hem—

Mrs. Hill (looking at Charles' notes): The Fountain in Copley Square, the Squirrel Rescue League—

Charles (eagerly): I do hope that may come up first, as being most important!—

Miss Wilton: Young Charles, don't interrupt!—

(Charles whispers to Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Vivien whispers to Mrs. Alexander, and Miss Wilton tries to make Mr. Madison understand something.)

Butler (announcing impressively): Professor Winthrop!—

(But Mrs. Alexander is the only person impressed, she springs up.)

(Enter Professor Winthrop, a middle-aged man, very distinguished, very cold and calm, but with a curious twitch on his lips, and a faint gleam in his eyes at times, like the ghost of a smile. Correct evening dress, left glove on, right glove carried.)

Mrs. Alexander (meeting him, eager and nervous): Ah, Professor Winthrop!—Last, but by no means least!

Professor Winthrop (he speaks with an accent all his own, neither English nor French): Mrs. Alexander?—Forgive my being so, seemingly, inexcusably late, and remember, for extenuating circumstances, that I live in a village.

Mrs. Alexander: Yes, I call it "our village"!

(He shows the twitch and the gleam.)

Professor Winthrop: Cambridge is so much indebted to you for the possessive pronoun!

(He bows to the others.)

The cars were not, perceptibly, running, and the drawbridge was, in point of fact, open!—

(He sits, down R. a little apart from the others.)

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Professor Winthrop, did you see my boy anywhere?

Professor Winthrop: Dear lady, I don't, regretably, know your boy.

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Isn't he in one of your courses?

Professor Winthrop: Not perceptibly. *(Evelyn's loud laugh.)*

Mrs. Alexander: We were just discussing the Squirrel Rescue League—

Professor Winthrop (wearily): Naturally, yes.

Miss Wilton (severely): We weren't discussing anything, that I know of!

Professor Winthrop: Then let us, knowingly, discuss!

(All hitch their chairs a little nearer ready for discussion. Mr. Madison clears his throat, Mrs. Hill is about to read from report.)

Butler (announcing): Mr. William Brooks-Browne Second!—

(Miss Wilton gives a snort of rage. Mrs. Hill puts the report down and looks bored. Mrs. Vivien gives a French shrug of despair. Enter Billy Brooks-Browne, prancing in gaily,—a very young Harvard "man.")

Billy: Little Willy's late—naughty Willy!—

Mrs. Brooks-Browne (rustling forward): Oh, Billy dear!—Mrs. Alexander, this is my son,—it's so sweet of you to let him come, but I'm ashamed of him!

(She beams with pride. Mrs. Alexander shakes hands with Billy. Everyone else annoyed.)

Billy: Couldn't help it, Mater, it was "up drawbridge, groom" and "he swam the Charles river where ford there was none"!—

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Oh, Billy, you didn't!

Billy: Well, here I, perceptibly, am!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne (in loud whisper): Billy, don't you know Professor Winthrop?

Billy: I do.—but he doesn't know all that I know!—

(He tries to speak to Professor Winthrop, who ignores him. His mother tries to make him sit by her, but he finally joins Evelyn and Sarski at L.)

Mrs. Vivien (whispering to Mrs. A.): Why did you let the whole Brooks-Browne family come here?

Mrs. Alexander (bewildered): Why not?—

(She looks nervously around at the frowning faces.)

Miss Wilton (shouting at Madison): I said, if the Cameo Club is to become a Kindergarten, how is it ever going to save Boston?—

Mr. Madison: Ah—now—hem—we were saying—ah—

Mrs. Hill (briskly): Now for the squirrels,—if there are any squirrels!

Charles (intensely): I assure you that I saw one to-day, and its tail was perfectly pityful—

All (in a moan of distress): O-oh!—

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: And supposing that one should die!

Billy (dramatic): With all his imperfections on his tail!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Billy!

(All frown at him, but Mrs. Alexander is shaken with laughter.)

Charles: This is a serious matter!—

Mrs. Alexander (controlling herself and speaking with energy): Yes indeed!—It seems to me that the thing to do is to get some *new* squirrels,—the woods must be full of them!

(All look at her with cold disapproval.)

Charles (sadly): They wouldn't be Boston squirrels!—

Professor Winthrop: Fuller, don't be an ass—at least, not avoidably!

(Charles looks reproachfully at Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Vivien whispers to her—)

Mrs. Vivien (to Mrs. Alexander): Don't make suggestions, dear!

(Mrs. Alexander looks nervous again.)

Mrs. Brooks-Browne (importantly): It occurs to me that the squirrel's tail was probably eaten by the Brown-tail moth!—

Evelyn and Billy (shouting): Mater!

(Billy bats her on the back.)

Miss Wilton (sharply): We are getting off the subject!

Billy: Yes, yes, we are all off!—Now I quite think the thing to do—

(Hesitates so earnestly that all listen.) is for someone—say Charles Fuller, or Miss Wilton—to climb a tree and crawl out on the tip of a branch, and make a little noise like a nut!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Billy!

(The others frown or snort.)

(Professor Winthrop closes his eyes in utter weariness.)

Billy: I did so want to be helpful!

Charles (puzzled): But what kind of noise does a nut make?

(Mrs. Alexander, swallowing a laugh, makes a queer sound in her throat.)

Billy: That's it—she's got it! *That's a nutty noise!*

(His mother and Evelyn manage to suppress him. Mrs. Alexander keeps her self-control with difficulty, and makes another energetic effort.)

Mrs. Alexander: I suppose the Rescue League wants to raise money?

(They frown at her.)

Charles (hesitating): Well,—really—

Evelyn (eagerly): Oh, then let my club give a vaudeville show! Mrs. Alexander, will you be a Patroness?

Mrs. Alexander: Yes, dear, certainly.

Miss Wilton (loud aside): That girl wants to do a dance—she has her ankles on her brain!—

Mrs. Hill (to Mrs. Alexander): My dear, will you kindly let me run this club?

Mrs. Alexander: Oh,—of course!—

(For a moment she looks ready to die of mortification, but she quickly regains her spirit, and looks defiant.)

(Everyone talks at once. Mrs. Hill raps on table calling them to order.)

Mr. Madison: Ah—now that the subject is settled—ah—

Miss Wilton: Settled!

Charles (in distress): Oh, but Mrs. Hill—*(whispers to her.)*

Mr. Madison: The next subject for discussion is—ah—

(Enter Rogers, the butler, with large tray of wine and cakes, which he places on side table, R. Billy makes a rush across room to refreshment table.)

(Exit Rogers.)

Mrs. Alexander: Now I hope you'll all discuss this light refreshment,—a little intermission, before going on to another important subject!—Ah, thank you, Mr. Brooks-Browne, please serve Mrs. Hill and Professor Winthrop.

(Billy does so with a fine imitation of Rogers. Some look pleased and some annoyed at the interruption. Mrs. Hill sits haughtily in her chair, talking with Professor Winthrop. Sarski prances forward and tries to wait on Mrs. Alexander, who waves him away. Mrs.

Vivien helps herself.)

Mrs. Alexander (to Sarski): Keep away from me!

Sarski (laughing): You have nerves, yes?—

(He serves Mrs. B-B. and Evelyn with wine and cake. Evelyn and Billy eat their cake in imitation of squirrels.)

(Meanwhile Mrs. Alexander serves Miss Wilton and Mr. Madison, at fireplace.)

Mrs. Alexander: A glass of wine, Mr. Madison?—A little bit of seed cake, dear Miss Wilton?—I always like simple refreshments on these thoughtful occasions.

Miss Wilton (nodding grimly): Yes, quite right,—but we never have the refreshments until nine-thirty—the last thing!

Mrs. Alexander (discouraged): Oh! I'm sorry—

(She turns away from Miss Wilton and Mrs. Vivien attacks her.)

Mrs. Vivien: Dearie, why did you cut in with refreshments now, before we had got to the Fountain question? Old Henry Madison will be going home!

Mrs. Alexander (impatiently): Well, well, we'll have that right now—

(She sweeps quickly to the table, where Mrs. Hill sits, and speaks with assumed ease, covering her nervousness.)

Dear Mrs. Hill,—and everybody—I beg to suggest that we consider next the great Copley Square question, the Fountain question!

Charles (wildly): But the squirrels!—

Billy: Fuller, don't be a fooler fool than you fully feel!

Mrs. Alexander: I think we have a little surprise for you all—

Mrs. Vivien (coming quickly to table with her roll of paper.): My Paul has always had the idea of a fountain for Copley Square,—and behold!—I have here a sketch he has made for one,—most appropriate,—which he submits to the Cameo Club!

(She unrolls the large sheet, showing it in such a way that the audience cannot see it. Mrs. Hill looks at it through her eyeglass, raises her eyebrows in silence, and leans back in her chair. Mrs. Alexander takes a look, and again becomes

very nervous. Miss Wilton comes down, takes one look, and shuts her mouth very tight, with an inward snort, glaring at Mrs. Vivien, who looks perfectly innocent. Billy and Evelyn, seeing the effect it has on the others, prance eagerly forward to look at it)

Evelyn: Oh, how cute!—Don't you adore it?

(She is giggling.)

Billy: Oh, my!

(He goes R. and hides his head on the shoulder of the bust of Dante.)

Sarski (looking at the sketch): Charming!—so charming!

(Mrs. B-B. takes a look and is too shocked to speak. Charles never looks at all. He stands aside in embarrassed distress.)

Mrs. Hill (coldly): Who—what—is she supposed to be?

Mrs. Vivien: Why she is Truth—the spirit of Truth—and the goblet in her hand holds the water of Life, forever flowing—when the fountain plays, you know!

Mrs. Alexander (with a queer smile): Truth, in our midst!

Mrs. Vivien: Yes, so appropriate, you see!—

Billy (jumping up and down): Truth! Oh, please put her in the Harvard Yard!

Evelyn: Oh, do shut up, Billy Goat!—

Sarski (in Mrs. Alexander's ear): Appropriate for Newport, yes? For your garden, Mona Lisa?

(She shudders, as if Satan were whispering to her. Sarski grins wickedly and rejoins Evelyn.)

Mrs. Vivien: What do you think of it, Professor Winthrop?

Professor Winthrop: I think it, incidentally, characteristic of Paul Vivien.

Mr. Madison (coming to look at it): I've no remembrance whatever to Paul Revere! And where, madam, is his horse?

(Billy and Evelyn collapse.)

Miss Wilton (bursting out): Henry Madison, you're as deaf as a post!—Marguerite Vivien, you shameless!—how dare you bring that thing to the Club?—You and your poor dear Paul had better stay among those dirty Roman ruins!

Mrs. Vivien (sweetly): But, dearie, we can't know as much about antiques as you do!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne (soothingly, trying to say the right thing): It's a very artistic thing, of course, but perhaps not quite—suit—able for the Cameo Club to offer to Boston.

(Mrs. Alexander is again shaking with laughter.)

Mrs. Vivien: Why not?—What could be more suitable? It's so Grecian in feeling—

Evelyn: *Mater* means not suited to our New England climate!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: No, Evelyn, I do not!

Charles (to Mrs. Alexander): Why did you let Mrs. Vivien bring that sketch to-night?—I fear this evening is a failure!

(Her face twitches, she cannot speak. She holds her handkerchief to her lips. Is she about to laugh or weep?)

Mrs. Hill: Everard Winthrop, have you any ideas for Copley Square?—

Professor Winthrop (dreamy): I had so many, but not for the moment, articulate. By the way, speaking of Copley Square, you have some really rather good Copleys here, Mrs. —a—

(Mrs. Alexander starts.)

Charles: Alexander.

Professor Winthrop: Ah, thank you!—I am getting positively senile in the matter of—in point of fact, new names.

Mrs. Vivien: Alexander is a very old name!

Professor Winthrop (looking at portraits through eyeglass): Now these Copleys, dear lady—

Billy: Oh! Oh!

(Everyone looks at him.)

Oh!—the Copley lady is winking at me!

(Mrs. Alexander bursts into a scream of laughter. All stare at her. She springs up and goes to window, extreme L., laughing helplessly. Charles follows her in alarm and opens a window,—Miss Wilton instantly puts on her Paisley shawl. The library door, R., opens a little way, and Florence and Sandy are seen peeping in.)

Evelyn (in delight): There! She is

going to be queer!—

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Don't mind my silly boy, Mrs. Alexander!

Those are your ancestors, aren't they?

Mrs. Alexander (hysterical): No, no! They are *not* mine, they don't belong to me!—

(General murmur of astonishment)

(Enter Sandy, followed by Florence.)

Sandy: Excuse me, but those portraits do belong to her, bought and paid for!—

(General sensation.)

Mrs. Vivien (quickly, trying to save the situation): Ah, Mr. Smith!—This is Mrs. Alexander's Man of Business, and there is the business man's point of view,—“bought and paid for”! Yes, she actually had to buy back into the family those old portraits that had fallen into the hands of a Collector, and—

Mrs. Alexander (in a ringing voice): That will do, thank you, Mrs. Vivien!—

(With one swoop she takes Centre.)

Cameo Club, let me present my *late* husband,—but not *too* late!—

(All gasp. Sandy rubs his head.)

Sandy, I couldn't stand it another minute!—Cameo Club, my name is Mrs. Alexander *Smith*, and I have no ancestors from Salem. Let us drink at the Fountain of Truth!

(She laughs, not hysterically.)

(Professor Winthrop and Billy applaud, as if at a play. Mrs. Vivien and Charles make pleading gestures to Mrs. Alexander, but she does not heed them.)

I don't know how the idea ever got about that I was a widow, but I—well I encouraged it, for it seemed to be the thing in Boston! But there my husband perceptibly stands!—

(Florence and Billy laugh.)

I used to be ashamed of him, and now—I'm ashamed of *myself*!—

Sandy: That's all right, Eliza,—I guess I'm vulgar.

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy, you are not vulgar,—you never pretended in your life!

Mrs. Hill (who seems much interested): Bravo, Mrs. Alexander!

Mrs. Alexander: Mrs. Smith!—

Professor Winthrop: Bravo bis!—There you are!—

Mrs. Alexander: And now you may laugh at me, all of you!—

(But nobody laughs except Evelyn. Professor Winthrop and Mrs. Hill look interested, the others look indignant or embarrassed, Charles terribly disappointed and mortified.)

Florence (who cannot contain herself longer): I think the laugh is on Boston!

Billy (prancing up to her): Hello little West Wind!

Florence: Hello you eternal Freshman!

Billy: Hit it home, Miss Kenyon!—Don't let the Mater hear you mention that I'm still a Freshman!—

(Sarski, in alarm at the truth-telling, has been trying to whisper to Mrs. Alexander, but she shakes him off. He then whispers apart busily with Mrs. B-B.)

Mrs. Alexander (sarcastic): I'm so sorry to break up the even tenor of your Club ways, but they broke me up! So much for the Cameos!—

(With a superb gesture she throws her cameo necklace down on the table. It is like an empress abdicating. Mrs. Vivien with her sketch silently steals away—vanishes. Exit Vivien.)

Charles (suddenly, desperately): I protest that the psychology of this is all wrong—the influence couldn't have worked this way—

Professor Winthrop: Fuller, don't be an articulate ass!

Charles (to Florence): Now, how shall I ever save the Squirrels or Mrs. Alexander?

Florence: I told you, "that shall save her at the last"! One laugh, and she was saved, don't you see?

(But Charles is too dejected to see.)

(Mrs. Hill is talking with Sandy.)

Miss Wilton (shouting): I say Henry Madison, that we ought to have been home long ago. Come along!—

(She pokes Madison vigorously.)

Mr. Madison: Ah—the meeting is now adjourned!—

(He bows to all, with dignity.)

Miss Wilton: Goodnight, all—Henry, don't forget any of your mufflers!

(Exit, wrapped in her Paisley shawl.)

Florence: Exit Boston!

Mr. Madison (to Mrs. Hill): Are you coming, Augusta?

Mrs. Hill: No, I'm staying. Good night, Henry.

Mrs. Smith: Good night.

(“Henry” bows again, and exit. Charles escorts him off, and returns.)

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: A most unusual evening!—Come, my dears—

(Evelyn and Sarski follow her, but not Billy.)

Goodnight, Mrs. Smith!

Mrs. Alexander: Goodnight, Mrs. Browne!—Oh!—one moment, please,—now, Prince Sarski!

(She is evidently about to “tell on” him. He looks frightened, but Mrs. B-B. speaks, importantly.)

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: Ah, yes indeed, Prince Sarski!—Let me announce that the Prince has done my daughter the honor to ask her to marry him.

Sarski (quickly): And she has done me de honor to say yes!

Mrs. Brooks-Browne: It's an engagement, congratulations, friends!

(Mrs. Hill looks at them through her glass. Professor Winthrop bows. Billy throws his arms around Sarski's neck.)

Mrs. Alexander (winking at Sandy): My congratulations, Prince and Princess!

(She makes a mocking curtsy, with a low laugh.)

Evelyn (tossing her head, insolently): Thanks, Mrs. Smith!—Come along, Nicholas—

Sarski (kissing his hand): Adieu, Mona Lisa!

(He prances off gaily, with Evelyn on one arm, Mrs. B-B. on the other.)

Mrs. Alexander: Ha, ha!—

Sandy: Aren't you going to tell 'em, Eliza?

Mrs. Alexander: Not just yet, Sandy!—It's too good a joke to spoil yet—

(Sandy chuckles.)

and I've done enough truth-telling for one evening!

(She sighs wearily, and turns to Professor Winthrop, who has remained standing, offering him her hand, meekly.)

Goodnight, Professor!—

Professor Winthrop: Not yet, dear lady, please!

(*He hands her to a chair, and sits near.*)

(*Charles and Florence sit on sofa, very stiff, with much space between them.*)

I am having, incidentally but quite wonderfully, an interesting experience. You were, just now, like Napoleon at Waterloo, or Queen Constance at the old Boston Theatre,—and yet, always, indestructibly, you are Mrs. Smith!

Sandy: That's right!—You don't find my old girl vulgar, eh, Mrs. Hill?

Mrs. Hill: No, not *now*. And Mr. Sandy Smith is going to be my friend, aren't you?—

Sandy (*shaking hands with her, vigorously*): Yes ma'am by the Jumping Jehoshaphat!

Mrs. Alexander: Sandy!—

(*But Mrs. Hill laughs heartily.*)

That you two people should be the ones to stay, after—I thought you would be disgusted!

Mrs. Hill: But my dear girl, you are the same person now that you were before except that now you are *yourself*, which is better.

Professor Winthrop: Oh, ever so much better!

Mrs. Hill: I was only amused at you before, but now I *like* you.

Professor Winthrop: And where is *la Vivienne* and her fountain of Truth?

Mrs. Alexander: Gone!—

Professor Winthrop: There you are!—And here we are!

Billy: Me too!—I'm here!

Mrs. Alexander: Why Brilly Books!—I mean—

Billy: You mean Bully Bricks?

Mrs. Alexander: I mean Billy, just Billy!

(*She holds out her hand to him and he shakes it, shyly.*)

Professor Winthrop: Appearances to the contrary, notwithstanding, the Harvard under-graduate does have, occasionally, gleams of intelligence!—

Billy: He means that I am not, adverbially, a donkey!

Mrs. Alexander: I think I see,—you mean that the people who know,—the really right people,—would think better of a real Smith than a make-believe Alexander?

Professor Winthrop: I mean,—and now I can phrase it distinctly—that I should have liked to put you in Copley Square, just as you stood there, with the torrent of just-right words flowing from your lips, like one of your great Western rivers. There's truth, if you like,—simple, even crude,—and so exactly what we need!

and so exactly what we need!

Mrs. Alexander (*surprised*): You say so?—You welcome something crude and *new*,—and yet you are such an aristocrat!

Professor Winthrop (*sadly*): Ah, well, if a fellow is unfortunately *born* an aristocrat, what can he do?

Mrs. Alexander (*laughing*): Can't he live it down?

Professor Winthrop: The point is, let the fellow be, frankly, *what* he is, not what the other fellow is. Let us be, in point of fact, *us*!—Brooks-Browne, what are you doing?

Billy (*writing in a little book*): Taking notes of your lecture, sir!—

Professor Winthrop (*dreamy*): That's all for to-day, thank you,—good evening! (*Rises.*)

Billy (*rising*): Going back to Cambridge, Professor?

Professor Winthrop: Regrettably, yes,

Billy: I'll see you home—(*in his ear*) I say, aren't you hungry?

Professor Winthrop: I—in point of fact, I am!

Billy: Well, let's make a night of it!—Let's scamper across the Common to the Tabard Inn Club and sup on a broiled-live squirrel! Come on!—

(*Seizes him by the arm.*)

Goodnight, ladies!

Professor Winthrop: Good evening!—(*He manages to bow with some dignity.*)

(*Exit Professor Winthrop and Billy, arm-in-arm.*)

Sandy (*to Mrs. Hill, who has also risen*): Madam, will you drink a cocktail with me, to prove that you are, as I believe you, a true sport?

Mrs. Hill: I will, with pleasure!

(*Sandy darts out of the room.*)

Mrs. Hill (*shaking hands with Eliza*): My dear, I hope you won't go back to

that Newport nonsense?

Mrs. Alexander: No, I won't!—

Mrs. Hill: You'll stay in Boston?

(Mrs. Alexander shakes her head, smiling.)

What then?

(Sandy returns with the cocktails.)

Mrs. Alexander: Back to Breezeboro!

—As Florence says, "Michigan for mine"!

(Sandy looks delighted.)

Mrs. Hill: Good!—

(Takes glass from Sandy.)

To Breezeboro! *(drinks.)*

Sandy (gallantly): To Beacon Hill!—

(Drinks his.)

Mrs. Hill (putting down her glass):
And now goodnight!—

Mrs. Alexander: Goodnight!

(Exit Mrs. Hill, escorted by Sandy.)

(Charles and Florence have risen, but now sit again, on sofa. Mrs. Alexander suddenly turns to them with her old force.)

As for you two,—Charles Fuller, don't look at me with that long face!—Yes, I know, I was one of your Missions, and you're terribly disappointed in me, but never mind! I have learnt something in Boston, so cheer up and turn your attention to *Florence!*

(He looks helplessly at Florence.)

You two have got to marry each other and live in the suburbs and be happy!—

I won't have any more nonsense of people making a mess of their lives,—somebody's got to be sensible and happy!—Now hurry up!

(She sits Centre.)

(Charles hitches nearer to Florence on sofa, she meets him half-way.)

Charles (considering it): What do you say, dear Miss Florence?

Florence: I say that it will be a great chance for you to *influence me*, day by day, and year by year!

Charles (hopeful again, taking her hand solemnly): Yes and—Florence—as my wife you could become a member of the Cameo Club!

Mrs. Alexander: Charles Fuller, don't be such an everlasting Bostonian! Be an American!

Florence: And "*I shall save him at the last!*"—

(Her merry laugh rings out, Charles puts his arm around her, awkwardly.)

(Sandy has re-entered, rubbing his head.)

Sandy: An American?—Yes, I guess we'd all better be that, Eliza Smith!

(He leans over her chair. She pats his hand and laughs up at him.)

Curtain.

END OF PLAY.



IN an attempt to raise \$100,000 for the Students' Building Fund the fourteen hundred girls at Wellesley College have started an unique campaign. The students intend to make many personal sacrifices so that they will be enable to save all of their spending money towards the fund.

The movement has been started by Miss Dorothy Applegate of Brooklyn, N. Y., an energetic senior. Miss Applegate is chairman of the fund and is responsible for many of the schemes which have been adopted by the girls. To use Miss Applegate's own words, "We will have no more breakfast parties, no more chocolates, no more toasts or tea at the Wellesley Inn, if Wellesley is to raise the \$100,000."

One only need pay a visit to Wellesley to see that the girls are in earnest and are making a hard attempt to "reform." For a long time the need of a students' building has been felt at Wellesley. At present there is no hall large enough to accommodate all the students and when a class performance is given it is necessary to repeat it so that all of the girls may enjoy it. The new building will be somewhat similar to what the Harvard Union is to Harvard and will fill a long wanted gap in the life of a college student.

The methods by which the girls intend to raise the money are feminine as well as unique.

"In the first place," declares Miss Applegate, "everyone must give up everything and put the money in the students' building fund."

It has long been a custom for members of the lower classes to present many bouquets of flowers to the pet seniors. In the future this is to be stopped and in one

week over \$100 was realized from this source.

Another item which the girls intend to save much on will be the carriage bills. In the past it was customary for the students to ride nearly every time they went down to the station. It is a customary sight out at Wellesley to see even members of the faculty plodding along down to the station. If the present plans keep up the business in the town will suffer to a great extent. The cabbies, florists and candy men are looking depressed and only the village shoemaker is smiling for he declares that the more girls walk the more shoe leather they will wear out and for that reason he is happy.

On account of the college being situated on the edge of Lake Waban extensive plans have been made for the skating season. The girls are planning to hold many skating carnivals on the lake to which the admission money will go towards the fund. At these carnivals refreshment booths, with pretty Wellesley girls as waiters, will serve hot chocolate, hot coffee and hot dogs to the cold skaters.

The girls are also going to hold a good old-fashioned country church fair this winter which according to the girls is going to be a "hummer." "If the Wellesley morals can stand it," remarked Miss Applegate, "we will hold a regular raffle." This proposition is meeting with some opposition who declare that the police might interfere and break it up.

When the first snow appeared a few days ago a toboggan slide was built in the east side of college grounds. A number of the girls lent their toboggans and five cents a ride were charged to the passengers. It is needless to say that a good



DOROTHY APPLGATE, BROOKLYN 1913, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON
STUDENTS' BUILDING FUND

business is being done on the toboggan slide.

Probably the most unique methods adopted to raise money are the silent parties which are being held in the various college houses. At these parties no one is allowed to speak and a penalty of ten cents is imposed for each word. The fondness of a Wellesley college girl to talk will no doubt raise the fund considerably.

Miss Stella Ream, a member of the freshman class, has adopted a rather unique method to raise funds for the students' building. Miss Ream is the owner of a large automobile and she carries people to and from the station at regular cab rates. At first she had a stand at the station but on account of the notoriety gave it up and has now an office

in her room where she takes orders. Miss Ream is her own chauffeur and as an expert driver she is hard to beat.

In the midst of all this work Miss Applegate stands over the girls and urges them on, as she is the treasurer of the fund. She is continually offering suggestions and helping the girls in their efforts to raise money towards the fund and from the present indications it looks as though her efforts will be of much benefit.

Many of the girls have fitted up their rooms so that they resemble small shops. A number of the young ladies have become very proficient in the manly art of shining shoes while others devote their attention to dressmaking, hair dressing, shampooing, cleaning rooms.

The girls have been saving money for

the fund for the past three years but it is only the past few weeks that an active campaign has been started by the young women.

Two years ago Miss Betsy Bair, then president of the Student Government Association started the movement to raise money for the fund. The members of the *alumnæ* throughout the country are assisting the students and have made many contributions.

The class of 1908 has presented its senior operetta with much success in a number of cities throughout the country and the proceeds were given towards the fund.

THE GRESHAM AN INSTITUTION

Stories of the hardihood of the crew of the United States revenue cutter *Gresham* are among the expected accom-

paniments of the fierce winter storms that exact their annual death-rate from the seamen of New England. "Disabled and adrift; towed in by the *Gresham*," "Sinking; crew taken off by the *Gresham*," "Schooner —, rapidly going to pieces in the heavy seas, the crew of the *Gresham*, with great difficulty get a boat alongside," "The *Gresham* arrived in port to-day with the officers and crew of the —, found in a sinking condition, etc."

Such items as these are slated features of the winter marine intelligence of the Boston daily papers. Each incident, if developed, would unfold a sea tale equal to anything ever imagined by the writers of adventure fiction.

Our frontispiece shows a very remarkable photograph of a schooner, deep-laden and caught in a tidal race without



MEMBERS OF THE NEWLY ORGANIZED AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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a breath of air to help her claw off the shore. Her sole reliance is in the flag of distress that hangs in her rigging. We are publishing the picture and this item not only for their intrinsic interest and as a well-earned tribute to the officers and crew of the little Gresham, but because current legislation in Washington calls for a more vital and sympathetic appreciation of the real conditions which surround our merchant marine.

THE SUBSIDY BILL

The principle of protection is an accepted political doctrine in the United States to-day. The present ship-subsidy bill is a form of protection extended to an industry whose prosperity is fundamental to the growth of American commerce and which is peculiarly open to foreign competition of a most disastrous type. The American seaman is better paid, better fed and more humanly treated than the seaman of foreign countries. He is still, nevertheless, the poorest paid and most invaluable of all laborers. He needs protection from the low wage-scale and low life-scale of the foreign seaman. Let us not confuse the issue. He has gone too long unprotected. Let us get at the thing in one way or another. If we tax foreign shipping we imperil our commerce and invite reprisal. The subsidy seems to be the natural solution of the situation. It is the method in use in other countries. We may as well admit that we cannot successfully meet a subsidized marine working on a low wage-scale with an unsubsidized marine working at a higher wage-scale. Let us forget the "corporations" and get at the real issue.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY

We have no criticism to offer of those gentlemen who are to erect a hotel building on the site of the old Art Museum at Copley Square. Since the enterprise is to be undertaken we wish it financial success.

We do, however, regret the commercial use of a site invaluable from a public standpoint. Sentiment aside, the economic waste involved is enormous. It is useless to complain of what, after all, is

only a typical instance of municipal shortsightedness.

Under adequate city government the public interest in property the total value of which has been created at public expense will be properly conserved.

WHAT BOSTON 1915 HAS DONE

An interesting pamphlet issued by the Boston, 1915 committee, recites the following specific accomplishments to the credit of their organization in its brief career:

The first large undertaking of Boston-1915 was the

1915 BOSTON EXPOSITION

Held at the old Art Museum, Copley Square, November 1 to November 27, 1909. Extended because of public demand to December 12.

Attended by 200,000 persons.

Cost	Income	
\$47,800	Exhibit space	\$6,600
	Pd. admissions	26,000
	Catalogue receipts	11,000
	Miscellaneous	4,200
		<hr/> \$47,800

Opened on four Sundays with crowded attendance.

Main divisions: City Planning, Labor Unions, Insurance, Housing, Prevention of Disease and Accidents, Sanitation, Parks and Playgrounds, Transportation, Education, Civic Organizations, Settlement Work, Charities, Work with Youth, Public Utilities.

The Exposition was undertaken:

To make the Boston-1915 movement better understood.

To bring the organizations working in the city into closer acquaintanceship.

To show the people of Boston in a graphic way the work of their own and of other cities.

The Exposition resulted in:

Greater co-operation among the forces for city development.



MISS ELEANORA SEARS ENJOYING RINK SKATING AT THE BOSTON ARENA

Better understanding not only of what is doing but of what needs to be done.

BOYS' GAMES OF 1909

Twenty district track meets arranged in various sections of the city.

From 50 to 150 entries in each individual meet.

Final meet at Wood Island Park, more than 600 boys competing in the presence of 5,000 spectators.

Ten playgrounds allotted for the sports.

Total registration of boys, 2,735.

BOYS' GAMES OF 1910

Ten preliminary track meets.

Four swimming meets—545 entries, 15,000 spectators.

Total registration, 3,500.

Estimated attendance at preliminary meets, 25,000.

Attendance at final meet, 10,000.

Committee appointed August, 1909, with Dr. David D. Scannell as chairman and Frank S. Mason, Charles M. Cox, Philip Davis, Mitchell Freiman and Herbert S. Underwood. This committee prepared a leaflet showing the facts as to injuries and loss of life from the Fourth of July celebrations during the last six years and carried on an active campaign with parents, teachers and improvement associations. During the ses-

sion of the legislature just passed, Boston-1915 through its office and various of its conferences took a leading part in urging the passage of a bill forbidding the sale or use of dangerous explosives.

The way having thus been prepared, Boston-1915 with the approval of the city government appointed a committee of 150 to plan for a better form of celebration for July Fourth, 1910.

\$10,000 (subsequently increased to \$12,800), appropriated by the city for the celebration of Independence Day, was placed in the hands of this committee.

The Committee through a special committee of five carried out successfully the following program:

Civic parade, sports and athletics, water sports, choral and band music on the Common and fireworks on the Charles River basin, and local celebrations in various sections of the city.

As the result, there were no deaths, the number of accidents was reduced by six-sevenths and those accidents which did occur were in no case of a serious nature; and this in spite of the fact that, owing to the especially attractive program and the presence of President Taft, the crowd in the city was very much greater than usual.

NEW BOSTON

Six numbers have been published, with a total of some three hundred pages of reading matter and about fifty pages of illustrations. The magazine has been unusually successful in securing remunerative advertising and the news stand sales, which are the surest measure of success, have reached over a thousand copies a month. Its aim is not only to chronicle all the work of Boston-1915 and of its conferences, but also to present authoritative articles, popularly written, upon current problems of city life.

SHALL BOSTON SUPPORT THE ART MUSEUM?

The Boston Post prints the following editorial in regard to the requested appropriation from the city of Boston in

support of the Art Museum:—

"We regret to take issue with the gentlemen interested in securing an appropriation from the city of Boston toward the maintenance of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

"Our Art Museum is an admirable institution—one of the best in the world—and it deserves the most liberal support, much more liberal indeed than it has enjoyed in the past.

If it cannot be supported as it should be without funds from the public treasury, then we should favor that assistance. But is there in Boston not enough of the generous fine public spirit to care for an institution of this class without drafts on the tax levy? The rich men of Boston should awake to their opportunity and not let such a splendid enterprise go begging. There should also be a wider response in the way of voluntary popular support.

There is an element of civic humiliation in the idea that in this wealthy and cultured community such an institution cannot flourish without a public appropriation."

We take issue with this point of view, the real "civic humiliation" should consist in turning to the "rich men of Boston" for the support of "this splendid enterprise." To turn to the rich for gratuitous contributions is to "go begging." To support it from "drafts on the tax levy," is the right and honorable course to pursue. That stamp of popularism which decries the rich in one breath and begs for a gratuity in the next, is the commonest curse of democracy.

It is our firm belief that the educational value of the Boston Art Museum would be immeasurably enhanced by its public support. So long as it is a rich man's hobby, it will be a rich man's resort. Genius does not pay much attention to social distinctions. There is far more likely to be a pair of seeing eyes in the "ends," north, south or west, of Boston than in the Back Bay and the wealthy suburbs. Overlooking the error involved in moving the Museum to its present location, nearer the rich and farther from the poor, no single act could more

effectively carry out the great purpose and object for which the Museum exists than the frank and open support of it from the public revenues.

We hope that the requested appropriation will be granted.

HARVARD TO BUILD.

A chemistry plant which will be more complete than anything of the sort in the United States is to be started by Harvard University in the spring. One hundred thousand dollars, which will be used in the erection of the first building, has already been raised, and the task of raising \$1,200,000 to complete the group of buildings is in the hands of a committee.

The group is designed to be as perfect in equipment for the chemical sciences as are the Harvard Medical School buildings for the development of the science of medicine.



Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske began her engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre on Monday, January 30th. She will revive "Becky Sharpe," a play based on Thackeray's Vanity Fair. Mrs. Fiske's temperament and art achieve more in this play than in Mary of Magdala or some of her other successes. She is thoroughly *en rapport* with the capricious minx Becky, and the performance will always be one of the most interesting and artistic productions on the American stage—at least as long as Mrs. Fiske plays it.

Her engagement is for one week only and those wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity must act promptly.

"The Balkan Princess," which is scheduled to succeed "The Girl and the Kaiser" at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, where it is expected to remain for the rest of the season, will be the attraction at the Shubert Theatre next week ning as the star and a supporting cast which includes Robert Warwick, Herbert Corthell, Joseph Herbert, May Boley,

Teddy Webb, W. T. Carleton, Marie Rose, Vida Whitmore, and ninety others.

The importation of "The Balkan Princess" was due to a foresight of Mr. William Brady, who heard it played in London last season and immediately secured the American rights.

The score is by Paul A. Rubens, the book by Frederick Lonsdale and Frank Curzon, and the lyrics by Mr. Rubens and Arthur Wimperis. The locale is laid in the mythical country called Balaria.

Princess Stephanie is about to be crowned queen, but the subjects do not care for a woman ruler and they propose that she marry. This does not meet with her approval, especially as the line of claimants for her hand is far from acceptable. There is one exception, but this particular suitor is outlawed. Being of an impetuous disposition and not inclined to listen to the advice of her councillors, the Princess, disguising herself, goes to the part of the kingdom where she knows she is likely to meet the outlawed Duke. She makes his acquaintance in a Bohemian cafe, but she discovers to her chagrin that he cares nothing for the Princess Stephanie and proposes to his followers and other merry-makers in the cafe a toast to the downfall of Stephanie. The Princess immediately reveals her identity and orders the arrest of the Duke on a charge of "less majeste." He is taken back to Balaria and confined in the royal palace. But by and by the heart of the Princess softens and she discovers that the prisoner's attitude has changed and that after all he makes an acceptable suitor. Thus Balaria is saved from the rule of a woman.

The musical numbers include: "Half Holidays," "Stealing," "Love and Laughter," "Dear, Delightful Women," "Don't Let's Meet Again," "The Opera Ball," "Dreaming" and "Wonderful World."

No theatrical engagement could be more popular than that of Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino Theatre under the management of the Messrs. L. Shubert. The house is sold out at every performance and the people, when leaving the theatre after the performance, all express their unquali-

fied gratification and approval not only of the individual performance given by Mr. Bernard but of the entire entertainment. Mr. Bernard in all his vastly successful career as a comedian, has never been so convulsively funny, nor has he ever been surrounded with a supporting company of such uniform excellence. The entertainment combines the refined delicacy of an English musical production with the genuine laughter and snap and go of the best American presentations, together with a lavishness of expenditures for costumes and scenery which is of no country but peculiar to the Shubert management. Prominent among the members of Mr. Bernard's supporting company are Winona Winter, Nella Bergen, Adele Rowland, Alice Gordon, Louis Harrison, George Anderson, Martin Brown, Henry Norman, Charles Burrows, Paul Musaeus, Henry Holt, Dolph Ryan, Edwin Tester, Frank Sargent and Bert Lawrence. The book of "He Came from Milwaukee," is by Mark Swan and Edgar Smith; the lyrics are by Edward Madden, and the music by Ben M. Jerome, Melville Ellis and Louis A. Hirsch. Mr. Ellis designed all the costumes. Matinees on Saturdays only.

The engagements which follow these strong attractions are John Drew at the Hollis. Mr. Drew will take part in his comedy success, "Smith." William Crane at the Park in "U. S. Minister Bedloe," "The Follies of 1910" at the Tremont, "Madame X" continues to draw crowds at the Majestic, and "The Dollar Princess" at the Colonial. This latter is proving to be one of the most popular musical comedies that have appeared in the city for a long time. The music is good as well as catching, and many persons have been so captivated with it that they go again and again. It seems to just fill the bill for an evening's recreation.



Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West"

was given for the first time in Boston on Tuesday evening, January 17th, at the Boston Opera House. It was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season and the performance was in every way a notable one. Carmen Melis as Minnie deserves credit for genuinely artistic work. She was dramatic and powerful in her repressed intensity in the card scene and throughout the performance she showed sincerity and intelligence. Constantino as Johnson, the bandit, was forceful in his earnestness and his superbly sympathetic and dramatic performance. Constantino is not only a superb tenor with a wonderful voice, but a tenor with really virile intelligence and serious dramatic power and this is more than can be said, as a rule, in regard to Caruso. The performance was in every way a credit to untiring efforts of the management. The opera was superbly staged and every one concerned in the production did his best to make the work superior to the New York production.

The story, based on Belasco's drama, is thrilling and the nature of the theme makes it at once of keen interest. A drama of bandit life of sentiment and of a life hanging in the noose will always hold its own. The waltz music, Johnson's farewell to Minnie and the music while the blizzard blows the door back and forth are sure to attract. As to whether the libretto is material which is properly adapted to the functions of opera, is another question. As to whether Puccini really succeeded in writing the music of an opera is also a question. "The Girl of the Golden West" is really a musical melodrama. There are parts which use the idioms of *Madam Butterfly*. The whole has not the leading, swaying vitals of opera. In fact at times it seems that the situations were too much for him. It is doubtful as to whether Puccini wrote the opera because the drama really inspired him. It is more likely that he wanted to write an opera that would take with America and that Belasco's drama seemed the most feasible thing on record.

However, the genuine sincerity of the Boston production, the unusual enthusiasm of the immense audience will

not and should not soon be forgotten.

Sometime during February, "The Sacrifice," by Frederick S. Converse, will be produced. "The Pipe of Desire," by Mr. Converse, has already been produced with great success.

Certainly this season has been a credit to the management of Boston Opera. Also the performances of the season have attained an excellence unexcelled anywhere and this is the concern of American people as well as of this city in which it has been produced.

The staging and standards of production which Boston opera has achieved have proven that no where is opera produced in a better manner than here in our own city.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give the

last concert of their series on February 23rd, in Chickering Hall. The excellence of this quartet is unexcelled by any other in existence. Its organization was for the development of artistic performance of quartet music. The members are bound by mutual agreement to exclude individual performance.

Ferruccio Busoni, the great pianist and composer, will be the soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of February 17th and 18th.

On February 16th, the Cecilia Society, assisted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give Pierne's "Children's Crusade" in Symphony Hall. Mail orders should be addressed to L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.





